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Norman Rockwell

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WAR PROPAGANDA

By One of the War Propagandists

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

I AM afraid we gave the American people an overdose of propaganda. The amount they swallowed went far beyond my prescription." The Master Propagandist toyed with his demi-tasse. "It is not always possible," he added, "to determine the exact dosage." We were finishing our luncheon in a Wall Street club overlooking the harbor of New York. The speaker's head was silhouetted against the sky. His features were shrewd but kindly, the face of a man exquisitely alive to every mental and emotional stimulation. His eyes, vaguely blue, were those of a dreamer.

Although he played a momentous part in the history of the World War, his name was almost unknown to the general public. A secret chief of British propaganda in the United States, manipulating public opinion, he deliberately effaced himself. He was the concealed musician playing the organ of propaganda behind the scenes.

We were facing each other like augurs after the worshipers have departed.

"Was it necessary," I asked, "to make the admixture so strong?"

The Master Propagandist slowly sipped the last drop of his coffee. "You forget," he drawled, "that you cannot make an effective appeal to the masses without arousing primitive instincts and prejudices. Without hate there can be no propaganda. Give me something to hate and I will guarantee to organize a powerful propaganda campaign anywhere within twenty-four hours."

"There was a man in Galilee," I remarked, "who won the world's heart with His love."

"Nevertheless," my friend replied, "the human species responds more readily to hate than to love. Hate is even stronger than patriotism. Our hate for the enemy is sometimes greater than our love for our country."

"Are you not somewhat embarrassed by the dragon's teeth which you have sown?"

My vis-à-vis gazed thoughtfully through the rings of smoke that were wafted across the table from his cigarette. "Yes," he replied, "the Americans have taken propaganda too seriously. The inoculation, if I may say so, has taken too well. Your people are still hating the German people."

A month or two after this talk, which took place a few years after the war, I had dinner in London with one of the high officials of the British Foreign Office. A man of the world, affable and suave, he found it difficult to understand the extremes to which the average American had been stirred by war psychosis and war propaganda. "It is very inconvenient," he sighed.

At that time the virulently anti-German attitude of American opinion proved annoying to England, which was engaged in a diplomatic battle with France.

I was amused by the position into which the British propagandists had maneuvered themselves. I had followed every move in their game and I understood their psychology. I was equally familiar with every move of the Germans. Germany's dapper ambassador, the astute Count Johann von Bernstorff, and the gloomy Dr. Constantin Dumba, the envoy of Francis Joseph, were my friends. I frequently conferred with Dernburg and Albert, the two propaganda chiefs of the Germans. I was in the confidence of Irish agitators devoting their unparalleled political skill to assaults on the British Empire. I was at home on both sides of the fence.

More than ten years have elapsed since the war. Sanity is regaining its foothold everywhere. The time has come to let the propaganda cat out of the bag!

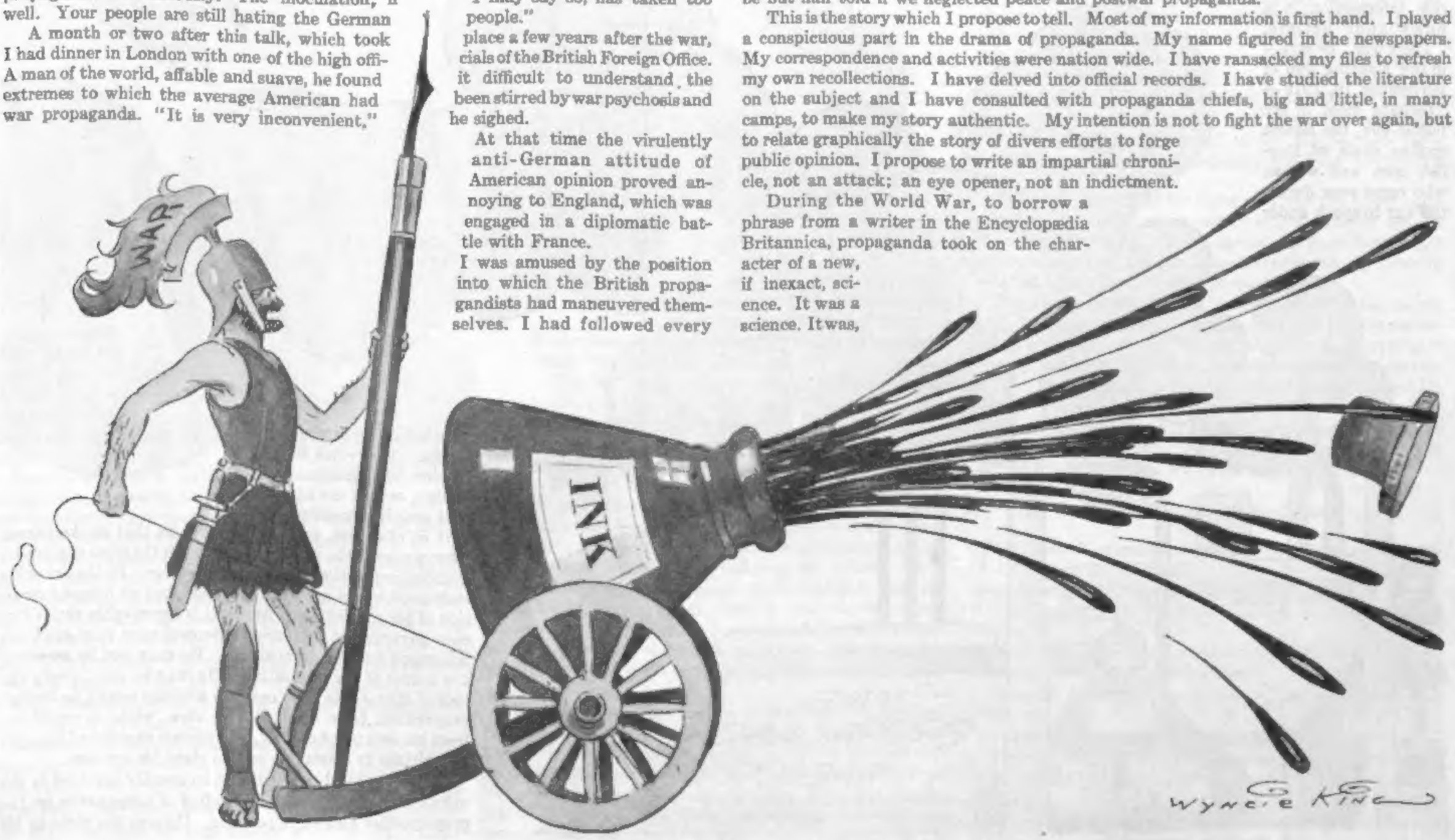
The war is over. But propaganda in one form or another is always with us. It is one of the forces with which every government and every individual must reckon hereafter. It stretches its tentacles into every office and every home. It shrieks, it whispers, it intrigues and captivates.

Propaganda may be domestic or it may be foreign. It is not always safe to judge by the label. Occasionally the foreign brand is shipped to the United States, where it is repacked, so to speak, and supplied with an American tag before it is retailed for domestic consumption. The American people do not suspect to what extent American life is honeycombed with propaganda. Special financial, political, professional and racial groups continuously assault and besiege the citadel of our minds.

We can best visualize the machinery employed to shape our thoughts and our actions by a dispassionate survey of the various propagandas which clashed in the United States and made our country a battleground long before we were ourselves engulfed in the bloody maelstrom. It is incumbent upon us to examine these various propagandas objectively, to study critically and impartially the interplay of German, British, Irish and French propaganda with forces indigenous to our own soil. We must inspect the propaganda game in neutral countries, at the battle front and at home. Our tale would be but half told if we neglected peace and postwar propaganda.

This is the story which I propose to tell. Most of my information is first hand. I played a conspicuous part in the drama of propaganda. My name figured in the newspapers. My correspondence and activities were nation wide. I have ransacked my files to refresh my own recollections. I have delved into official records. I have studied the literature on the subject and I have consulted with propaganda chiefs, big and little, in many camps, to make my story authentic. My intention is not to fight the war over again, but to relate graphically the story of divers efforts to forge public opinion. I propose to write an impartial chronicle, not an attack; an eye opener, not an indictment.

During the World War, to borrow a phrase from a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, propaganda took on the character of a new, if inexact, science. It was a science. It was,



at times, inexact. But—here I disagree—it certainly was not new. Propaganda in one form or another is as old as history itself.

But what is propaganda?

It is difficult to draw a line between legitimate political agitation and propaganda. It is not always possible to determine where the one ends and the other begins. It is at times hard to distinguish between the press agent, the lawyer, the public-relations counsel, the reporter, the educator, the preacher, the politician, the statesman and the propagandist. The confusion which envelops this term makes it possible for every government to deny that it is engaged in propaganda.

Dr. Bernhard Dernburg first came to this country on an entirely different mission. He explained that his propaganda activities in the United States were forced upon him by the misrepresentations of Germany's foes. His colleague and successor, Dr. Heinrich Albert, insisted that the German Government was interested merely in disseminating "information," and conducted no "propaganda." England denied violently that there was such a thing as an organized British propaganda in the United States. Even after the war, Colonel Thwaites maintained in a conversation with me that "strictly speaking, there was no British propaganda prior to the entry of America into the war."

"Admit," I said to him, "that British propaganda in the United States began in 1776 and has continued to the present day."

Thwaites shook his head indignantly. "Such activities as were carried on during the war in America were in the nature of counter propaganda. We corrected errors. We made no attempt to distribute pro-British statements to the press.

"It is true," Thwaites continued, "that after 1917 a large number of lecturers, military, naval and civilian, were allowed to visit the United States, but all of these came at their own expense and we gave no special allowances or fees. If there were any lecturers whose services were paid for," he added, somewhat more cautiously, "I am not aware of them."

Just What is Propaganda?

I HAVE not the slightest doubt that Colonel Thwaites was speaking in perfect good faith. British propaganda was deliberately decentralized. The chief of one bureau frequently knew nothing about the other, even if the man at its head were a personal friend.

Sir Gilbert Parker, in Harper's Monthly, gives a detailed account of his activities as a propagandist. Louis Tracy, another British propaganda chief, amplifies this information in a newspaper article. "There was," he says—in the Evening Sun of November 10, 1919—"perhaps most in the public eye, the almost endless chain of English men and women who came over during the war to speak under the auspices of the British Government upon different aspects of the war. This did not include the speakers and writers who came over here upon their own initiative and for pecuniary benefit. We were not responsible for them. But we did look after and made arrangements for all the speakers who were sent over by the government. And they were legion!"

More recently, Sir Campbell Stuart, K. B. E., chief lieutenant of Lord Northcliffe, revealed with astonishing frankness the workings of the British propaganda machine in Secrets of Crewe House. Nevertheless, the British still insist that there was no such animal.

Both the pro-Allies and the pro-Germans beg the question when they deny the existence of propaganda. They were able to do so because the term "propaganda" in its modern acceptance has not been properly clarified. Most dictionaries define propaganda as "a systematized effort to disseminate a particular doctrine or system of principles with zeal." Such definitions ignore the new and insidious meaning which the war has given to propaganda.

Again, what is propaganda?

The only difference between propaganda and education, remarks a popular writer on publicity, is in the point of view. "The advocacy of what we believe in is education. The advocacy of what we don't believe is propaganda." Propaganda, declares Prof. Friedrich Schönemann, a German student of American propaganda, is "the art of mass suggestion." This definition, too, is too vague to serve our purpose. It applies to the advertiser, to the preacher and to the stump orator as well as to the propagandist.

Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., emphasizes the untruthful character of propaganda. "During the war," he says, "the lie became a patriotic virtue. The greatest efforts were made to stamp every word of the enemy as a lie and every lie of our own as absolute truth. Everything sailed under the flag of propaganda."

It is perfectly true that the war taught men to lie, as well as to die, for their country. But propaganda is not necessarily mendacious. It may merely overemphasize or conceal the truth.

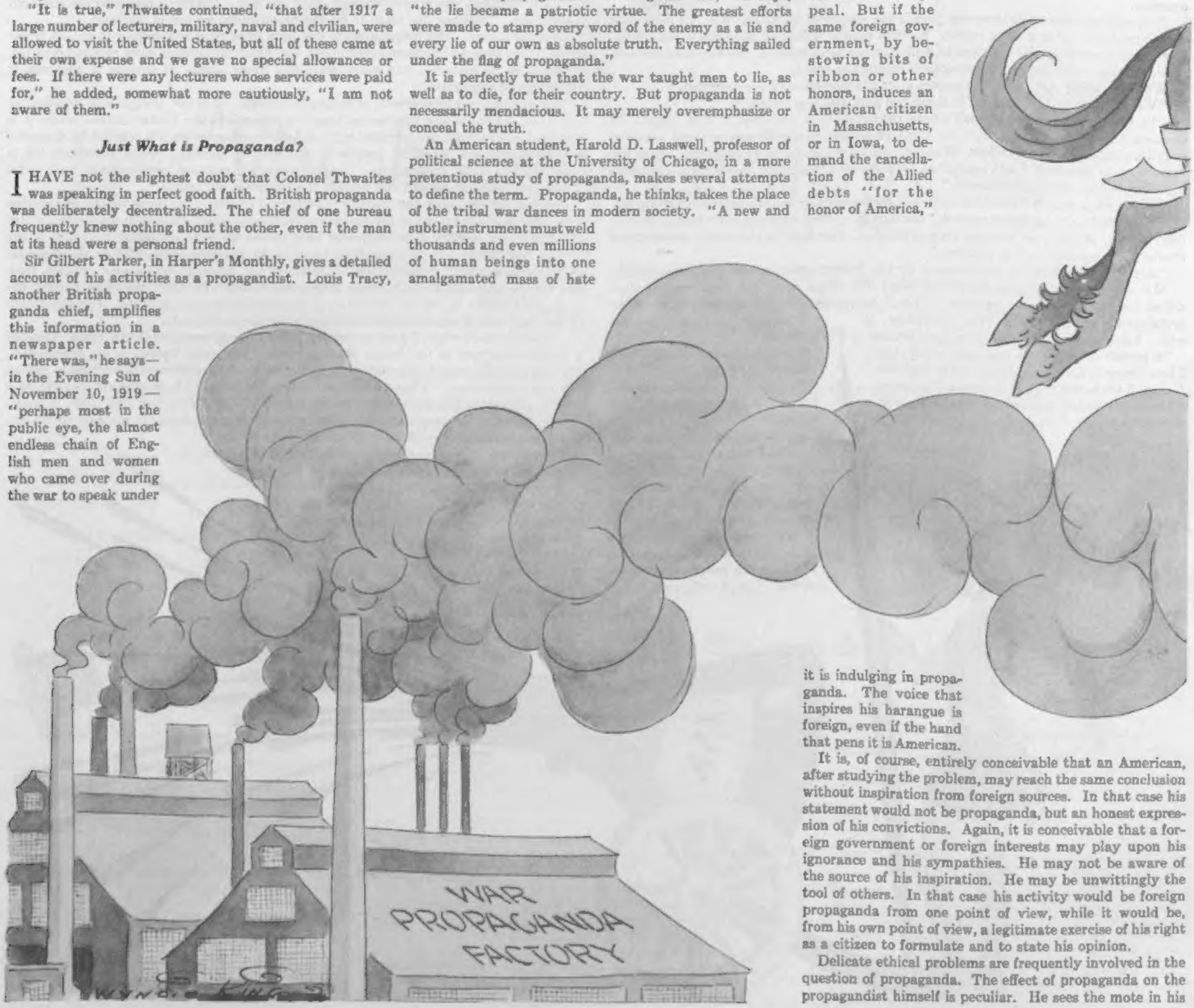
An American student, Harold D. Lasswell, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, in a more pretentious study of propaganda, makes several attempts to define the term. Propaganda, he thinks, takes the place of the tribal war dances in modern society. "A new and subtler instrument must weld thousands and even millions of human beings into one amalgamated mass of hate and will and hope. A new flame must burn out the canker of dissent and temper the steel of bellicose enthusiasm. The name of this new hammer and anvil of social solidarity is propaganda."

This is good psychology, but for our purpose it is too narrow and too academic. Propaganda need not be bellicose. It may be pacific. It may be political or commercial or religious. There is no phase of life to which it may not fasten itself. But propaganda betrays itself by certain infallible tests. Propaganda serves the special interests of a group or an individual. Its efforts are not sporadic, but systematic, although, like Proteus, it may assume many forms. However—and this is the essential point wherein propaganda differs from other activities—it hides its paternity and dissembles its motives. Propaganda may insidiously disguise itself as education. It may pretend that it is merely a straightforward campaign for publicity. But it varies from both education and publicity in that the element of camouflage in one form or another is always present.

At last we have snared our bird: Propaganda is a campaign camouflaging its origin, its motive, or both, conducted for the purpose of obtaining a specific objective by manipulating public opinion.

By Direction or by Indirection

IF THE head of a foreign government publicly appeals to the United States for a remission of its debts contracted during the war, he engages in an honest political campaign. His bid for publicity is legitimate. There can be no misunderstanding of his motive. There is no doubt as to the source of the appeal. But if the same foreign government, by bestowing bits of ribbon or other honors, induces an American citizen in Massachusetts, or in Iowa, to demand the cancellation of the Allied debts "for the honor of America," it is indulging in propaganda. The voice that inspires his harangue is foreign, even if the hand that pens it is American.



It is, of course, entirely conceivable that an American, after studying the problem, may reach the same conclusion without inspiration from foreign sources. In that case his statement would not be propaganda, but an honest expression of his convictions. Again, it is conceivable that a foreign government or foreign interests may play upon his ignorance and his sympathies. He may not be aware of the source of his inspiration. He may be unwittingly the tool of others. In that case his activity would be foreign propaganda from one point of view, while it would be, from his own point of view, a legitimate exercise of his right as a citizen to formulate and to state his opinion.

Delicate ethical problems are frequently involved in the question of propaganda. The effect of propaganda on the propagandist himself is peculiar. He sees the mote in his

neighbor's eye but is blissfully unaware of the beam in his own. The British propagandists, blind to their own operations, saw the United States polluted by torrents of German gold. Each side exaggerated the expenditure of the other.

"We were pikers," a German official sadly admitted to me. "What was a million dollars compared to the stake for which we were playing? For centuries to come, the German people will have to pay for our stinginess. We were not accustomed to spending millions on our own

responsibility. We lacked the vision, the authority, and"—he paused—"the inexhaustible funds of the Allies."

Lord Northcliffe, on the other hand, expressed his sorrow that the English government limited itself to hundreds of thousands where the Germans spent millions!

Each side professed moral indignation. The indignation was not merely professed. It was, in most cases, genuine. The pro-Germans and their Irish friends sarcastically referred to those who sedulously fostered the Allied cause as the hired tools of Lord Northcliffe. They rarely questioned their own conscience with regard to the source of their own financial support. The hypocrisy of this attitude is not, as a rule, conscious. The propagandist has a chizophrenic mind, a split personality.

I recently exchanged reminiscences with a young Irish-American who was active in German and Irish propaganda. This young man admitted that he received remuneration from both Irish and German propaganda headquarters. His left hand took German money while his right hand dished out Irish propaganda. It never occurred to him to think of himself as "bought." "I was," he said to me, "fighting against Great Britain. I was fighting for the independence of Ireland." But he lambasted with honest scorn and genuine moral indignation those who worked in the opposite camp.

"Perhaps," I said, "they, too, were battling for a cause in which they believed. Perhaps they worked, unlike you, without submitting a bill for expenses. What right have you, having taken money from the German pot, to call the Northcliffe kettle black?"

A sudden gleam of understanding lit up his face. He saw my point. But he would not have seen it some years ago when emotion was at a higher pitch. He did not realize then that whoever accepted secret favors or emoluments from either side was a paid propagandist, no matter how holy the cause for which he labored and fought may have seemed to him.

If he had been openly employed by either side he would have been a press agent, a publicity man. But the moment camouflage in any form entered into the arrangement he was a cog in the wheel of propaganda.

During the war a committee initiated a campaign to break the British blockade by sending milk for German babies through the United States mail. Many American women contributed to this campaign, moved solely by their compassion for the suffering of children. Such women were not propagandists. Both the compassion and the suffering were real. If, however, the movement was financed or inspired, directly or indirectly, by German interests concealing themselves under the cloak of charity, the American people were justified in decrying this campaign as propaganda.

The amount of milk which could be shipped to Germany through such channels was infinitesimal. The primary purpose of the movement was not to relieve German children but to embarrass Great Britain and to involve the British Government in complications with the United States. The true objective of the campaign differed materially from the ostensible one. Some members of the committee were German propagandists. Other members were sincere, if disingenuous, idealists. It is inadvisable to permit oneself to engage in any campaign without a clear understanding as to who is paying the piper and without ascertaining the ultimate beneficiary.

Pacifism was the sincere creed of many Americans. If such people undertook and conducted a campaign for an embargo on arms they acted entirely within their rights. But if the expense of the campaign was defrayed by German money contributed under various aliases, the sponsors of the movement became the victims or accomplices of propaganda, for in that case the real object was not to enforce peace but to aid the German Government by withholding ammunitions from Germany's foes.

Today we know that both the milk and the peace campaign were accelerated or conceived by German agents. Then they appeared to every earnest partisan in the light of a sentimental crusade. The shoe of humanity artfully concealed the cloven hoof of propaganda.

The propagandist himself is rarely aware of his cloven hoof. He cannot hypnotize others without first hypnotizing himself. The power of suggestion and autosuggestion is terrific. Crucified Canadian soldiers stalked in the dreams of the Allied propagandist until they became a reality. He saw the severed hands of Belgian children. He actually smelled with his own nostrils the smoke of the corpses that the Germans converted into lubricating oil! In the throes of war psychosis all things seem possible.

Atrocities Made to Order

THE British stimulated our tear glands more successfully than the Germans. Some atrocity stories were manufactured deliberately; others just grew, like Topsy. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., traces the growth of several such stories.

After the Germans invested Antwerp the Cologne Gazette printed the following item:

When the fall of Antwerp got known, the church bells were rung.

The church bells were the church bells of Germany.

The editor of the Paris Le Matin, avidly seizing upon this dispatch, interpreted and reproduced it as follows:

According to the Cologne Gazette, the clergy of Antwerp were compelled to ring the church bells when the fortress was taken.

(Continued on Page 141)

GULF STREAM GREEN

She Returned With a Statuesque, Charming Young Creature, Who Did Her Best to Appear Nonchalant While Leocadie Walked Around Her. "Bien!" Exclaimed the Diva, Reverting to Type

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

JUST after four that afternoon, in the late fall when the baby-calf craze was beginning to wane in the windows of the swagger little shops in the side streets, Leocadie, the diva, descended on Estrelle, Inc., without any warning, like a magnanimous thunderbolt. The mere casting of her shadow by this famous and pampered lady had all the force of a royal command; wherefore Estrelle herself, usually of the most phlegmatic temperament, her girls in the sewing room and the fortunate few of her clientele who happened to be on hand armed with cards for fittings or appointments for preliminary conferences with madame were tossed into a hodgepodge of emotion. Everybody wanted to dress Leocadie for Gilda, Rosina, Mimi, Violetta, Lucia, or even for herself! But it was not permitted. The privilege, each season, was offered among a select list of approved aspirants and farmed out, to the very tint of the finger nails, by her astute manager and farmer general, Wolfbane, sometimes called her bear trainer. "Have I a ring in my nose, then?" the much-exploited Leocadie would sometimes cry in vexation at being so wholly in the hands of her fiduciary committee.

Now Leocadie came to Estrelle's very well wrapped indeed, as if secretly. The very car that bore her was a leased equipage, of the sort one bespeaks by the week or the month, together with one's own chauffeur, monogram and cut flowers. The curtains were drawn, not ostentatiously but adequately, as if the occupant were some unlook-at-able lady of someone's harem.

Getting down, Leocadie first exposed to vulgar public gaze a tiny shoe—by Luze—then, in the order named, a trim ankle, a lean young calf, and a dimpled knee, discreetly enveloped, à la mode—by Steinband. The morning gown she wore—this once and never again—was by The Brothers, Inc., but its advertising value would never be realized, in this instance, because, unlike its predecessors, it was fated never to be passed on to those ultimate consumers, the women who stood by to buy her clothes off her back. It was of Gulf Stream green, the body color itself being invaded by a mauve. Leocadie, in this instance, was literally to create the tint by appearing in it. However, so eager was Leocadie to preserve her incognito that she had covered it completely with an artful domino arrangement which swallowed up gown and figure in an enveloping disguise.

She wore no hat. Her hair—by Wistairn—was lost in a lace mantilla. She looked up and down the swagger street of the grand little shops that beauty commands. The artistes who conducted these shops would tell you they had left the Avenue and come into the side street because the city's great artery had become so commercial. The truth was, the ten-cent stores and armchair cafeterias offered such enormous rents for choice locations that the fashion mongers were driven off to the sidelines.

A number of people were passing. Leocadie drew the lace closer to shade her features. It may have been chance that held back a petal of the lovely lace and that enough of the bepictured face was exposed to be recognized. At any rate, word quickly ran up and down the street and into the Avenue that Leocadie had just stepped from her car at the curb; and hardly had the door been closed upon her by the ecstatic Estrelle when curiosity seekers came rushing from all directions, blocking the entrance. Riley, the policeman on post, walked rudely among them, fanning their knee joints with his stick, until he found who it was; and then he divided them neatly into two parts and maintained a free path through the center, from Estrelle's door to the waiting town car.

Inside, everything had come to a violent stop. To her hypnotized circle of society elect, Estrelle had the sangfroid to turn and say, with a whimsical smile:

"At ease, please, everybody."

To her workroom, she breathed, through the half-open door behind the silken curtains, with a touch of asperity:

"As you were."

To Leocadie she turned with a look of beseeching deprecation that at once asked forgiveness and bestowed homage; some mortals, naïve and subtle, can confer such an ineffable compliment with a single glance.

The diva was delighted. She cast a long painted sheep's eye over one shoulder at the humans clotting the entryway, some of them pressing their noses against the glass in their struggle for a single free look at this so-much-advertised personage. Then Leocadie, with a smile of disarming confidence, put up her hands to Estrelle's shoulders; she said nasally in what was called her piebald English:

"My goot frainds, they ask me stay off. Or, eef I come, I bring thees swarm of—how you say?—locust?"

"We will scatter them somehow," replied the exultant Estrelle, though how, for the moment, she could not guess. Matters inside being at a standstill—even the most sophisticated of her grand ladies being unable to resist the opportunity to stare unabashed at this unexpected close-up of the diva—Estrelle, with a charming gesture, swept Leocadie into her inner shrine. This had been the commodious kitchen in the old Van Bibber days. In place of the range under the bricked hood—where at this hour of dusk the butler would be toasting his shins on the oven rail—there now stood a fireplace of Dutch commodiousness, and on the hearth two hickory logs blazed sleepily.

Things were set for tea for two. The diva smiled at this, and looked about as if half expecting to find someone, perhaps a lord and master, concealed within. There was no one, but Estrelle blushed.

As the door softly shut, Leocadie said in a low tone in perfect Americanese, and without a touch of the piebald English of a moment before:

"Can you lend me some girl who would be able to wear my clothes? We could send her home in my place to draw off the crowd."

She took a little walk up and down, and came to a halt in front of Estrelle, smiling.

"You understand. To dramatize me! To be me!" she said, touching her bosom with the tips of the fingers of her two hands. She made a little burlesque of herself. Then, ingratiatingly, as if it were the greatest favor, she asked, "You could pin me up in something to hold me together."

Without doubt Estrelle could pin Leocadie up in something, and it would be more than enough to hold her together. And, stop! She had the very girl! And departing hastily, she returned with a statuesque, charming young creature, who did her best to appear nonchalant while Leocadie walked around her.

"*Bien!*" exclaimed the diva, reverting to type. With a single upward sweep of one lovely arm she drew her morning creation—by The Brothers, Inc.—off over her head, and indicated to the model, by dumb show, that it was hers. The girl, palpitating at the mere suggestion, threw off her little frock and stood ready, and Estrelle dropped it down over her shoulders. It settled down like a butterfly, nestling on the svelte young body. Leocadie took Estrelle's hand.

"It is the new Gulf Stream green that I today introduce to the world," she said; and then, with feminine ecstasy, she cried: "She is perfect! My child," she said to the model, "you will accept this from Leocadie!" She rearranged a fold with her own fingers. Even Estrelle was taken aback.

"Oh, it is too much, madame!" she cried.

"It is not enough," said Leocadie. She drew a ring from her finger—a green stone set in gold—and gave it to the model. Together, the two magnificent tiringwomen drew the domino cloak about the dumfounded girl. But the diva must arrange the mantilla herself. Leocadie walked once across the room, then back. The model, trained as a manikin, with a flair for lofty graces, aped her perfectly.

Then the great singer demanded if she could scream. When it was finally ascertained that she could she was instructed to go in the car waiting at the curb to the diva's home, as if it were her own, in the Normanduke; and, as Leocadie, lock herself in her room. This done, she would admit no one, no matter who demanded entry. She was to cry out harshly, "*Va t'en!*" if they persisted, as they surely would; and if they made demonstrations against the door she was to throw up a window violently and scream at the top of her lungs until they desisted. They would desist. All she had to do was to scream loud enough. All this was conducted *sotto voce*.

The poor model looked at Estrelle helplessly. She was to hold fort against all comers, until—Leocadie looked at the clock on the mantel—until 5:30, when she was to bundle herself in her things again, burst out of her room in a terrible tantrum and make off as best she could, always with a scream on tap if anyone dared obstruct her way. Leocadie, with a deprecatory smile, turned to Estrelle.

"You see, madame, it is the only way I endure life—by scaring them. So, when they hem me in, I scream my way out! *Voilà!* It is as good a way as another to exercise a high C."

Everything was now in readiness.

"Give her some money," commanded the diva. Estrelle opened a drawer and invited Leocadie to help herself—a rash gesture, for she took it all and heaped it on the girl. Estrelle's eyes widened, but she made no protest. Up to this moment the affair had the tempo of a great lark. But in the end Leocadie became suddenly grave.

"Your name, my child."

"Berthe—Berthe Tremblay."

"A proud name! You have good parents, I know."

"Alas, madame, they are dead!"

"A husband, then."

The girl shook her head, smiling a little. She had no husband.

"A sweetheart, surely."

The girl shook her head again, this time blushing.

"Oh! *C'est triste!*" But her smile of commiseration was not without its encouragements. "At least you have no one to tell you what you can do and what you can't do, every minute of life. I envy you that!" exclaimed the diva. "If all goes well maybe you can scream for me again some day. Now go. Good courage."

With a little laugh of sheer nervous excitement, Berthe slipped into her part, drew the mantilla tighter with Leocadie's own gesture.

"If you will pardon me, madame," said Berthe, "my carriage is waiting."

Estrelle herself obsequiously conducted the supposed Leocadie, strutting with the grandeur of a camel, towards the entresol. Several ladies being fitted attempted a sally to pay some hastily framed compliments, but Estrelle moved them back. Officer Riley, who had stoutly maintained the passageway through the crowd at the door, marched ahead, and the bogus diva was shut in her town car with an impressive slam. The crowd cheered as the car started off, and the more nimble pursued it. Those who held on to the end of the block, where a pause for traffic was in order, told others whom the tiny coach contained, and the crush augmented. The car had to traverse many city squares before it finally shook off the last of its devotees and regained its incognito. Berthe rode grandly on.

Left alone for the moment, Leocadie, without a gown, true, yet still superbly clothed, moved about Estrelle's

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"Madame, it is Difficult to Tell You," He Said. "It is Almost Impossible! Unbelievable! Your Name is on Everyone's Lips"

THE LAND OF THE SPREE

By Porter Emerson Browne and Joseph Hilton Smyth

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE pretty girl with the restless hips attained temporary stability before me and said, "I want you to come over to our place. The rest of the crowd's coming."

"Fine," I said. "Thanks a lot."

She eyed me in a manner that puzzled me. Then she opened her mouth, waited while she thought, and shut it again.

"Well?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said, "only ——"

"Only what?"

"You don't mind if there's liquor there—if they drink a little."

"No," I said, "I don't mind. Why should I?"

She looked at me again. Then again she opened her mouth—it was a pretty mouth, too—thought some more, and shut it again.

"Let's go!"

We all piled into the cars and drove over to Denstable. A woman called Queen Louise drove the car I was in; she turned out to be the mother of the girl with the hips. From scattered remarks about Germaine and Joy and Madeleine, I gathered that she was the mother of some other girls, too, only she couldn't seem to find out where they were. There were four other people in the machine who turned out to be just four other people. It was nine miles to Queen Louise's mausoleum and we did it in ten minutes flat. The reason it took us so long was that we had to wait at a grade crossing for a freight train.

In a little while Judson Tolliver arrived with his wife, Marjorie, and Bill Jenkins. I was supposed to be visiting the Tollivers. Bill had dragged me up from New York after running into me one morning at the club.

"I heard you were back," he said.

"Yeah," I told him. "Got in last week."

"There's a rumor that you tried to drink France dry."

"Yes?" I said, wondering. I hadn't done anything of the kind, naturally. Probably somebody that looked like me. There are lots of them. I could always walk into any clothing store, put on a suit, and walk right out. I never did. But I could. Also I'm average height, average weight, average color, with nothing to distinguish me except Bertillon measurements and the whorls on my thumbs.

"Yes," said Bill. "Everybody in Paris saw you that night when you lassoed a chorus girl in the Bal Tabarin and tried to haul her over the footlights. Who did you think you were? Wild Bill Hickok, or somebody?"

"Just the James family," I said. I didn't try to explain that it wasn't me—I mean I. In the first place, he wouldn't believe it. And in the second place, the first place was enough. "I was just having a good time," I added.

"Still keeping it up, I suppose."

I didn't want to disappoint him, so I said I was. Talking to Bill is a good deal like subcaliber target practice, anyway.

"Listen," said Bill. "I'm a friend of yours. I'd do anything for you. You know that. If you don't, you ought to. What you need is a good rest."

I'd had one on the way over, but there was no use of telling Bill that either. He never rested on shipboard. Neither did anyone else if he could help it.

"I'm going to give it to you."

"That's very sweet of you."

"I'm going to take you down to the country with me for one quiet week."

"A quiet week? With you?"

"What's funny about that?"

"What isn't? I've never seen you quiet for a minute, let alone a week."

He snorted. "We're going to visit the Tollivers."

We Went Into the Dining Room, and There Was Bill and the Potts Sisters Staging a Bullfight

"And who," I queried, "are the Tollivers?"

"Friends of mine. And swell folks too. You'll like 'em. He writes. She sings."

"I thought you said that it was going to be a quiet week."

"Come on," said Bill, not paying any more attention to me than he ever did to anybody. "I'll help you pack."

We landed down in Denstable the next noon, and in the afternoon there was a party with a lot of honey beer and shine and unsympathetic gin and other low forms of American indoor sport. And then the girl with the hips and her mother appeared and took us over to Bournedale.

"So far," I said to Bill, when he came in, "this has been a great rest."

"I knew you'd like it," said Bill heartily. "Great crowd, eh?"

"Great."

Mrs. Van Alstyne stopped in front of me with a tray of highballs.

I took one.

"*Merci*," I said.

"That's my name." She smiled.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. You can call me Mercy or Mercedes. I'm either to my friends." She looked at me much as her daughter had.

"What's the matter with it?"

I had heard all sorts of stories about American liquor, but as yet hadn't had any of it.

"There's nothing the matter with it," she replied, with the accent on the "it." "It's prescription stuff, and excellent. Six dollars a pint. Of course the prescription costs three."

"Not even the doctors are on the level, then."

"Oh, yes. Some of them are, I suppose."

"If it's all right, why shouldn't you give me one?"

"Bill," she said, "has told me all about you."

"Oh," I said.

"About the chorus girl and about the fountain."

"You mean ——" I didn't see why I should be the only one who didn't know what I had done.

"The night you imagined you were a goldfish."

"My," I thought, "what wonderful times Paris and I have had together!"

"Bill told me you had no business to drink at all—that it made you wild." She smiled, as much as to say that it was all between friends. "If I give you one drink, you'll be careful, won't you?"

"Most," I assured her. "And besides, I've heard it makes you blind."

But just then a lot of other people came in and she had to go.

I started to taste the drink, but the smell reached me first. So I put it on the mantel behind a Leaning Tower of Psyche or something, and went over to meet the visiting firemen. There were a set of sisters yclept Potts. It didn't take me two minutes to find out that Pottstown, Pennsylvania, was named after them. It took one. They said howdy first and that second. And there was a boy from Harvard and a man from Princeton and an in-between that had been at Yale until they caught him at it, and an actor. Not that I have anything against actors. I admire and respect and love 'em no end—the good ones, that is. This was one of the others.

Somebody turned on the radio and everybody stopped talking and started dancing. Teddy Van Alstyne, the pretty girl with the hips, came up to me and said, "Come on. Let's go."

So we got up and tried to make our way around among chairs and tables and people and bottles, but it was so much work that we went into a clinch in the corner, where she swayed gracefully to the music. Pretty, she was. And cute. When the music stopped, we broke.

"You know," she said, "I'm supposed to take care of you."

"That's fine. Now I know I'm going to have a good time."

"Bill said I wasn't to let you drink too much."

"Did he?" I said. "I'll thank him myself, when I see him."

"Let's sit down," she suggested. We did.

The boy from Harvard came up and spoke to her. Teddy handed her glass to me.

"Be careful until I come back," she said.

She got up and left, and I smelled of the highball. It was the same as the other, so I put it under my chair.

Then Mercy, or Mercedes, came along and asked if everything were all right, and I said "Fine."

"I hope Teddy keeps amused," she said, sitting down beside me.

"So do I," I said.

"I'm having a frightful time with her."

"That's too bad."

"Did she tell you?"

"Not yet. She told me a lot, but apparently she skipped that one."

"It's the Italian count."

"Oh," I said, "the Italian count!"

"Yes," she said, "the Italian count. She was all broken up over it. And when it was all over he turned out not to be a count after all."

"That's too bad," I ventured, "even if a bit hackneyed."

"You don't seem to understand," she said impatiently. "Teddy wanted to marry him."

"Oh!" I said, as though a great light had busted in on me.

"So you do see!"

"Oh, my, yes. You must try to forgive my stupidity. You see, I've been out of the country for quite a while."

A Japanese boy stopped in front of us with a tray.

"I suppose," said Mercy, "that one more little one won't really hurt you. But do be careful, won't you?"

"Of course. Very."

A man came in. He was wearing a green-and-white blazer and a lot of manner. She called him over.

"I want you to meet Thomas Dunster. He's the lecturer, you know."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Dunster," I said.

"Call me Tom," he urged, shaking my hand enthusiastically. "All my friends call me Tom. I was a colonel in the war. But I don't go strong on titles. Everybody calls me Tom—just plain Tom."

He asked me what my name was, and I told him.

"I'll call you Barney."

"That's fine," I said. "Everybody else calls me Mac."

The two Potts sisters came up and formed a group around him.

"Ah," he said, "potluck."

"Isn't he a scream?" said Sister No. 1.

"Isn't he funny?" said Sister No. 2.

They moved off. I smelled of the latest highball to be handed me. It was the same. I put it under the chair with the others.

Bill wandered along with Marge Tolliver.

"How's everything?" he asked heartily.

"Great," I said.

He and Marge went on. I wandered over to a davenport and sat down. Beside me was a girl I hadn't seen before.

"Hello," I said. "What's your name?"

"Constance Kip," she answered. "What's yours?"

"Barney McCutcheon," I told her. "You can call me Mac, Barney or simply sweetheart. I'm all three to my friends. What I am to my enemies I'll tell you if you'll come out behind the barn."

"I don't care to hear," she replied. "Moreover, we have no barn."

Like the girl with the hips she was eying me queerly. I could see with half an eye, or even a quarter, that she had heard all about me too.

"It's all right," I assured her. "I've only had nine drinks so far. And I don't really get into action before the twenty-fifth. So stick about."

She smiled.

"I will," she said, "if you promise."

"Promise what?"

"To live up to your reputation."

"By half-past five I'll be either the Queen of Spain or the back log in the fireplace. That is, unless this unjustly popular brand of nonfreezing solution installs into me new whims and vagaries. It should be good. So don't go away."

"I won't," she said, rising. "That is, only as far as the butler's pantry."

"What do you want to see him for?"

"I want a glass of water," she told me. And added: "I can still remember when the hardest thing in America to find was the North Pole." And she went away.

He Held Out His Wrist Watch. "How D' Like It?" "Beautiful Watch"

I was watching her go—my, she was lovely; slender and graceful, and as she walked her body swayed like willows in the wind—when, all of a sudden, somebody's voice inserted itself into my left ear. I turned. It was Marge Tolliver. She wanted me to dance with her. I couldn't see any reason not to. So we did. But it was more like a gymkhana than a dance.

"I wanted to warn you," she said, as we made a draw shot off the sideboard and scored two points on a double carom off the davenport and a *dos-à-dos* or whatever they call those coeducational pews that were designed in the days when to be respectable was to be dumb.

"Again?" I asked. Gosh! What a bar fly I must have been! But that wasn't what she meant.

"It's about Connie Kip."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, she's quite all right."

"Then what the ——"

"Only a little wild. That's all."

"Oh, is that all?" I said. "That's all right with me. I like 'em wild. If that's all, we'll get along like Damon and Pythias or Héloïse and Abelard or Mason and Dixon. I'm no shrinking violet myself, you know. We ought to have great times together. Maybe we'll play Indian and burn the blockhouse."

She looked a little surprised.

"I wouldn't do anything like that," she advised, backing away so that there were at least a couple of inches between us.

"Of course you wouldn't," I agreed. "I wouldn't myself, intentionally. But when I'm that way it's a terrible curse—not to know what you're doing."

"It must be," she said. "I remember one night ——"

"Yes?" I prompted helpfully.

"Nothing," she said. And then the music stopped for station announcements and we were told it was Station OUNG, operating on a wave length of ninety-seven kilocycles and to please stand by. So I went over and stood by Connie. I wanted to find out how wild she was, because she didn't look wild to me. Just beautiful. But then, as one of the wise ones has said, you can't tell much about 'em just by looking.

"Did you get your water?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"You don't mean to tell me you want some."

"Just to see what it tastes like. I've forgotten."

"All right," she said. "Follow me."

"Anywhere," I said.

"What?" she asked.

"And anyhow."

And then the music started again with the beautiful new ballad, words by Moe Frankel, music by our own leader of the Eskimo Trio, beginning the Sunset Stove Polish Hour of Songs Loved by Young and Old; said ballad being entitled I'll Love You to the End of Time—which, if stuck to, would be a record.

But Connie and I missed the first few million years because we were gathered around the faucet.

"Well," Connie asked me, "have you been getting all the dirt?"

"Just a little dust so far."

She laughed. "A reputation," she said, "is a great help, isn't it?"

"Great," I agreed. "If I didn't have mine, I'd have to be drinking that stuff in there instead of this."

After we had finished adding our brains with what had once been rain, we went back to the dance, where joy was getting still more unrefined.

Somebody had been out in a car and found some more sweet spirits of niter or deadly nightshade or whatever they had now descended to, and Judson Tolliver was telling French Canadian dialect stories. You knew they were French Canadian because he broadcast it in an announcement. Maybe they were good and maybe they weren't. Not being French Canadian, I couldn't say. Besides, I must admit my attention was elsewhere.

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"Just Getting Ready to Pretend I'm a Swan. Connie's Going to Be ——"

LEND US YOUR EARS

By WESLEY STOUT

THE most startling view of the talkies comes from a divisional theater manager of one of the great companies. As he sees it, they are revolutionizing not only pictures but audiences; even having a profound effect on daily life. He agrees entirely with Mr. Chaplin that beauty and sex appeal have been the all of pictures hitherto.

"I am speaking," he says, "of the people who have been the mainstay of the business, the flaps and the flips and their older counterparts. Women and men—they came to see beautiful women and handsome men in love. When the feature picture came on, the women settled back in their seats and imagined themselves in Greta Garbo's place being adored and pursued by John Gilbert and menaced by some handsome devil such as William Powell; the men put themselves in Gilbert's shoes alongside Garbo, protecting her and winning her.

"The story was unimportant because the real drama went on in their own imaginations. The imaginations of such people are active enough within the narrow range of their own egos. All they asked of the story was a push to start them off, and the regulation clinch at the end. This is why they went to see certain stars, whatever the story; why they identified themselves with these stars. I do not mean to say that they were incapable of appreciating anything else in pictures, but it was this that brought them back and made pictures necessary to their happiness.

"The screen reached them only with images; the actors had no more reality than the watcher invested them with, as a child with her dolls. This star was beautiful, obviously; what else she was, each spectator could fill out to his own taste. But once she spoke, the real woman broke through. Her personality might be as imagined or it might not, but in either case it reached out and shook the audience out of its private dreams. They are forced to take note of character now. Character demands attention for acting and story. The whole point of view is changed."

The Picture is Laura La Plante. But the Voice is That of a Double

All Wrong

"IF THE more interesting and exciting of two actresses is not necessarily the prettier to the eye, that may be true of all men and women, and they have carried this discovery home. I can see flappers and sheiks putting less emphasis on looks in their daily pairings. I am convinced that talking pictures must be cast, as are stage plays, with the emphasis first on acting, personality and story, and that picture audiences have accepted the change."

This man knows his box office well enough to have recovered several metropolitan houses from failure, and his views are not to be laughed off. He grows a little too millennial, however. Not even the photo-electric cell is likely to alter the flapper's point of view materially overnight. Hollywood will continue to "dumb-up" many a story in its fear of overshooting the intellectual mean of its customers, and anyone looking forward to seeing Madame Elinor Glyn's contract and rolling stock turned over to Elmer Rice or Eugene O'Neill is apt to be kept waiting quite a spell. What reasonably may be hoped for is that talking pictures will draw in enough patrons to raise that mental average. It even is possible that the industry may be able to do what the stage does—produce one grade of goods for one class of trade, other grades for other classes.

William De Mille will travel much of the way with this theater manager. "It is interesting, and frequently appalling, to realize how much screen personality may be changed by the addition of voice; the actor's very appearance seems different," Mr. De Mille writes in Scribner's. "In very few cases does the voice of a screen idol satisfy fans who, for years, have been imagining it. On the other hand, those players who have beauty of voice find a new world opened to them. No longer is it necessary to make personality 100 per cent visual. Actors who for years have been almost unnoticed may arrest attention vocally and convey to the public a charm of personality which they have been unable to do through the eye alone. It is Judgment Day, and many will be raised up while others are cast down."

I carried several misapprehensions to Hollywood. The first was that actors from the legitimate stage were driving the film players out of pictures. The second was that the technical men from telephony and radio were bossing the studios. The third was that the talkies cost much less to make than silent pictures. The fourth was that the most elaborate precautions are necessary to insulate talking stages and cameras from all exterior and incidental noises. I had heard each stated authoritatively, and believed. None was true, but all had been true. That is apt to be the case with any intelligence from Hollywood for some time to come, and this, written the first of May, is not guaranteed as of the first of July.

Universal's Rolling Crane Which Provided "Broadway" With Camera Angles New to Talkies

Panic spread quickly last year from the producers to the players. Every time the Santa Fe whistled, it deposited another trainload of actors and directors from Broadway, come to displace the mute stars and featured players of cinema. These mutes frantically betook themselves to elocution schools and voice culturists, but when the dust began to lift, several facts were perceived. A great many film actors had come from the stage originally. The most effective voice yet heard in pictures is that of Warner Baxter. Mr. Baxter served his time on the boards; in fact, he and his foil, Edmund Lowe, had played together in stock. Baxter had played well a long list of secondary rôles in pictures without getting anywhere. Nine months ago he had made up his mind to give up films forever. Today he could not quit if he would, and he wouldn't.

An Enemy In Their Mouths

THE younger actors without stage training still knew how to talk, even intelligibly and literately. Reasonably good enunciation is not the craftsman's secret that actors like to have it thought. Nor is elocution an asset, and as for voice culture—well, the most ludicrous sound effects recorded to date have been, not the "dese" and "dose" of Tenth Avenue ancestry, but the phony English accents of several ladies who spoke the language serviceably until they had their voices lifted.

The stage players, conversely, were trained to pitch their voices to the man in the sixteenth row and, in order to throw their facial expression a like distance, to mug. One was too loud for the mike, the other too loud for the close-up.

The ideal actor, reasonably, usually turned out to be one with both stage and screen experience, plus a personality. There continue to be a great many faces familiar in the Lambs Club in the talkies, but the Coast defenders are holding their own again. A number have been weeded out, some as unfit, others for lack of opportunity, but this always is going on in pictures. The casualties are plaguing the local radio program managers for a chance to speak or sing over the air as public proof of their competence, which should not be difficult in a city where the corner pants presser advertises on the radio; or they are joining coöperative groups who put on stage plays, not with box-office expectations but in the hope that Winnie Sheehan or B. P. Schulberg might happen in, listen and capitulate.

In the interval, such old film players as Conrad Nagel, who have proved themselves in the talkies, and such valuable accretions from the stage as Miss Chatterton, are working night and day, even in two pictures simultaneously. This is possible, for some producers are shooting all night, others by day. It may call for no sleep and playing comedy by day and tragedy by night, but art is brief and life is long, to coin a phrase.

The immediate and spectacular victims of the big noise have been the foreign stars. There has been a vogue for exotic beauty in recent years, but it seems doubtful if the public is avid for exotic speech. Rôles for stars rarely have been written in dialect to date, at least. So excellent an actor as Emil Jannings will be salvaged by playing him in such old Warfield rôles as The Music Master or original stories that can exploit his German English, and it is possible that Lupe Velez's Mexican English might be as saucy as her shadow, but nothing better than comedy relief and French maids has been suggested thus far for the bulk of the immigrants.

Taking up point two, the technical experts drafted from broadcasting and telephony grow less powerful daily. So long as sound was as cryptic as the Einstein theory to their employers, their dictum was final. They are fixtures in the studios and are earning as much as $800 a week against, probably, $500 a month in their previous jobs, but they no longer run the show. Most competent young men, only here and there was one who knew anything of the picture business, and much of the progress to date has been made over their "But that can't be done."

If the talkie costs much less to make than the silent, that is big news to the exhibitor who is paying more than twice as much for them. A specimen exhibitor in a small town is offered a specimen picture at forty dollars silent, eighty dollars sound, plus a twenty-dollar recording fee. The truth is that Hollywood's books are so confused that no company yet knows what its costs legitimately are, and no two reports agree. The industry is undergoing an upset analogous to that in the Ford Motor Company when it turned from Model T to Model A. If $24,000,000 has been spent already on the new, probably that much again has been lost in time, old business, contract values and other casualties of the sudden disruption of the old. All this seems properly chargeable to production costs. If it is disregarded, then costs are approximately the same. The pioneer sound pictures were very cheaply made, the novelty being sufficient, but a talkie of comparable production to a silent picture scarcely can cost less. The new has longer sequences, and therefore fewer sets, but balancing that saving is the increased time necessary for rehearsals, the added film expense and the wages of a procession of new employes.

The Camera Crane's Novel Approach to a Street Scene for "Broadway"

An M-G-M Sound Truck and Renee Adoree Perform for Director Robert Leonard

Six months ago it was supposed that a talkie could not be made except inside layers of insulation. One company alone is said to have spent $6,000,000 on a group of new buildings removed from traffic and built to unheard-of specifications. Air chambers, cork, strange fibers, drapes and every deadening device within the repertoire of science lie in wait there for prowling noises and smother them like so many little princes in the Tower of London. Guards at the door lack only fixed bayonets and side arms, and no one less than the production manager himself can pass you by them. Inside, you may find Clark and McCullough making an uproarious slapstick, but the camera is inclosed in a chamber of exaggerated ice-box construction, shooting through plate-glass windows. Breathing is suspended while a scene is taken; the sharp-shooting microphone delights in picking off a whisper at a thousand yards. This is the general picture.

All Jenny Linds or Carusos

AT PARAMOUNT, where the lone sound stage burned the day after it was finished, all shooting is done at night on old stages swaddled like newborn babies in blankets and drapes. Red lights glow at the stage doors when the camera is grinding, watchmen with red flags halt all passers-by in their tracks as long as the red light burns, and tiptoeing becomes second nature. Kliegs and sun arc lights have been replaced by the softer-spoken incandescents. Meanwhile sound stages, infinitely insulated, are building by day to replace the burned one.

But when John Ford was given Talbot Mundy's story, King of the Khyber Rifles, to make, he declined to move from the main Fox lot to the new Movietone City, where the sound stages are. One story is that Mr. Ford is superstitious; he has a lucky stage. The other is that he needs tobacco while directing, and smoking is taboo at the new plant.

The old Fox lot has street cars pounding up and down Western Avenue on one side, and a noisy, incessant flood of motor traffic on the boulevard on the other side. In complete disregard of this, Ford went to work making his talkie on his favorite stage and, judged by the two unedited reels of it I heard in the projection room, it will be a picture to talk about.

At M-G-M and other studios the cameras already are coming out of their ice boxes and from behind their plate-glass windows and getting along nicely with a little rubber and padding around the lens. At Warner Brothers', Michael Curtiz has put his camera on a "dolly," or moving platform with rubber-tired casters. With the microphone extended from the camera on a yardarm, he was dogging the steps of Dolores Costello through a series of rooms and recovering motion to motion pictures.

Sound trucks do their work on location by remote control, which means that the sound is transmitted to the studio and recorded there. All sound at First National is recorded at Warner Brothers', several miles away. Fox is about to shoot a picture in the Fiji Islands, radioing the sound home by short wave length, and is building a 1000-watt radio station at the new lot. At Universal, Harry Brown has made an all-talking Western, The Wagon Master, on ordinary wooden stages without even blanket drapes, and intentionally allowed casual noises to reach the film. A choke coil has been perfected at Paramount to throttle the commutator ripple in the sun arc lights and recover to use $1,000,000 worth of idle lighting equipment. The logical conclusion is that much of the money spent to date on shushing has been needless.

The firing of a pistol would shatter the microphone, it was believed this spring, and this and most sound effects were obtained synthetically, but a war picture is about to come on the market, Variety reports, in which the mike, suspended above a tank, recorded perfectly the barking of a battery of three-pound and one-pound guns in the tank, and the replying guns of the enemy, all without breaking one tube. They are learning.

The double exposure and other tricks of the camera are just as feasible in sound as in vision, and offer new possibilities. In a film now making, the comedian carries on an animated debate with himself. No one realized that Laura La Plante had an excellent singing voice until she was heard to fine effect in Show Boat. She hasn't, in fact; all her songs were doubled. Nor did Stepin Fetchit sing Lonesome Road in the same picture, as he seemed to. The face was the face of Stepin, but the voice was the voice of Jules Bledsoe. The double rehearses the song with eyes on the picture until his or her timing is perfect; then the song is recorded and superimposed on the film at the proper point. Now Texas Guinan can sing like Jenny Lind.

Making Parisian Whoopee

IN ALBERT CHEVALIER'S first talkie, Innocents of Paris, there is a pretty scene which existed originally only as a stock shot of a Paris street, preserved out of some old and dull travelogue. I watched this commonplace footage being grafted with song, voice and sound effects on the Paramount lot. On a darkened, draped stage a staff orchestra was grouped under one microphone. Beneath another a group of sound extras, men and women, huddled, and at a third were three men with bird pipes. One song of the original score written for the picture by the musical staff was a gay little patrol, Louise, already a familiar radio number.

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The Monitor Room From Which the Mixer Looks Out and Listens

BEATING THE RAP

"You're a Criminal Lawyer. 'Criminal' Is the Right Word!"

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HE WAS the smartest young criminal lawyer in town. Reporters who covered the Municipal Courts Building sometimes interrupted poker, bridge or rummy games long enough to pay him tribute thus: "Looks like So-and-So is sunk this time." . . . "Yeh, it looks kinda bad. But Elston Brown's defending him." . . . "Aw, he'll beat that rap yet. Brown'll make a monkey of Trautwein when he gets him in court. There's one smart baby—Brown." . . . "Yeh, but what is this—a card game or —— It's your ante, Pete."

His reputation bore other testimonials. He was a vice president of the bar association. Older lawyers dropped into courtrooms where he was trying cases to pick up fine points of strategy. When Elston Brown said, "The defendant wishes to enter an exception, Your Honor," judges listened with more than usual interest. He was a lawyers' lawyer. And he was also a criminals' lawyer. In the more élite circles of crime Elston Brown's name had a comforting sound. "Little trip to college this time, Eddie?" "That's what the circuit attorney thinks. But I got me a real mouthpiece. . . . Yeah, Elston Brown. The dicks ain't made a rap he can't beat."

Beating the rap—that was his game. And in ten years—he was only thirty-four—he had beat a lot of raps. He won an acquittal for Jerry Bogart, the big racketeer—murder, that was. He got two hung juries for Wilfred Hamish—embezzlement. He pulled the Blank Building and Loan Association crowd through with minimum sentences, and got reversals in every case but one from the Supreme Court. He literally yanked Homer Phillips and Joe Studley off the gallows with new evidence clearing them of a machine-gun massacre in which four of the Jelly-roll mob perished. If it hadn't been for Elston Brown, two aldermen named Schuble and Klaus would have done time for "milking" a bonded whisky warehouse. But they walked out of court. And a jury, moved to tears by Elston Brown's eloquence, acquitted Mrs. Josie Mulroy of a love-nest killing when the circuit attorney's office thought it had an ironclad case.

Yet, Elston Brown, seated in his office on the fifth floor of an old-fashioned office building this afternoon, felt no pride or elation in the career that was rapidly carrying him to the top. There had been a lull in work that day, and invariably during such periods he got very low in his mind.

He had reached the point when he was afraid to stop and think. The fever of courtroom battles was fine; the abstraction of preparing new cases staved off the recurrent blue spells very well. But every two months or so he hit a little pause, a silent hour which brought back the old uneasiness.

He stared gloomily now at the stack of transcripts, briefs, law reports and other matter on his ancient roll-top desk: State of —— versus Simms, R. A.; State of —— versus Hurley, Flora B.; In re Appeal, State of —— versus Bridges, Joe C.

"H'm. Simms. The little rat. Wants me to put on character witnesses. If I did they'd spring that Kentucky conviction on him. I've a good mind to —— Hurley. I must have her in before we start the depositions. She hasn't come clean yet. Holding out a lot. Gets hysterics, wails. She'd better save all that for the jury. If she lets me get caught on stuff she hasn't told me, I'll "

What a rotten mess it all was—trying to keep people out of prison, helping them beat the rap. Those days, back in law school—how idealistic he had been. Young idiot. He had chosen criminal law. It was human, vital, dramatic. It was a chance to serve humanity. Benny Grainger had warned him. They'd all warned him. Even the dean. Good egg, the dean. What had he said? Something about the difficulty of handling pitch and keeping your fingers clean. Rather vague, but then the dean couldn't come right out and denounce any branch of the revered profession. Benny had gone into corporation law. He met Benny at bar-association smokers occasionally. Still the same wise-cracking Benny. "Well, old kid, haven't you been indicted yet?" Something to laugh off. Well, he'd always laughed it off. But it was a pretty punk joke at that.

Elston Brown looked about his shabby office. He could easily have afforded mahogany paneling, glass-topped table desks, taupe carpet and all the trimmings. But his clients wouldn't have been at ease in such surroundings. If he brightened up the dingy hole they'd suspect a raise in fees. His clients—what a sorry lot. Now and then a man or woman of his own class. But mostly men and women of a different sort. Referred to in speeches as "the criminal element."

He remembered those old bull sessions back in the dorm at school. Oh, he was a defender of the weak and the oppressed those days! Everybody who got in trouble with the law was an innocent lamb, a victim of circumstantial evidence, a martyr to frame-ups. And he would be the

young Sir Galahad fighting that grim, unrelenting dragon, the Law. He had been such a naïve youngster then. Why, when his classmates argued the stock law-school question: "Would you defend a man, knowing him to be guilty?" he had well, no use thinking about that. It was the question law students answered and criminal lawyers evaded.

Would you defend a man, knowing him to be guilty? Elston Brown twisted uneasily in his chair and stared at the smoke-blackened sky line of the city. Of course he had never knowingly defended a guilty man. But that was because his clients, if guilty, never confessed to him before the trial. Still, he had suspected more than once. . . . Couldn't he get his mind off the subject?

Luckily his office buzzer sounded. With a feeling of escape he picked up the phone.

"Mr. Spyros and Mr. Miske to see you, sir," said the office girl.

"Send them in," he said.

Dave Spyros—Davey the Greek—professional bondsman, police-court fixer and committeeman of the Fifth Ward. Manny Miske, overlord of the River Mob, president of the Violet Cab Company, the Miske Cleaning & Dyeing Co., the Edgewater Bottling Company—bootlegger, racketeer, gunman.

"How do you do, Mr. Spyros—Mr. Miske?"

He shook their beefy hands. Motioned them to chairs.

"Howdy, young feller," said Spyros. "How iss tricks wit' you today?"

"Fine," said Brown.

"He's allus fine," said Miske to Spyros, by way of a compliment calculated to create a genial atmosphere. "I wisht I had this boy's head on me. I wouldn't have to work for a livin', neither."

"Oh, I do a little work now and then, Manny," said Brown a bit stiffly.

He always reddened and was ill at ease under gangster badinage. He knew their language, but never spoke it himself.

"Sure you do, kid—sure you do," agreed Miske hastily; he was but a few years older than Brown, and use of the word "kid" was his way of expressing lordly superiority without antagonizing the inferior. "You're all right. You might offer me one of them seegars ——"

The cigars were passed. Spyros and Miske lighted up. Spyros spit his cigar end onto his fat, white-waistcoated stomach and did not remove the tobacco. Miske chewed the end off his and threw it accurately into a spittoon across the room.

"'Spossing you tell Mr. Brown our bissness, Manny."

"He knows what we come here for," said Manny, his face a-grin. "None of us never calls on Brown unless somebody's in a jam. Not that you ain't sociable and all that, kid, but—listen, an' I'll give you the lay on this one."

Brown reached for a pad and pencil.

"His name is Roger Coleham, age eighteen, resides at —— Hammett Street, city," Manny dictated with practiced readiness, using phrases picked up from intimate contact with police reports and newspaper stories. "Got it? They got his name misspelled on the indictment—no *e* in the last name. Here's the indictment. Arrest was made an hour ago. Davey got a tip-off at the sheriff's office, so the kid didn't have to spend no time in the hold-over "

"What is he charged with?"

"It is alleged," said Manny, grinning, "that he was one of the stickups that pulled the ice-plant job out on Eastern Avenue. . . . What's the address of that plant, Davey?"

Spyros fumbled with thick fingers for a memorandum.

"Never mind," said the lawyer. "Was he the only one indicted for the robbery?"

"Yeah. The dicks give several other boys a tumble, but them eyewitnesses could only put the finger on this kid."

"How many eyewitnesses?"

"Five. But ——"

Brown shook his head. "I'm afraid I'd have to advise him to plead. It's only a reformatory sentence."

Miske and Spyros exchanged glances.

"You wouldn't plead a innocent kid guilty, would you?" said Miske.

"What's his defense?"

"He's got a beaut of an alibi. He was home sick all that afternoon. He's got his old man an' old lady an' a sister. Besides that, he's got a doctor an' three neighbors who come to see him. It's a cinch."

The lawyer looked from the hard, freckled face of the gang leader to the round oily countenance of the politician. Were they lying to him? Five eyewitnesses, and a daylight robbery at that. This alibi, now. How about it? And why were Miske and Spyros going to bat for Roger Coleham?

He said "Has Coleham got a record?"

Miske shrugged. "Aw, there's seven or eight pick-ups against him at headquarters. But what the hell?"

"He iss a goodt young man," said Spyros, leaning forward. "Manny and I know him well. We know hiss family. They are goodt people. In my wardt they live."

"Sure, sure, that's right, Brown," put in Miske persuasively; "the kid's folks is high-class people. You know I wouldn't give you a bum steer. It's nothing to me, only I hate to see any young kid framed into a rap he ain't right for."

"Isn't he one of your boys, Manny?"

The gangster's face was a mask of offended dignity, of outraged innocence.

"Him? That kid? Brown, you oughta know me better'n that. A young kid like that? Think I associate with little punks like that? Sa-ay, that's good."

He laughed, and Davey the Greek laughed too.

"What does the boy say about it?"

"He ain't said nothing for publication. But you ast him an' he'll tell you he never done it. That's cold turkey too." Then, very righteously: "If he was nailed on a dead rap I wouldn't be fronting for um. You know that."

Well, maybe they weren't lying. You never could tell about eyewitnesses, anyway. He couldn't prejudge this case. Maybe he was being too squeamish. Maybe the poor kid had been pushed into the jam by those fellows at headquarters. And that alibi—it was a peach of an alibi. The family doctor, neighbors, mother, father, sister. These last three wouldn't count for much, of course, except to get sympathy from the jury. He had learned that relatives would perjure themselves brazenly to support alibis.

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Five Eyewitnesses, and a Daylight Robbery at That. This Alibi, Now. How About It?

NIGHT LETTER

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

"Roxy, Don't the Things That Other People Feel Ever Seem Important to You at All?"

IT WAS one of those nights when people do not go out unless they have to. The rain kept up—and a heavy, dispirited rain it was—bent on making the city dreary and uncomfortable. The dregs of the streets settled down in the puddles and people sheltered themselves in the doorways of closed banks and shops to wait for the street cars, coming along like refuges with their headlights spreading and glistening through the mist. Within the telegraph office the floor was dirty and the air musty and damp. The rain, failing to get inside, seemed to have at least succeeded in making its mood penetrate, its discomfort, its wetness, which was not even clean but turned to dismal blackness on the tiled floor wherever the muddy shoes of people had tracked it in. A messenger boy in a slicker slouched by the doorway, smoking a cigarette and waiting for some order. Telegraph instruments clicked. And in the comparative quiet the voice of a girl clerk repeated a message taken over the telephone: "Good night dearest have been utterly lonely without you read letter over and over but can not understand reference to pint measure surely not that heart's love Marjorie charged to Groveland 688 night letter thank you."

Simon, standing at the counter with a pencil poised above a ruled blank, could not help but hear, and his mind satirized message and sender and recipient. "More twaddle, more terrible blah," he thought. There'd be none of that in this telegram he was about to send to Rosalie. But he couldn't decide what to say, how to put it. All sorts of things that came into his head had to be rejected. No use putting that into a telegram. Nor that, even if it was true. Make it short; make it definite. The thing was to show that he wasn't being fooled any longer. He'd let her know for once exactly where she got off. He thought of a phrase and began to write, but the pencil lead cracked beneath his pressure and he looked around for another. There was none left on the counter and the girl on duty, having seen that Simon was in the throes of composition, had left him to it and gone to talk to a friend in the back of the room. Feeling the dry fountain pen in his pocket, Simon moved toward the writing desk where several pencils hung from long chains. One side of it was already occupied, and as he sat down at the other the dark blue hat opposite lifted and a girl looked up as if she did not really see him. Her eyes were dark with concentration and her face was haunted by thought that seemed to have no connection with her surroundings. It was a face that even Simon's unkindly mood knew to be uncommonly pretty. For a second she regarded him thoughtfully and then bent to her task again, her elbows squared as if she were a child doing a lesson.

"Another girl working hard at making trouble," thought Simon ungraciously.

He wrote one telegram and tore it up. Because he didn't want Rosalie to think she'd succeeded in hurting him. Indifference, that was the idea. He tried another, but that was a washout too. It sounded as if he were ready to come if she whistled. Even if she did whistle—even if he went—he meditated, crumpling the second blank and tossing it into the tin wastebasket beside the first—he'd have his eyes open this time. He tried to work it out again, picking up the little book of standard messages which stood in the rack before him and thumbing it through idly. Messages for every occasion. He knew some occasions that they wouldn't have messages for. Stilted, fulsome phrases. Wedding and anniversary messages. He read one: "The best wish that I can send you is that you will find in the new life the dearest wish of your heart." That sounded familiar. Of course it did. It was almost exactly the phrasing that Rosalie had used when she had broken her engagement to him. No doubt she had sent the mate of it to the other fellow recently. He looked up and discovered that he had done so because the girl across the table was really watching him this time, apparently amused by his absorption in the book.

He offered it to her.

"Were you waiting for this?" he asked, to pay her back for laughing at him.

"No, thank you," she said. "I manage to make them up as I go along"—and bent her head again.

Simon looked belligerently at the top of her hat, which had been rained on, and at the lock of dark hair which curled damply against her cheek. Then he wrote what he had to say all of a sudden and strode to the counter with it, giving the form to the clerk, who began to count the words and read it aloud:

"Is it I you need or are you temporarily short of men?"

"Gently," said Simon, "it's not for the radio public, you know. You're pretty free with messages in this office. I just heard you taking a very tender one over the telephone."

"All the lines were busy inside," the clerk answered. "I had to take it out here. Besides," she added, looking at Simon and seeing that he was a contemporary and that the shoulders of his overcoat fitted in the way that she considered gentlemanly and athletic, "you shouldn't have been listening."

"I wasn't listening. I was hearing."

"You can't always help it in here. Do you want this to go straight wire?"

He hesitated. There might be some delay and it was an hour later there than it was here, even if daylight saving wasn't on. There wasn't any use in getting Rosalie out of bed just to give her a blow. She'd probably worked herself up to a fine state of exhaustion by this time anyway. She took it out of herself as well as everybody else at times like this.

"No. Make it a night letter."

"Eighty cents," said the clerk.

For just a moment, as he finally committed the telegram to strange hands, Simon wished he'd said something else. Then he handed over a dollar, took his change and went to the door. On the way he met the eyes of the girl in the blue hat upon him again. This time there was curiosity in them.

It was decidedly worse outside. Some rift in the sky seemed to have been torn open in the past few minutes and let out torrents of rain. Sheets of it were driving everyone and everything off the streets. A few automobiles went along blindly. It was not the kind of storm one plunged into. Obviously it would get the best of any overcoat, and Simon wore a light one.

He waited for a moment, debating whether to call a taxi or telephone the garage for his own car or step in somewhere until the storm let up. There was nothing to go back to his own rooms for except to keep company with that arguing, restless mood which would have him alone and at its mercy there. And at the club he'd be sure to see people whom he wanted to avoid. The motion-picture theater next door to the telegraph office swept the street with light from its entrance. He might as well go in there and kill a little time.

The theater was crowded. Other people had also taken refuge.

After some prowling in the semidarkness the usher found a couple of vacant seats and Simon took the one on the aisle. He had entered during a very emotional scene and he set himself to watching with some hostility, wondering why this sort of thing preoccupied so many people, why they kept on handing it out. There must be such a lot of burned people like himself in the world who shunned new fires of sentiment, who would rather not be reminded. That girl on the screen had a chin like Rosalie's—that chin you could lift in the palm of your hand. She had something of Rosalie's manner too.

"Rise, please," said the usher.

Simon stood up and a girl took the empty seat beside him. He had a feeling as she went past him that he recognized her, but for a moment he did not actually look. Then he did. It was just as he thought. It was the same girl who had been writing long messages in the telegraph office. She took off her hat and he saw a dark, shapely head, with the hair pressed close to it, as she bent forward for a moment. Then she turned and he felt her start. He glanced down at her and they smiled with a touch of embarrassment, for no reason at all.

"Can't seem to shake me off, can you?" he said.

"The rain drove me in," she answered.

"It's certainly savage out."

She leaned a little toward the side of her seat farther from Simon, dropped the conversation and began to watch the picture. So did Simon, who, in spite of himself, had to admit its poignant moments. Of course, when a really good actress like this went after your feelings, she got them. That was what she was paid for. He wished she wouldn't make those scattering, helpless gestures. Rosalie sometimes did. What would she think when she opened that night letter? It wouldn't be what she'd expect from him, that was sure.

There was a muffled roar of thunder. An electric storm had evidently been added to the night's charms. Another tremendous crash of it came and the side lights in the theater went out. The screen became black. People started, exclaimed, rose to their feet, began to clamor with questions.

"Better stay right where you are," said Simon.

"Of course," said the girl beside him quietly.

There was a glow from the red exit lights, which burned firmly enough, and someone announced from the stage that the current would be on in a moment, that nothing of any consequence was wrong, and asked the audience to keep their seats and avoid confusion. Reassured, the noise of conversation began to rise in the darkness. Simon and the girl sat there silently. He felt as if it were absurd to talk to her, and more absurd not to. If he moved to the right he'd touch her. But she evidently knew how to isolate herself. And clearly she was not going to start anything or become excited.

"People get panicky, don't they?" he remarked.

"Fear's a funny thing," she said.

There was breeding in her words, or the way she used them. Simon didn't know quite where it was, but he was convinced of it. He had an impression that it would take more than a little to frighten a girl with a voice like that.

"Did you get your wire off?" he asked at length.

"Yes," she answered and sighed involuntarily, "I sent it."

"Didn't you like it? After all the hard work you put on it?"

Their voices were trusting each other now, becoming companionable. In the darkness they had found out something about each other's manners, something that lowered certain guards.

"Did you like the one you sent?"

"Mine was straight to the point," said Simon, "and that was all I wanted it to be."

"I shouldn't like to get it, though," she answered reflectively.

"My wire? Why not?"

"You looked vindictive as you sent it. As if you were paying somebody off."

"Maybe I was. Maybe that was the kind of telegram it should be."

"You should know," she said. "But I always imagine people getting telegrams, don't you? There's such a chance in them. They can set you up so tremendously or throw you down so hard. In such a short space you can't beat about the bush very much. It's always exciting to open them, because they're such a recent mood or recent

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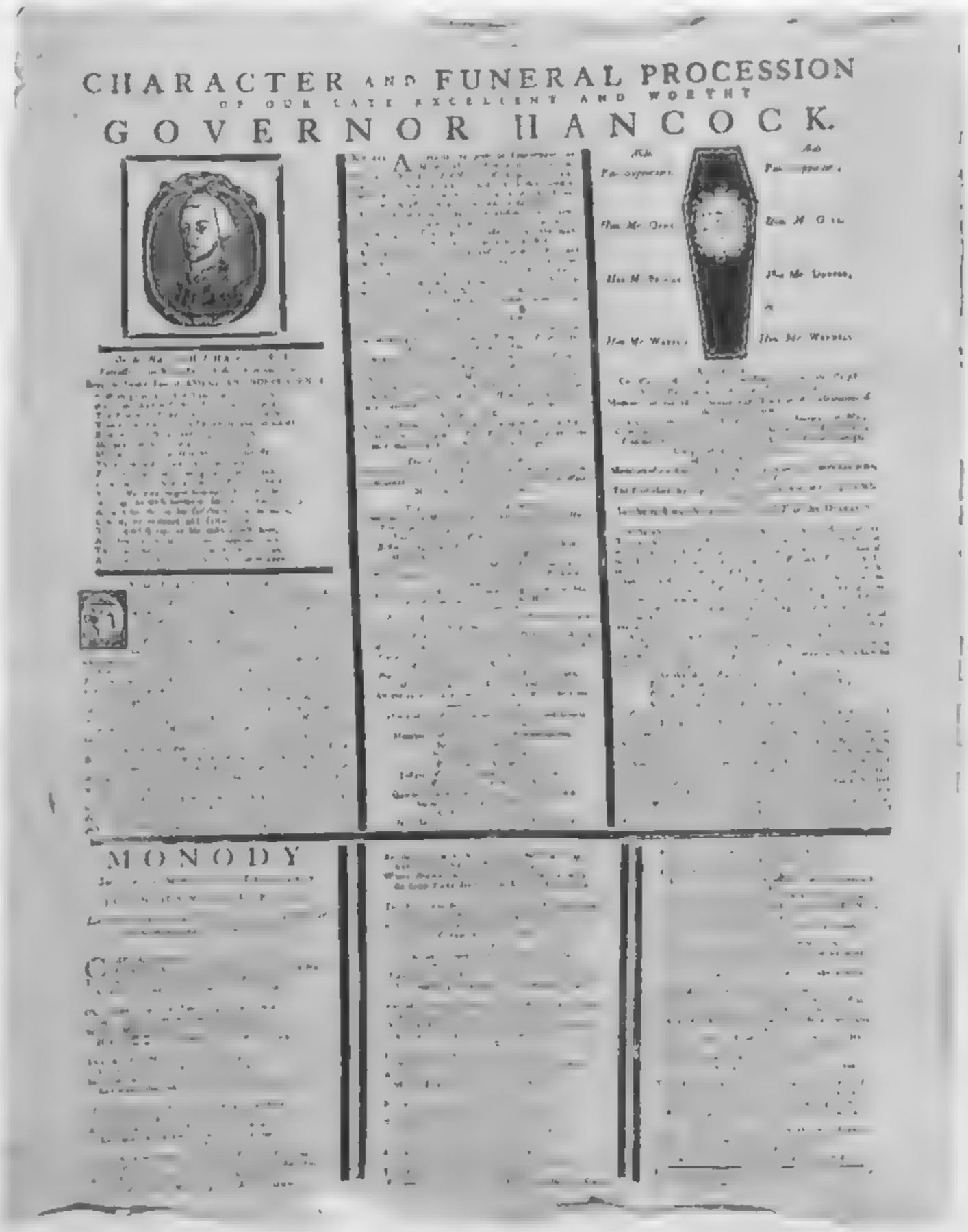
"Can I Get You a Taxi?" He Asked. She Shook Her Head. "I'm the Street-Car Type"

EXTRA! EXTRA!

By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach

As Told to Avery Strakosch

BLOODY butchery by the British Troops!" As I looked again at the large sheet of paper before me, with its heavy black type, I asked myself if I wasn't reading a modern extra. No! It was the first news of the Battle of Concord, in its original form, as it had been excitedly pasted upon buildings and fences, and nailed to the peaceful New England elms. Thus it was issued, not unlike our contemporary theatrical posters, exactly one hundred and fifty-four years ago, so that all who ran might read. In those primitive days, long before the telegraph was invented, this was the only way news could be rapidly spread over the countryside. Runners and men on horseback were dispatched from the various villages and settlements where the news had originated. Post-haste they rushed to the nearest printing office, and in a short time the inhabitants beheld the startling headlines. They were the forerunners of the extra of today, and display type was placed at the top of the broadsheet.


CHARACTER AND FUNERAL PROCESSION
OF OUR LATE EXCELLENT AND WORTHY
GOVERNOR HANCOCK.
A
MONODY

A Battle of Broadsides

IN THIS case of the Battle of Concord, in addition to the bloody butchery announcement, a short, gripping tale was told of the runaway fight of the regular troops of His Britannic Majesty against a few hundred provincials, natives of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who fought it out on April 19, 1775. Of all the grim details given, I think the following paragraph concerns us most:

"These particulars are now published in this cheap form, at the request of the friends of the deceased WORTHIES, who died gloriously fighting in the cause of liberty and their country, and it is their sincere desire that every Householder in the country, who are sincere well-wishers to America, may be possessed of the same, either to frame and glass, or otherwise to preserve in their houses, not only as a token of Gratitude to the memory of the Deceased Forty Persons, but as a perpetual memorial of that important event, on which, perhaps, may depend the future Freedom and Greatness of the Commonwealth of America."

There were thousands of "well-wishers to America" who received this broadside, but only a few copies of the originals were saved. At the same time a black-bordered Concord Death List was issued. I have seen but one copy of this gruesome sheet, with its skull and crossbones decoration. This, the first mortality record of the Revolution, is exceedingly rare in its original state. There is a Biblical rhythm to that list—"The names of the Provincials who were killed and wounded in the late Engagement with His Majesty's Troops." Among them you can read such brave old New England names as Caleb Harrington, Jedediah Monroe, Jason Winship, Azael Porter, Jotham Webb, Perley Putnam and Prince Easterbrooks, "a negro man." The clink of flintlock and the hoarse echo of patriotism reverberate through these names.

Other broadsheets of the Massacre of Boston also show pictures of the coffins of the dead patriots, with skulls and crossbones, which make them eternally interesting.

Like school children scribbling unpleasant remarks about one another on walls, the British soon came out with their own account of the battles of Concord and Lexington in broadside form. It was the quickest way to catch the eye of the people. This broadsheet is also very rare and of utmost historical importance. General Gage's description is "a circumstantial account of an attack . . . on His Majesty's Troops," ending: "Thus this unfortunate Affair has happened through the Rashness and Impudence of a few people who began firing on the troops at Lexington."

A month and a half later Governor Thomas Gage was trying to mold the colonists' minds with other broadsides. I have an excessively rare one dated June 12, 1775, headed "A Proclamation," and printed by a woman, Margaret Draper, in Boston. It is not only said to have been passed around among the inhabitants of Boston but was also slipped through the lines of the besieging army to uphold their morale as well. It begins "Whereas the infatuated multitude who have long suffered themselves to be conducted by certain Well-known incendiaries and traitors," and ends with an offer, in His Majesty's name, of "His most gracious pardon to all rebels, with the exception of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, if they will lay down their arms."

This broadside is printed in such tiny type as to make it almost unreadable. I doubt if it made much impression. Bolder effects in those days were necessary.

Broadsheets were the first stop-press bulletins, though I prefer the homely extra of our own newsboys. The entire history of America can be written from them, because they may be studied from the year 1639, when the first printing shop was established in this country.

We can trace graphically, step by step, almost every important event in our history, long before we issued newspapers, through these sheets, which were circulated quickly, to give the settlers local news and the important events as reported by recently arrived sailing ships from overseas. In the latter case the news was generally more than five weeks late, but that made little difference to the Puritans, who had but few leisure moments, on account of having to protect their homes from the Indians and the machinations of the French. I think they were just as happy as we are today, receiving their news several weeks late. The greatest news item in the world's history—the Discovery of America by Columbus—was about seven months in reaching Spain.

The Freeman's Oath is the earliest and one of the most important of all American broadsides. Stephen Daye, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, issued it in 1639. It is odd that although the original draft, in the autograph of Governor John Winthrop, has been saved—it is now one of the rare possessions of the Boston Public Library—none of the first printed copies has ever turned up. The earliest contemporary reprints of the Oath are dated 1647. Every man who was more than twenty and had been six months a householder was obliged to take the Freeman's Oath before he could become a full-fledged citizen of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The Last Memento

IT WOULD not surprise me to hear some day that a copy of the Freeman's Oath had been discovered, after all these years, waiting to be found beneath the rafters of one of the old New England farmhouses. Or perhaps someone has a copy and gives it little consideration because of certain notions concerning the methods used by Massachusetts' early rulers. I do hope such an unsuspecting person will come my way!

This reminds me of the time I visited an old house near Philadelphia several years ago. It was built in the time of the first proprietor of Pennsylvania, William Penn. The family who lived there were of Quaker origin, but later became staunch members of the Episcopal Church. As my host and I walked about the place he surprised me with a bitter tirade about his Quaker antecedents. When his venom had run its course I asked him why he felt as he did, and he replied he had but little use for the Quakers, because they had had a too restraining influence in Philadelphia in the early days, and their conservative policies had, in his opinion, retarded the city's progress

"I've only one thing left of all my Quaker belongings," he said, "and I don't know why I've kept that! It's a confounded old sheet of paper concerning a Quaker meeting in Burlington."

"What's the date?" I inquired casually.

"1692," he replied. "Would you like to see it?"

Presently I spread a yellowed roll of paper on the table before me. Imagine my delight when I read William Bradford's name in the corner—the first printer in the Middle Colonies! I had never heard of this broadside before and believed it to be unique. I realized the owner wanted to get it out of his sight at any price—even a low one—all because

of his dislike of Quakers. Incidentally, a particularly rich one had died and failed to mention him in his will! And now for the dénouement. I took the broadside to New York. It was perfect except for one corner which had been torn off some time during the past two hundred years. One day when Dr. Wilberforce Eames and I sat in my library discussing the eternal subject of Americana, I showed him my latest find. In his quiet manner he studied it silently for a moment. Finally he said he believed he could complete it—supply the missing corner. Such a rash statement from so conservative a gentleman amused me. I smiled unbelievingly. A day or so later he came from his office in the New York Public Library and brought a little parcel with him. He opened it and shook out several torn pieces of yellowed paper onto the library table. Then he selected a triangular segment with a ragged edge and held it to the torn corner of my broadside. It fitted perfectly, and I actually felt as though I were beholding magic or some miracle of Saint Francis.

Once upon a time I came into possession of William Penn's own copy of the original map of Pennsylvania used by him in his celebrated lawsuit with Lord Baltimore, concerning the boundary line—drawn in Penn's own hand—between Pennsylvania and Maryland. It seemed to me that its final resting-place should be in the library at the State Capitol. With this in mind I journeyed to Harrisburg. I had already told my idea to a political friend and he forthwith introduced a bill for its purchase. It was my first and I may say my only experience in lobbying. The bill was passed, but to tell the truth it was hard work to enthuse a lot of unimaginative state senators over this project of mine. After a great deal of persuasion it was accomplished. Then there was a final step—that of persuading the governor to sign the bill. When I found that my new rôle as a lobbyist had been—as I thought—successful, I began to wander about the Harrisburg streets, instinctively taking the direction of the second-hand bookshops. In one the proprietor showed me a small broadside advertising real estate for sale in Pennsylvania in 1786. This, a tract of land in Centre County, was previously settled by an ancestor of mine, Aaron Levy. His broadside was a public announcement by him to sell the land in parcels so that he might with characteristic modesty name the town—which he did—after himself, Aaronsburg.

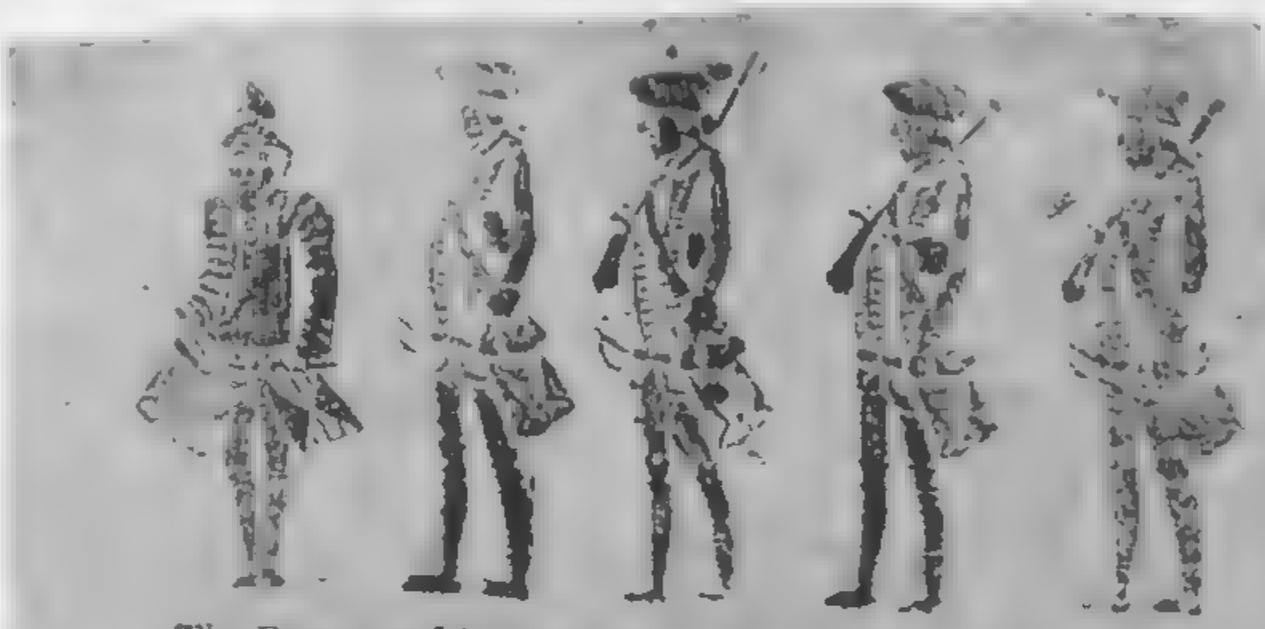
Ask the Doctor

I HAD already heard of this broadside; in fact, had been searching for it for many years. For sentimental reasons I felt I must have it. Perhaps I showed undue interest when the dealer placed it in my hands, for he asked me the ridiculously high price of five hundred dollars. Although it was worth that to me, it couldn't possibly have been worth so much to anyone else. I remonstrated with him, but he quickly shut me up with, "Why, Doctor Rosenbach offered me four hundred and twenty-five dollars for it!" Although this was a lie out of whole cloth, I replied firmly, "I cannot offer more than Doctor Rosenbach!" and secured it for the lower figure.

My ancestors were poor business men. Lots sixty feet by two hundred were offered for six dollars each! I could have bought seventy lots in the old town for the price of this broadside.

In the midst of a summer shower one afternoon several years ago, a friend rushed into my office dripping rain as he clutched to his breast a brown paper parcel. He was apparently very much excited, but unfastened the strings as carefully as though he were handling a newborn babe. "Alas," I sighed to myself, "will people never learn that merely because something has existed for a hundred years or so, that does not mean it has value?" I noted the wild glint of triumph in his eye—that glint which indicates the intense suffering of the amateur discoverer of rarities. On the desk before me he scattered a great assortment of old newspapers and broadsheets. He muttered to himself and I learned that he had spent the last two hours chasing a dump cart on its way to the paper mill.

He was so completely enamored of what he called his "find" that I did not have the heart to let him see my reaction. And although sorely tempted, as he flashed one sheet after another before my face, I kept my manners and did not inform him that thousands of similar bundles containing old newspapers, broadsheets and handbills were brought and sent to me every year by just such excited dolts as he. Further, that from such hodge-podge sources I seldom found anything of the slightest interest.



The Farmer and his Son's return from a visit to the CAMP.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.
Yankey doodle keep it up, yankey doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David,
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it had been saved.
Yankey doodle, &c.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep an house a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind to.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a dreadful little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankey doodle, &c.

I went as nigh to one myself,
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.
Yankey doodle, &c.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It scar'd me so I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked rabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And there I see a pumpkin shell,
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.
Yankey doodle, &c.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd on't with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And there was captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud,
He will not ride without them.
Yankey doodle, &c.

He got on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.
Yankey doodle, &c.

The flaming ribbon in his hat,
They look'd to taring fine, ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.
Yankey doodle, &c.

I see another part of men,
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.
Yankey doodle, &c.

It scar'd me so I hook'd it off,
Nor stopt as I remember,
Nor turn'd about 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.
Yankey doodle, &c.

Yet that day had not been an entirely unhappy one for me. A generous and unusually human collector had presented me with an amusing broadside, an undated but authentic Revolutionary sheet with the original verses of Yankee Doodle printed upon it, and embellished with quaint woodcuts purporting to be life likenesses of Washington's soldiers. Therefore I felt in the best of humor. So, to pacify my temporarily demented friend, I promised to examine his collection immediately, that very afternoon. He went away in a high state of exultation and I began my work. I had fairly reached the bottom of the pile when a sudden gust of wind and rain blew up Walnut Street and into my very window, and neatly lifted every paper, this way and that, to the floor. I leaned down to gather together this precious assortment when I stopped suddenly in my tracks, my eyes glued to the carpet. Staring at me from one corner were the words, Boston, November 20, 1772. I picked up this broadside quickly and read an impassioned appeal to the people of the colonies to free themselves from British tyranny. It begins as follows:

"Gentlemen: We, the Freeholders and other Inhabitants of Boston, in Town-Meeting duly assembled, according to Law, apprehending this is abundant Reason to be alarmed that the Plan of Despotism, which the Enemies of our invaluable Rights have concerted, is rapidly hastening to a completion, can no longer conceal our impatience under a constant, unremitted, uniform Aid to inslave us, or confide in an Administration which threatens us with certain and inevitable destruction. . . ."

Thrilling Scraps of Paper

I RECOGNIZED it as a scarce, indeed an excessively rare broadside, known among collectors as the very first to incite directly and publicly the impulse for united action and revolution within Colonial breasts. Here was drama indeed—this broadside of utmost historical importance. There are very few copies of it today, although thousands were circulated at the time to every hill and vale of the colonies. William Cooper, the town clerk of Boston, had affixed his signature to it with bold and determined strokes. I have often wondered if any of Cooper's descendants were wise enough to save this or any of the several important broadsides bearing his name. How thrilling they are! You can feel and almost see the colonists' fury rise and expand with each new proclamation!

In this you may learn one of the secrets of the lure of broadsides. They are the Lorelei who beckon aged-in-the-wood bookmen off the beaten track of book collecting. I'll put aside the most exciting detective story ever written to read a Revolutionary sheet that beats with a sudden reflection of its eventful time.

Mere scraps of paper you may call them, yet they are filled with magic which interprets the era in sharp, broad lines that the years can never soften. Yes, they are the real pulse of the day and throb with the news of the moment. As most of these moments happened to be martial and revolutionary, the broadside must thrill every collector of Americana who has a drop of patriotic blood running through his veins.

In honor of the Sesquicentennial Exhibition we showed many Revolutionary relics in the windows of our Philadelphia store. One day a woman stood outside for a long time looking at these things; then suddenly came in and insisted upon seeing me. She

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HARBOR LIGHTS

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Now the Ship Could Do No Better Than Wallow to the Southward of West, a Semisubmerged Derelict, While Reddy Brock Stubbornly Drove Hopeless, Growling Men to Further Jury-Rigging

REDDY BROCK staggered into the Bethel. The Holy Joe smiled sorrowfully, handing him a letter with a postmark months old.

"Somebody at home still believes in you, Brock."

"Why shouldn't they?" mumbled Reddy.

"Why not sit down right away and answer that letter? It's such a little thing for you to do, such a tremendous ——"

"Ah, bite it off! I always answer 'em. Mind your own business," snarled Reddy. Holy Joe sighed.

But Reddy Brock sat at a writing table, to the missioner's glad surprise, and scrawled a short fiction story, telling his mother that managing a vast cattle ranch kept him far too busy to write often, but some day he was coming home to set her up as a fine lady. A swearing, lurching crowd blocked the Bethel doorway.

"Hey, come on out o' that gospel mill!" bawled a broken-nosed tough. Reddy grinned, knocked his chair over and left it, jerked his letter at the desk.

"Mail it for me, padre. I ain't got a stamp," he said, and rejoined the unlovely gang he had eluded in order to get his letter.

Eight hellions there were, and the port of Callao would be the sweeter when they were clapped behind bars. Trouble was to nail them. They got drunk publicly enough, but their illegalities were more subtle. And Reddy Brock was the subtlest, drunkenest, coldest hellion of them all.

About twice a year he had a twinge which sent him to the Seamen's Bethel for mail. And the Holy Joe, ever hopeful of enfolding the black sheep, held letters for six months before returning them to senders. But Reddy Brock was more than a black sheep. He was a devil-possessed goat with horns. He had broken the hearts of all who cared enough to suffer over him. He had long since reached that stage in which a bad man becomes a material brute, his soul hammered into stupor. He stole from gang mates. What he owed the Holy Joe for postage may not have been much; but he had more than once emptied the petty-cash box after sending the padre away on a wild-goose chase after a fallen convert. Still Holy Joe wrote secret little letters to the Brocks at home, reassuring them; holding to the truth, as he must, yet imparting a feeling of comfort to the old folks that Reddy was being watched over in his fiercely hard life out there on the iron west coast. There was a bond between young Brock and the missioner, for it was to the Bethel that Brock came on his first voyage to sea as a lad; it was from the Bethel that he had been watched, sorrowfully enough, through many a voyage in the hard life of a sailing ship's forecastle, qualified for promotion, but never attaining it, going the gamut of west-coast port devilment sheer to the bilges.

Reddy Brock would sneer at the idea. He had become a man among men. Any one of the gang could take the Holy Joe between thumb and finger and bite his head off. And he was their leader.

"That's the sort of hombre I am!" he would grin, whenever drunk enough to be humorous—which was often.

The gang crowded Leary's groggery. Leary was two shades less dark than coal; he was twelve degrees more evil than the devil. He kept a decent-sailors' robbery and he liked the gang. Sailors came to his place—sailors from the sailing ships; sailors who had drawn advances against pay—not much individually but, in a lump, much. And rolling sailors for their pitiful pockets was Reddy Brock's best joke. It kept the gang in funds, and Leary's share kept him quiet and happy. There were two tall sailing ships in the roads now. Both had swung to their anchors two months after cargoes were under hatches, waiting for crews. It was a sad day for sailing ships. It was almost impossible to get men to man them. Masters and mates had long ceased asking a fellow if he were a sailor; all they asked was that the man be alive and possessed of arms and legs. Even crimps had gone out of business. Men were too hard to get. But one of those tall ships had unbelievable luck when a dozen men were shooed out of jail on the same day and the mate happened to be passing the gate. The men needed cash for grog. They were easily got before the consul and signed on, and, in company of the mate, who meant to keep an eye on them, they drifted into Leary's before embarking aboard the private yacht they had been persuaded they were joining.

"Grog every day?" they questioned.

"Twice—noon and night watch," declared the mate.

"No brasswork, mister, ner holystoning?"

"None o' that gingerbread, my son. She's a white man's ship. An old shellback owns her. Made his money mining. He knows sailors and loves 'em. He don't believe in driving his crew." The mate lied like a hero, herding his jailbirds up to Leary's bar, unaware that they were brightly inspected from the back room.

Leary's liquor had been known to act queerly before. The mate stepped to the door. His eyes were useless with whirling dots. His jailbirds, clinging to the bar, savagely demanded more rum. Leary served them, and one by one they slipped from bar edge to floor. Reddy Brock's precious gang crept in, dragged the drugged drunks to the rear and expertly cleaned their clothes of the last poor coin. A gorillalike thug, whose recent rustication in jail had been for a garroting not quite fatal, fought off the fumes of Leary's drug long enough to fight for his pockets, and Reddy's chief lieutenant socked him over the head with a blackjack.

"Don't bash a guy like that! You'll croak him," snarled Reddy.

"Quit weeping. Can't crack that sort," the fellow retorted.

An ugly dark pool spread beneath the gorilla's head.

"Now you've done it. He's croaked," whispered Reddy Brock.

Leary caught that whisper, light as it was, and slithered in to look.

"Get him outa here! Go on! Get 'em all out!" he ordered. "Go on. I ain't looking for no police job. Hey!" The gang were sneaking out. They wanted no police job either. The mate tottered in from the street again, silly, but sober enough to know the safest place for him and his jailbirds was aboard the ship and headed for tall water. Leary was shouting: "You leave the stiff on my hands and I'll have you all jugged!"

The mate had seen his crew, like pigs on the floor. The dead man looked no deader than the rest. He weaved outside again, hired a mule cart and backed it up to Leary's alley entrance.

"Lend a hand here, lads," he said with a woozy stutter. Reddy Brock was quick-witted. He made his gang load the cart; the dead man with the rest. His lieutenant and Leary were quarreling fiercely, threat and counter-threat, in low, menacing tones.

"You'd set the police onto us?"

"Surest thing you know! I got a clean ——"

"Cut it out and lend a hand here!" snapped Reddy Brock, sweating and trembling.

"You're a dirty double-crosser, and I'll ——" Reddy's right-hand man reached for Leary, and Leary pulled a gun. A scuffle, a swift flash of steel, a shot, and a curse. The woozy mate querulously ordering men to shake a leg. Reddy's man, coughing on the floor, trying with his last breath to reach Leary again, who had been reached too effectively already with the steel.

"Now you've gone and hurt somebody," bleated the mate. "Is it one o' my men? Hey? Is it?"

"Sure it is," agreed Reddy, seizing at a straw. "Never mind, mister, I'll find you another good man. Come on."

His gang, leaving the toughest of them all on the filthy floor, silently piled into the cart on top of the somnolent jailbirds. And Reddy, counting noses, had the corpse and all but six of the jailbirds kicked out and dumped back on the floor. The cart jolted seaward, the mate not quite clear about it all, but absolutely certain that in place of a dozen helplessly stupid men he had thirteen, seven of whom were unmistakably awake and able.

"You don't want no lumps o' ballast, you want sailors, don't you, mister?" Reddy assured him. "Going to sea right away, ain't you?"

"Only waiting for these boozy swine. I'll booze 'em, once I get 'em to sea," hiccuped the mate solemnly. Reddy breathed freely when the cart stopped and the mate hailed a boat. There was no sound of alarm behind. The policemen they had passed only grinned at the legs and arms dangling from the cart. That was an old story in the hide and copper ports. But, unfrequented as Leary's groggery was in daytime by any except sailors and sailors' robbers, and scarce as sailors were at the moment, somebody would go to Leary's surely, soon or late, and then the fat would frizzle!

"If I was you, mister, I'd get a move on before some o' these stiffs get thirsty again," advised Reddy. He had never been mixed up in a killing yet. He felt queer at the stomach at thought of that. It made his neck itch. He licked his lips. He almost leaped into the boat.

"Shove off, hombre!"

The mate, afloat and in his proper element, placed his flat palm against Reddy Brock's face and pushed. Reddy sat down and took it. Not even his gang resented the affront or urged him to.

"Too much lip, my son," said the mate. "Take it out o' you when we get to sea. Too windy altogether. Thought so all along."

The tall ship was reached. A pallid, obviously ill captain, and an aged, bowed second mate looked over the rail. There was a cook, too, and a small negro boy in a white jacket. A fresh breeze blew down the coast. The ship, loaded overlong under a tropic sun, quivered in a rich flavor of hides and greasy wool.

"Hurry the men aboard, Mr. Plank," the pallid captain panted. "Mr. Hubbuk, can't you lend a hand? I can't afford to lose this fair wind now we have a crew alongside."

Between the aged second mate, the half-fuzzy mate, and the cook, the boat was emptied.

"Not a rag o' clothes in the lot?" queried Mr. Hubbuk.

"Never mind. I'll open the slop chest as soon as we get clear of the land," replied the captain. "Get them to the windlass, Mr. Plank. Loose the topsails, Mr. Hubbuk. This place is stifling me."

Reddy Brock knew all about a windlass. He escaped the attentions of the mate, who, secure on the deck of a ship, armed with authority, drove men, helpless either through drugs or sheer unfamiliarity, to labor that was hard for able seamen. One of Reddy's gang cursed the mate. The butt end of a handspike, thumped home on his chest, knocked wind and profanity alike out of the man and left him strangling. For the rest, Mr. Plank slipped on a knuckle-duster and twirled a belaying pin, and the windlass clanked up and down, up and down, groaning rustily. The anchor came in.

The ship sped to sea, her sails were wryly trimmed, her yards pointed skewways, but the wind blew strongly and drove her from the land. Captain Jolliffe stood swaying by the wheel, giving every man to the mates' needs, yearning for the ocean. When the ship was far out, and her canvas had somehow been trimmed, and the land lay vague and misty in the oncoming dusk, Mr. Hubbuk dragged his old bones aft and offered to take the wheel.

"There isn't one of my lot can steer, sir," he said, scanning the sea, waiting for the captain to speak.

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"Oh, What a Voyage!" Groaned Hubbuk. The Old Fellow Seemed to be Stricken Helpless

Miss Brooklyn and Queens

By EDITH FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAT WILSON PRESTON

TWENTY TO. If she did not stop to buy the Photo News for mom she would have time to make the train that was pulling in. But mom would be disappointed at having to wait till after supper to run over and borrow Mrs. McQueen's. She was following the Most Beautiful Working Girl Contest in the Photo News and could hardly wait till Gert came home. So Gert let the train go by and stopped to get it. Mom was a card, sending in her picture like she had. Gert admitted herself that the pictures were pretty; they ought to be, for they were a Christmas special at six dollars a dozen, with a large hand-tinted one included; but she did not have a swell head over her looks, thank goodness, like some girls she knew. She had been good and sore at mom for sending it in.

"Now, mom, what'd you want to go and do that for?" She had almost cried, thinking what the girls in the house dresses and aprons would think.

"I'd like to know why not," her mother demanded proudly. "Mrs. McQueen and Mrs. Heinemann both said your picture was lots prettier than the ones they're showin'. Lookit Miss Jamaica, here, and Miss Jackson Heights. You're better-lookin' with your hands tied."

"Yeh, I am! Suppose they put it in and the girls in the store see it? What a razzin' I'll get "

"They're just jealous. You said so yourself."

"Well, accounta my sales, not my looks, for Pete's sake."

"Well, it's all the same. Wait till you take the prize and get in the movies or something."

"Don't make me laugh, mom. I see myself. How'm I gonna be in any contest? I can't get off from work to go places. I played sick twice this month awready."

Mom began to be exasperated. "Well, my goodness, Gert, if you win you won't have to work in Pearson's. You'll get offers."

"Yeh. Offers for what?"

"Well, lookit Ruth Elder."

"She didn't win a contest. She flew over the ocean."

"Well, it's all the same. All you got to do is get your name in the paper."

"I should get my name in the paper."

Mom took on the air of long-suffering patience: "Well, I hope you don't want to work in Pearson's all your life."

"Pearson's is awright. A girl's got a chance there, better'n any other store." One thing Gert did not like, and that was for mom to run Pearson's down. Everybody knows a girl that don't talk back to customers can get herself a good job there.

"Heaven forbid that a daughter a mine should have to slave all her life like I have. A girl as pretty as you could easy go on the stage or get a rich man."

"Yeh, I should get a rich man."

"And why not?"

"Yeh, why not?"

"I Am in a Room With Three Other Girls—Miss Philadelphia, Miss Cincinnati and Miss Beaumont. It Is a Little Crowded"

"A lotta girls get rich men. Girls not half as pretty as you."

"They got 'it,' mom." Gert knew this would rile mom. Nothing made her so mad as to think Gert couldn't stand up with the best.

"Well, if your ambitions don't run any higher than Mort Downey ——" It was too much for mom. She gave up with an exasperated sigh. A boy that worked in garden supplies!

Gert gave up too. Mom always silenced her by ridiculing Mort. Gert didn't like it either. Mort might not be the cats, but he was better than any rich man Gert ever knew. She could have told her mother, if she dared, something about rich men. But mom would be sore at her and Kitty for taking up with strangers. That man she had got into the back seat with that had pawed her like that and kep' teasin' her to be big. They wouldn't get outa the car to dance or get hot dogs or anything; just wanted to park all the time. Mort might not be rich, but he wouldn't insult a girl that lived home, and argue what difference did it make when she'd be dead a hundred years from now, just like there wasn't a hereafter. Lookit Monty Feinblatt, one o' the partners at Pearson's. Everybody in the store knew how he got drunk and carried on with show girls. Mort had character, anyway—more character than any fella she knew. Independent! He wouldn't let her pay her own, like some a the girls did, even if she only had a ham san'wich. Lotsa Gert's girl friends paid their own and saved up to buy their boy frien's overcoats, besides. Not her. Mort didn't even like it when she gave him a dozen handkerchiefs for Christmas, saying what was the use, when a fella didn't need that many. When Gert insisted on payin' her own to Street Angel, accounta Mort havin' his sister Maud and all, he sat on her good and hard.

"Give a fella a break, will you, Gert?" was his withering comment. "Don't make him feel any more like a cheap skate than he does already, takin' the girl he's gonna marry into the balcony."

That was how Gert had known she was engaged to Mort. She had suspected he loved her lotsa times, when they were neckin' and all, but he had never said right out he was goin' to marry her, and Gert was twenty-one awmost. She was relieved to find out she wasn't wastin' her time. So she was satisfied now. She thought it would be kinda fun bein' married to Mort. It would be like play, keepin' house in one a them little two-room apartments that you could get for forty dollars if you went out far enough. She didn't care so much about doin' housework, but she didn't think she would mind doing it in her own little home. Her and Mort would have things more refined in their little home; it wouldn't be like at her house, where mom fixed supper on the laundry tubs if she was tired, or at Mort's house, where they put everything on the table at the same time and Mort's old man said, "Well, dig in, Gert." Gert thought she would like fussing around, making little things like a cute little doll cover for the telephone you could get in the art and needlework for a dollar twenty-nine or cute little shelves she could paint herself. It would be fun going to a movie every afternoon. Maybe they'd have a little baby. She always thought it was kinda sweet when the picture said, "Came another spring," and it showed the man and the girl making faces at the baby.

That Mort would make good, Gert had no doubt. Maybe not where he was, as he was always saying he was going to give his floorwalker a swift kick if he didn't lay off; but Gert knew if he had a store of his own he would make good. He had lotsa ideas.

"They got the wrong idea, these big stores," he told Gert wisely. "All they want to do is make a sale. You ask for a blue suit and they sell you a gray one, when they know you're gonna kick yourself around the block when you get out or the wife is gonna be sore because gray shows dirt. They tell you you look swell in it, when they're laughin' at the sucker they're makin' outa you. That ain't my idea, Gert. I believe in tellin' customers the truth; then they'll come back. My clerks would say, 'That ain't so hot, madam; it ain't your style.'"

And Gert knew his idea was a good one, for she had tried it out herself, telling a customer to buy something more loose like, to hide her fat hips, and it had worked. Mort would make good all right. If only mom wouldn't jaw all

the time about her goin' on the stage or gettin' a rich man. Did she ast to be born?

The L gave a lurch and Gert came back to earth. Her station was two stops beyond. Gee, it didn't seem no time.

"Did you bring my Photo News?" It was the first question mom asked when she got in the door. Gert handed it over, brushing off her tight-fitting toque with the other hand as she did so.

"Who won?" Her mother turned the pages eagerly.

"I don't know, mom. I didn't look. Is my supper ready?"

Gert was disinterested, being used to mom's interest in the contests. She was always sending in answers to everything and layin' awake nights plannin' what she would do with the money. If she was goin' to the early show with Mort she'd have to hurry. She had to sew the seam in her flat crêpe where it had come out. Gee, veal again!

"Gert!" She dropped the hated piece of veal she was spearing with the fork and wheeled around, fearing her mother had another high-blood-pressure spell. Mom's face was white, like it always turned, but she held the paper out to Gert.

"Look, Gert!" she managed to whisper.

For a moment the bright pink face she looked at was only vaguely familiar to Gert. The flower on the shoulder, the fur piece and the way the sleeve fell away from the girl's arm. Then she remembered. It was the mate to the picture that lay in the top of their hall table. Gert's face turned white too.

"Mom, it's not me!"

"'Gertrude Meaney, lower left, chosen Miss Brooklyn and Queens!'" Her mother read it triumphantly.

"Le's see,mom." Gert grabbed the paper, not believing her own eyes.

"Didn't I tell you, Gert, and you only laughed at me?" Her mother was tearful.

"Well, no use to cry about it, mom." Gert was half crying herself.

"Lord knows I always wanted you to have a chance, Gert."

"Aw, mom!"

"I always said to myself if I never had a chance, I wanted my child to have one. Le's see it again, Gert." But Gert did not hand it over, so she came and looked over her shoulder. "'You're twice as pretty as Miss Harlem and Miss Staten Island,'" she boasted proudly.

"It looks wonderful, don't it, mom?"

"Read it all, Gert. I can't see."

"'Gertrude is queen of the house dresses and aprons of A. L. Pearson & Co. ——'"

"I'm glad you got transferred from the fancy groceries, Gert."

"'—— & Co. She was chosen from over three thousand entrants, and one glance at her smiling face will assure her admirers that Gertrude will offer serious competition for the title of America's Most Beautiful Working Girl. Congratulations, Gertrude!'"

"What else? What do you have to do?"

"'Miss New York will be chosen by a group of our most prominent manufacturers of women's wear, who will entertain the beauties at a luncheon tomorrow at the Astor. They have pledged themselves to equip the winner for her trip to Our Nation's Capital, where she will compete with the winners from other cities. While in Washington the beauties will be entertained by the Women's Wear Convention, which will be held in that city.'"

Silence fell over them both when she had finished. Their thoughts ran in parallel lines.

"Gee, mom, I don't know how I can be in it. It says here I gotta go to the Astor tomorrow, and I only got my flate crêpe and the fur's ratty on my gray coat."

Her mother began calculating, a vacant look on her face.

"Mr. Peters owes me two weeks and I can ast him for one more—that's twenty-one dollars. We got twenty-seven on the rent. That's forty something. You got paid today; that makes twenty-two fifty more, and I got three dollars in the glass jar for the furniture man ——."

"But, gee, mom, we can't spend all that money. Supposin' I don't win."

Her mother took on a determined look.

"Gert," she said solemnly, "you're gonna have your chance, if it's the last thing I do." So Gert eagerly fell in with her plans.

"They got the swellest little green ensemble in the French Shop, mom, for only fifty-nine fifty, with the cutest little hat to match—one a the girls said it was just made for me—and I could borrow Kitty's gray fox ——"

The telephone interrupted their calculations. Gert and her mother looked at each other, suddenly frightened.

"It might be somebody makin' you an offer!"

"No, they wouldn't have time, mom. It's only Mort, I guess." But she made her mother answer it, nevertheless, and listened. She couldn't tell who it was; her mother only said yes, over and over, in a very respectful tone. Then she hung up, turning to Gert, saying in an electrified whisper, as though there was danger in the party overhearing her:

"It was a reporter from the Photo News, Gert, and he's on his way here to take pictures a you. You put on your flat crêpe while I run over to borrow Mrs. McQueen's bridge lamp. And put out the big picture of yourself and cover up the spot on the couch cover."

She was gone, leaving Gert to run back and forth, too excited to know what to do next, her supper forgotten in the kitchen, and oblivious of the fact that Mort was coming to take her to the early show. He came while she was struggling into her sheer stockings. He knew. She could tell by the funny look on his face. He looked like he did that time when he accused her of flirting with the man at the Golden Gardens.

"Mort, isn't it a scream?" With her mouth full of hairpins, Gert made the first attack, trying to laugh it off. "Can you imagine me winnin' a beauty contest with that old picture that doesn't look a bit like me?"

It was no laughing matter to Mort, but Gert paid no attention to his glum face. If he saw how happy she was he wouldn't say anything. But in this she underestimated Mort.

"I don't want you to be in any contest, Gert." It was an order, and issued in the same deadly tone in which he had commanded her to wait while he went over and socked that guy in the jaw.

"Why, Mort!" Gert pretended to be astonished. "I should think you'd be glad for me to win a contest and get a chance to go in the movies or something." Her reproach was meant to shame him, but Mort was far from shamed

"I don't want you to go in the movies," he insisted stubbornly. "Movie stars are all bums. They drink too much."

This made Gert mad. Here she was getting a wonderful chance and he was acting like a sap.

"Yeh, you know so many movie stars," she said sarcastically.

"I know a fellow in aluminum ware that worked in 'em," Mort insisted, "and he told me they were all bums."

Gert was sure if a girl was good at heart she could be good in the movies as well as any place. But the morals of movie stars was not all that troubled Mort.

"I don't want any girl a mine showin' herself off in a bathin' suit."

"Who says I'm gonna show myself off in a bathin' suit?"

"They always do."

"That's when they go to Atlantic City." Gert was contemptuous of his ignorance.

"It's just the same. They'll want you to march around in one."

"And what if they do? You've seen me in my bathing suit."

"That's different."

"I don't see how."

"I'm gonna marry you, ain't I?" Mort demanded angrily.

Gert wished now that she hadn't become engaged to him, if he was goin' to act like this. She said nothing for a moment, wondering how she was goin' to get around him.

"I'm disappointed in you, Gert. I thought you had character."

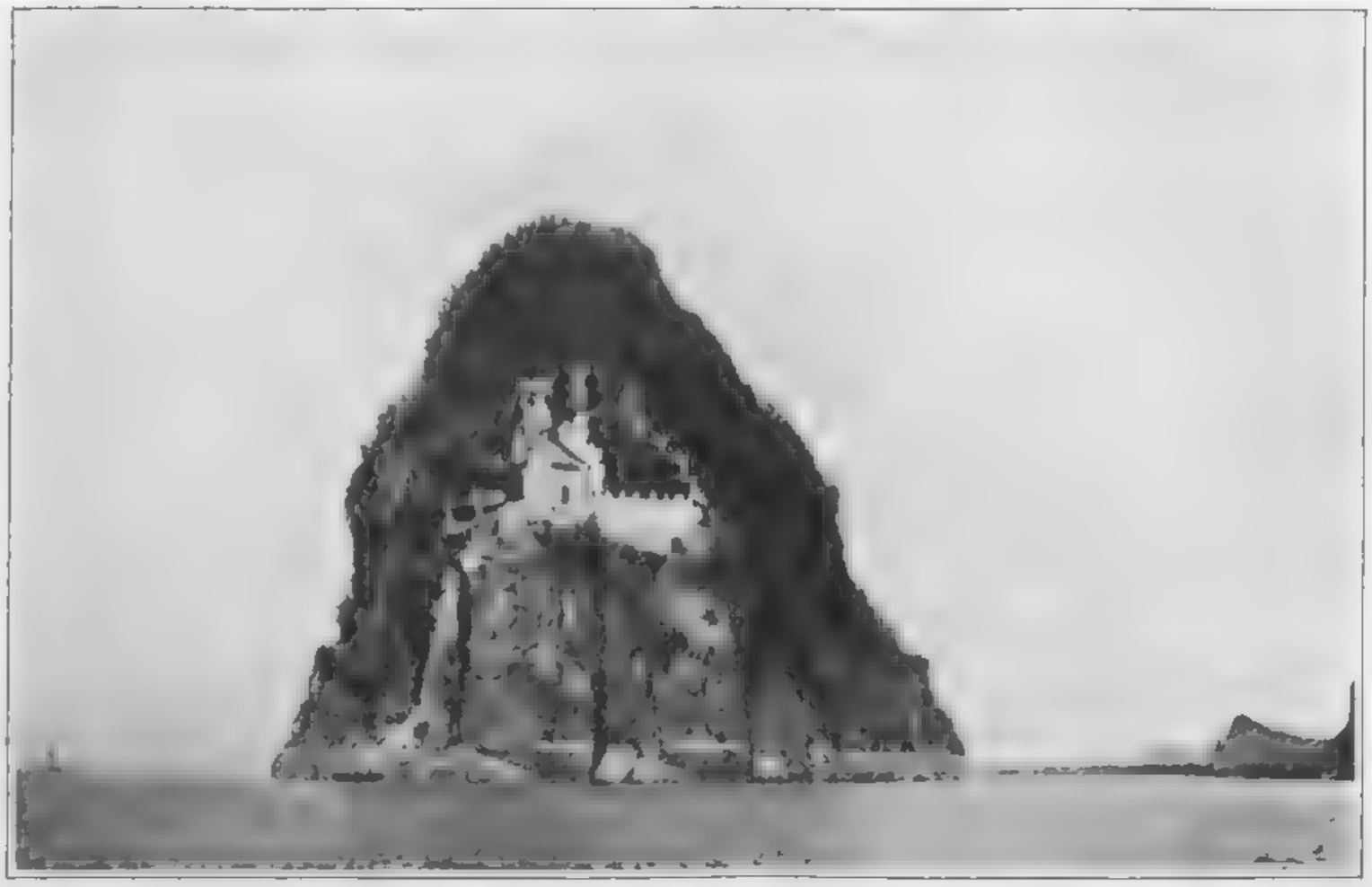
"Well, I like that, Mort Downey!"

"You're just like the rest of them, Gert," Mort said it sadly. "All you

(Continued on Page 120)

"The Cheaper Ones Don't Go With This Combination, Mr. Feinblatt. It Calls for a Little Sable." Mr. A. L. Made a Little Sable, With One Gesture, a Mere Bagatelle

CAPTAIN DOLLAR—By Ernest Poole



Little Orphan Island on the Yang-tse River, China

HIS Yang-tse River service was proving a great cargo feeder for his ocean-going ships, and in that year of 1921 Captain Dollar was glad to get those freights. For business on the Seven Seas had sharply decreased since the end of the war, half the world's tonnage was laid up and small shipowners by the score in every country were being wiped out. From China he went over to the Philippines, but he found the islands in the grip of severe depression and he could get few cargoes there.

"When there was lots of business and not enough ships, during the war," he said, in a speech he made at Manila, "we shipping men could tell you where to get off, and could charge whatever rates we pleased. But now, as there are more ships than cargoes, you can tell us where to get off—and we are getting off, too, I can tell you. I do not expect much improvement in the world business situation until 1922."

Back in China, in his hunt for freights, he resorted to his old plan of buying them if need be, and at Wuhu near Shanghai he set up a feather factory, where nearly 1000 men, women and girls were soon employed, gathering and preparing feathers for the American market. "It was surprising the amount of business we were able to do with feathers in this country," he said. "We wholesaled them to dealers here." Millions of feathers. Where did they go? Down in the Dutch East Indies, too, through his agency at Java, he bought huge quantities of kapok, for use in upholstery over here. "It is bulk, but high-class cargo," he said, "and it helped us a lot in those hard years."

A Stranger Known to All

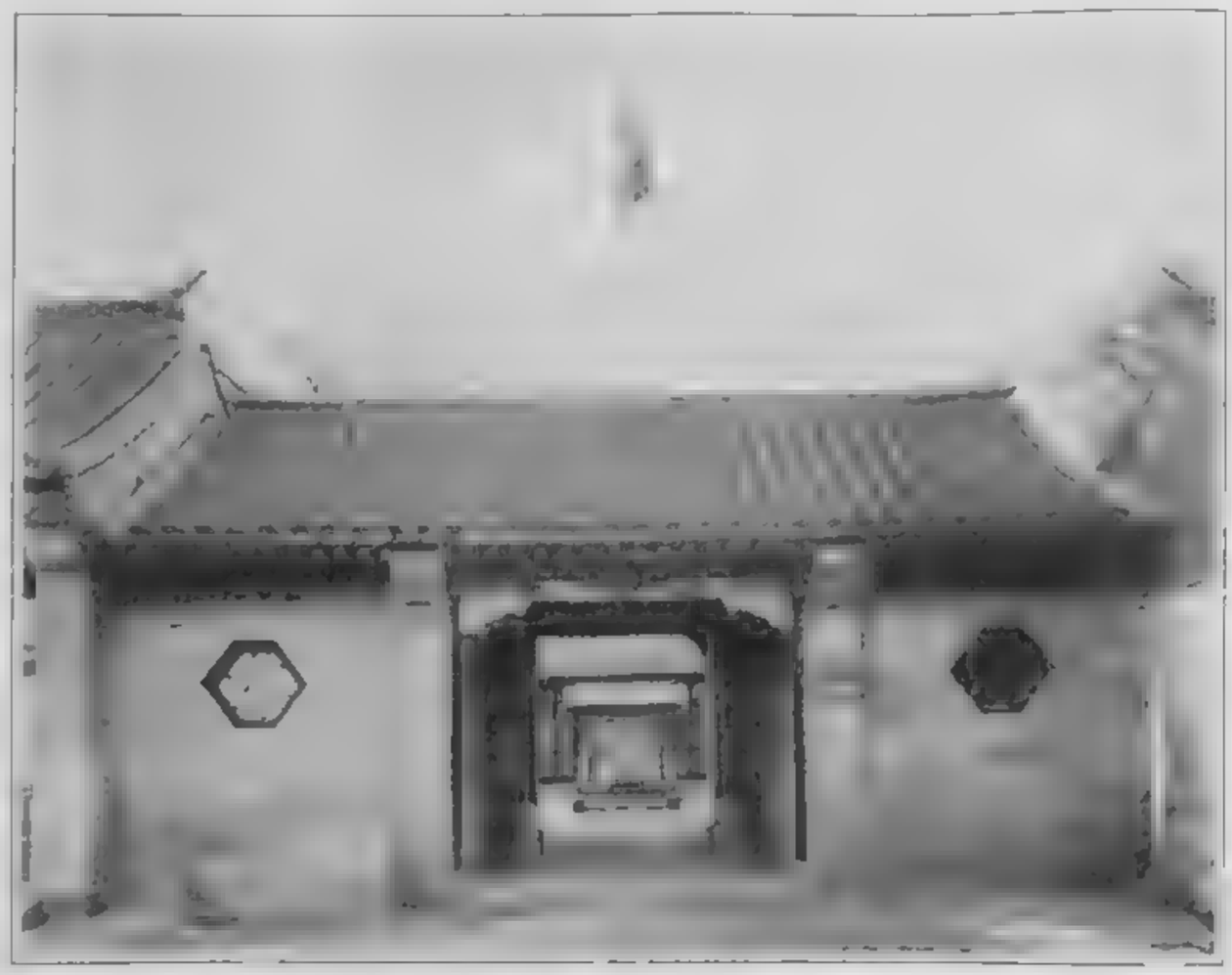
ON THAT same trip he crossed with his wife to India on the Robert Dollar, one of the freighters in his new service around the world. He went to Calcutta first, but there was so much delay and expense in getting his ship in and out that he decided against this port. At Madras he found harbor conditions much better; but at Bombay the holidays—often three or four in one week—and the leisurely British methods got on his nerves.

"Our round-the-world freighters," he told me, "had been stopping at all three of those ports, in addition to Singapore. And at first they had done well, taking jute and general cargoes. But the valuable freight was rubber, and we could get none of it those days; for the rubber merchants were British and a mighty conservative lot. They were used to the old British lines, they wanted a steady permanent service, and they were not sure of us yet. Moreover, the competition increased. The Suez had been closed during the war; but in 1920 the canal had been reopened and the ships of the British companies, released from government war control, came back by hundreds to the Far East. And in India the competition grew so keen that I made up my mind to cut Calcutta, Madras and Bombay off our route and stop only at Singapore, where we were getting some good trade."

But the constant demands from shippers there for a permanent regular service, by faster vessels than his own, were leading him to begin to plan for a later undertaking—by far the greatest venture in his whole venturesome career—the establishment of a combined freight and passenger service reaching all around the globe. A fast regular service of that kind would give him an immense advantage in getting sea freights, he felt sure; and he believed that the passenger service also could be made to pay. For as wealth piled up in America, our tourist trade was increasing fast and world tours were growing popular. Moreover, it appealed to him. He had been a great traveler all his life.

"He has always loved to travel—especially on the sea," said his wife. And in spite of the enormous amount of business he put through on his trips, he had a keen zest for seeing new countries and new peoples—not only their work but their homes and their temples, all their customs and manners of living. So, with the new venture in mind, while on that trip in India, he kept an eye on travel conditions—train service, hotels and sight-seeing tours. After that, he went on with his ship through the Suez Canal to England, and spent some days in calling upon his British rivals there, for all his life he had believed in making friends of competitors. How well he succeeded at the time is shown by his own account of a big luncheon he attended, of shipowners, bankers and merchants, at which Lord Robert Cecil spoke upon the League of Nations:

"I was the only person at the speakers' table who was not a nobleman. The presiding officer, the Lord Mayor, called upon me to address the meeting, but I refused, stating that I was a comparative stranger and it would be entirely out of place. He would not take no for an answer, telling the guests that I did not want to speak because I was a stranger, and asking any who did not know me to hold up their hands. But not a hand was raised. I had to be careful in commenting on the League, as our Congress had refused to accept it; so I explained that we favored peace, but considered the conditions of the League unworkable. I said that a league of English-speaking peoples of the world would be a far better combination and would make war almost impossible. This turned out to be the keynote of the day, as the entire audience rose and cheered, so that I had to stop speaking for quite a time. I apologized to Lord Robert for getting so much more enthusiasm than he, but he replied, 'You struck the keynote that we all want.' Many came up afterward and thanked me for the suggestion."



The Robert Dollar Branch Office, Peking

Home With a Full Cargo

FROM England he sailed for America with a ship full of cargo. But it had taken work to get it. To a newspaperman in New York he said:

"This trip was absolutely and solely for business. My great ambition is to develop our American commerce; and let me tell you, young man, I never missed a trick. I've come all around the world and I didn't step one foot for pleasure."

He was very busy in New York, not only in his office but in calling on steamship men and at meetings of various companies in which he was a director now; for his business connections had been widening rapidly there. He seized the chance also to talk over the big new project in his mind with several friends in the passenger lines. Then he went home; and putting off for the present the realization of his new plan, he plunged into the management of his company's world-wide affairs. At the end of the year he wrote:

"Thirty years ago this December, our entire fleet was the steamer Newsboy, of 260 net registered tons. Now it is composed of thirteen steamers, with a dead-weight capacity of 89,918 tons, and ten sailing vessels of 44,120 tons; a total of twenty-three vessels, with a dead-weight capacity of 134,038 tons."

All but two were named after members of his increasing family; for he had fifteen grandchildren now. His smaller vessels ran as before in the coast and intercoastal trade; the large ones in the transpacific and the new around-the-world routes.

He had sold his British ships and moved his home port back to San Francisco, though he had three lumber vessels running out of Vancouver still. His entire fleet was now under the American flag, and he proceeded to buy four more big freighters from the Shipping Board, at low prices on a par with those at which similar ships could be purchased abroad. He put them all on the round-the-world run.

"Such a big new service meant a lot of work for us all," he said, "both here and in the Orient." And he wrote soon afterward: "It is no more possible for me to retire now than it would be for a man who has never worked to begin an active business career in his seventy-seventh year. Work is my life. It seems to me that I never let up to take a rest, but keep at work every minute of the day; and my health continues to be so good, that I recently told some friends that I felt as much like working as I did thirty years ago. Because of business I am on the go most of the time. My wife is always my devoted companion. She takes an interest in all my business problems and throughout our married life I have always found her judgment sound. A wise man, if he is blessed with a wife who takes her husband's every problem into consideration, will do well if he listens to her advice."

On His Seventy-Eighth Birthday

IT WAS often that he gave money away. He gave $25,000, and raised $100,000 more, for a Chinese Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco, about this time; he gave 50,000 taels toward another in Shanghai for the young Americans there; and he had contributed, too, to missions, schools and colleges on both sides of the Pacific. On his seventy-eighth birthday he wrote:

"In accordance with my daily custom, I got up at six and spent the hour before breakfast writing my diary. I also went over the accounts of various charitable organizations I am interested in. I found many in need of contributions. I am grateful every day of the year for the way God has guided my footsteps. I believe in making contributions to worthy charities whenever I can, and I also like to give something special on my birthday. So that was why I checked over the accounts."

He gave a large sum soon after this to an orphanage close to his home, in which his wife, he told me, took an especial interest.

Piping a Farewell to Captain and Mrs. Dollar on Their Sixth Trip Around the World

"It often seems to me," he wrote, "that my dear wife would mother the whole world if she could. . . . We have fifteen grandchildren who share my wife's love, as well as several whom we have brought up who call us grandfather and grandmother. Yet my wife is always seeking to give love and protection to all the little children - as well as many big children she finds within reach."

Their grandchildren were scattered now. Their son Harold was still at Shanghai, manager of all their Far Eastern interests; Melville was in lumber up in British Columbia; and Stanley, who had been spending nearly half his time in Washington, negotiating for more ships, came home and moved his family up to Seattle, to take charge of the first big step in his father's plan for a passenger service around the world.

From Seattle, at this time, the Pacific Steamship Company was operating for the Shipping Board seven or eight big cargo boats and five passenger steamers of 10,000 tons apiece, the 535 type of President liners, running to the Orient. They were running at a loss, so the company turned to the Dollars for aid; and at the request of the Shipping Board, the Dollars agreed to manage the service. The passenger end of it, of course, was work they had never handled before, and the captain was nearly eighty years old, but he cheerfully remarked of the change:

"I was fifty-seven years old before my first ship ever sailed the seas. Therefore it is never too late for a man to decide on a new career."

Moreover, he saw here a chance for his two sons and himself to learn the new business at first hand, without risking their own capital to any considerable degree. So he went to Seattle with his son and organized the Admiral Oriental Line, to operate for the Government both the freight and passenger boats to the Philippines, China and Japan. Stanley Dollar was made president, while Harold Dollar at Shanghai became a vice president and managed the Oriental end. The vessels had been losing money and they did so still for a while, but Captain Dollar and his sons gained valuable experience.

On the "H. F. Alexander" at Panama, June, 1922

"We had the entire management of the ships and freight and passenger traffic," Harold Dollar told me. "The Shipping Board merely paid us a commission on our gross for the operation of the line."

Their father kept in constant touch

"We were up against all sorts of difficulties and problems," he said. "The Canadian Pacific ships were getting most of the passenger trade up in that part of the world; and as for freight, our new company got little but low-grade bulk cargoes, mainly lumber at the start."

In Times of Slack Prepare for Boom

NEVERTHELESS, in the next three years, with their father's help and advice, Stanley Dollar at this end and his brother at the other built up the business till at last they made a small profit for the line. In the meantime, while the ships were still being run at a loss, they began to try to buy them. But they felt that the Government should make certain concessions first, both in the matter of mail contracts and also in legislation more favorable to shipowners. They could not reach an agreement and so the purchase was delayed. But looking toward its consummation, in August, 1923, Captain Dollar went up to Seattle again to consider his son's plan for an immense new terminal costing about $4,000,000 and including a large office building and three 1100-foot piers, for the Admiral Oriental Line and also for their own lumber ships. To his lumber holdings up in British Columbia he added 30,000 acres of timber land in Oregon

"You can well imagine that I was a busy man," he said. For meanwhile he was running his ships in the coast and intercoastal trade and also his big fleet of freighters in the service around the world, and he was planning now to place still more vessels on that route. For though ocean commerce was still slack, he felt that a boom was coming soon. "As has always been the case in my business ventures," he wrote, "I decided to get in ahead of the other fellow and strengthen and enlarge our service during the slack time."

So he bought several more big cargo boats from the Shipping Board soon after this and put them on the around-the-world run, though he found it hard to get cargoes still.

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The "Alice Dollar" in the Rapids of the Yangtse Gorges

MR. HUFF OF DETROIT

The Unexpectedness of the Attack Deprived Arthur of Every Advantage That His Unlooked-for Entrance Had Given Him

By George Broadhurst

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IX

AS I TOLD you," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor said, "Strathmaine's title is a very old one. He is no contribution peer."

"What is a contribution peer?" asked Huff.

"He is a man who is given a title in return for a heavy contribution to the funds of the party that happens to be in power," was the reply.

"Do you mean to tell me that sort of thing goes on over here? I thought all titles were given as a mark of honor to men who had earned them," Huff rejoined in a tone that marked his astonishment.

"Then why is the House of Lords so often called the beerage? Why are there so many brewers and distillers in it? Does the fact that a man brews a popular beer or distills a favorite whisky give him any claim to a title which becomes hereditary and carries with it the right to legislate without election so long as one direct heir exists? Because a man is manager of a chain of variety theaters or holds a large diamond mine or heads a big grocery corporation, does that entitle him to become a knight and his wife to be called My Lady?"

"Am I to understand that such people actually bought their titles?"

"No, indeed! Nothing so crude as that! They received their titles in return for the scheduled rate of subscription to the party fund. Within the past ten years one party sold so many titles that its election fund has grown from practically nothing to more than two million pounds sterling. A great deal can be done with a fund like that when it comes to elections."

"And I thought it was only we raw Americans who pulled things like that!"

"But you have no titles to give."

"If we had, there'd be a trail to the Capitol that a blind man could follow without using a stick! No, we have no titles, but we have special legislation, which, as far as contributions are concerned, comes to the same thing. But that dear old England should have the same chassis! Live and learn! Live and learn!"

It was apropos of this conversation, of which he had been a listener, that Arthur asked Margaret why she so persistently avoided Strathmaine.

"He's a regular fellow," Arthur said, "and though by birth he's a real aristocrat, still he's as democratic as a dime."

"Perhaps he's too democratic," Margaret suggested, and when pressed for the reason for her statement, after several attempts at evasion she told of her first meeting with Strathmaine and his evident intimacy with Bugden and Vespers. Arthur insisted that she must have been mistaken, but when she, with considerable heat at its being doubted, maintained the integrity of her story, Arthur was compelled to accept it as a fact, and though greatly puzzled, he tried to stand by his friend and said that it was only an evidence of the very quality he had claimed for him—democracy. At this Margaret said she had further and even more convincing proof of that quality, and recounted how, having one night been visiting with Lady Agatha in her bedroom, she had opened the door to return to her own room, when down the hall she had caught sight of Strathmaine, who had bid a general good night some time before. Her curiosity aroused, she had followed him and had seen him go into the housekeeper's sitting room, where he had been welcomed with evident though suppressed enthusiasm.

"Then what did you do?" Arthur asked.

"I went close to the door and listened," Margaret replied.

At this Arthur, evidently shocked, exclaimed, "You didn't!"

"Indeed I did," was the rejoinder, "and if you are going to be so superior about it I won't tell you what I heard."

Arthur's self-righteousness being thoroughly effaced, Margaret told him that a game of auction was being played by the upper servants, that Strathmaine joined it, and that he acted and was treated exactly as though he were one of them.

"My opinion is," said Margaret, "that something very queer is going on. Are you quite sure that he is Lord Strathmaine? Perhaps it's his valet masquerading. I've heard of such things, you know."

"Of course it's Strathmaine," Arthur protested.

"Are you positive?"

"Certainly I am. Besides, didn't Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor recognize him? That, I imagine, settles that question."

"It does. Unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless she is in it too."

"In what?"

"I don't know. But there's something very mysterious happening under this roof, and until it is cleared up I'm going to be extremely careful what I do with my jewelry at night."

"Don't talk such rot. We know who Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor is, don't we?"

"We think we do."

"We do. And I know Strathmaine! Do you think for a single minute that they're in a conspiracy to lift your small-time jewelry?"

"It isn't small-time. And there's mother's too. Don't forget that."

"It's preposterous, I tell you."

"Then tell me as well what it's all about?"

"To me it's quite clear. Strathmaine is evidently a chap who likes to let himself go a bit."

"Did you know of this propensity for letting himself go?"

"No."

"And of his habit of fraternizing with servants?"

"No."

"Then how do you account for them?"

"He's democratic."

"Such things may be democratic in England and in an English lord, but at home we should call them by a very different name, and I don't care to be friendly with any man, no matter who he is, that does them. I have always understood that democracy was a wonderful and beautiful thing, but if this is what it leads a man to, from now on I'm going to be a Republican. And what's more, I've just about made up my mind to tell father about it. I'd have done it before, only I was hoping that Lord Strathmaine would be able to explain his actions."

"He will be able," Arthur said, but when Margaret shook her head doubtfully he continued: "In any case, if you'll keep quiet about it for a few days I'll investigate." And to this Margaret agreed.

It was in pursuance of his promise to his sister that Arthur that night, having listened at the housekeeper's door for a moment, knocked sharply on it and without waiting for a reply, stepped into the room, where he found Mrs. Harley, Mrs. Beverleigh, Mary, Bugden, Vespers and Strathmaine busily engaged in a game of poker. So abrupt was Arthur's entrance that Vespers, who was dealing, and who had the pack in his left hand and a single card in his right, held his point like a well-trained bird dog. There was no mistaking the consternation on the faces of all but Strathmaine and it was evident that he was startled. He quickly recovered himself though and said, "Hello, Arthur. You did knock, didn't you?"

"Yes," Arthur replied.

"I thought so," Strathmaine went on, "but I didn't hear anyone say 'Come in.' Did you?"

The unexpectedness of the attack deprived Arthur of every advantage that his unlooked-for entrance had given him, and it brought quickly to his consciousness the knowledge that his acting on impulse and not waiting for a reply had been prejudicial to him tactically. The embarrassment now was his, not Strathmaine's, but the latter soon ended it by saying, "Anyway, now that you are in, sit down and take a hand. You know everyone, don't you?"

Mrs. Beverleigh, widow of Captain Stanley Cadogan Beverleigh of the Buffs, her aplomb fully restored, said in her very best manner, "I don't think I have had the pleasure. I am Mrs. Beverleigh, the cook."

"How do you do," stammered Arthur.

"We already know each other," Mrs. Harley remarked, and the Honorable Alexandra Mary Towers said: "We have never met officially. I am Mary, the head housemaid." When Arthur made his acknowledgment he was surprised to find what an astonishingly pretty girl Mary was. Moreover, there were about her an air and a manner entirely removed from those of a household servant, and suddenly Arthur realized that this was true of all of them. Even Vespers and Bugden appeared to have undergone an inexplicable change, and when Bugden suggested a whisky-and-soda, it was with the easy familiarity of an equal, in which there was no trace of the complaisance of a subordinate. There was at this moment borne in on Arthur a

sense of something anomalous and mystifying, something that needed explaining, but before the idea had time to fructify he heard Strathmaine's voice again asking him to join the game, and almost mechanically he drew a chair to the table. "It's straight poker," Strathmaine explained, "except that we have jacks on a full or better, and when all pass out. A bob's the limit and the terms are strictly cash at the end of the game."

"And we stop promptly at twelve o'clock because, with the exception of Mrs. Beverleigh, we all have our early tea at seven," Mrs. Harley said; and Mrs. Beverleigh added: "Being the cook, I get mine at half-past six."

As the game progressed the sense of unreality became to Arthur even stronger and more definite, and when it had finished he said: "Just a minute, please. I'm very much ashamed of the way I bounced in here."

"Barged is the word," amended Strathmaine.

"Very well, then," Arthur continued, "of the way I barged in, and I hope you'll all forgive me for it."

"Certainly we will," said Bugden, and with this verdict all the others agreed.

"But," Arthur went on, "there's something here that I don't understand and I want very much to understand it. Won't you explain it, please?" Then, as no response was immediately made, he added, "Of course, if you don't wish me to know, I won't press the matter in any way and I'll try to think nothing more about it. But if you do tell me—and I certainly hope that you will—I think I need hardly say that whatever it is will be strictly between ourselves."

"Shall we?"

Mary replied "I think we'd better." And they did.

x

ON THE following Wednesday, while Margaret was sitting in the Haymarket Theater, waiting for the curtain to rise, she saw Strathmaine and Arthur pass down the aisle and take seats three rows ahead of her. With them was a very pretty girl—an extremely pretty girl, smartly gowned and undoubtedly chic. Her face was vaguely familiar, and during the entire first act Margaret's subconscious mind was trying unsuccessfully to place her. During the intermission, however, the girl turned to Arthur and smiled. Then Margaret knew and the knowledge made her gasp.

Strathmaine and Arthur were at the theater with the head housemaid.

The play held but little interest for Margaret. Her eyes and her attention were focused on the trio in front of her. The situation seemed to make several things quite clear, particularly the reason for Strathmaine's visit to the servants' hall. He went to see the housemaid, and the other servants were aware of it. He was carrying on an intrigue belowstairs while a guest in her father's house. The thought made her indignant and disgusted, and this feeling was intensified by the fact that it was edged with jealousy, though the possibility of such a thing she refused to admit to herself for even a second. Moreover, Strathmaine had beguiled Arthur into becoming an intrigant with him, undoubtedly as a smoke screen for himself. Since that was the type of man Strathmaine was, she was fortunate to have discovered it so soon.

During the intermissions, Mary, who was sitting between the two young men, chatted, first with one and then the other, with impartial familiarity. It was evident that she felt no condescension on their part, or that, feeling it, she concealed it admirably. Margaret had to concede that she carried it off extremely well, especially in view of her station in life and the drawbacks and shortcomings contingent to it. When a man came over and spoke to Strathmaine and Strathmaine introduced him to Mary, Margaret wondered if he knew her last name and what it was. And when the man had gone and the curtain rose on the last act and the two young men and the girl sat there absorbed in the play, Margaret felt a grim but disturbing satisfaction in the knowledge she possessed.

When the fall of the final curtain was impending, Margaret, having determined not to reveal her knowledge until she had formulated a plan of action, excused herself to the people occupying the three seats between hers and the aisle, made her way in front of them, hurried out of the theater, procured a taxi and drove directly home. There she carefully considered the matter, being greatly surprised by the feeling that, for some reason which she could not fathom, she did not desire to have Agatha know of the occurrence or give her the benefit of her advice.

One thing was certain: She could not speak to Strathmaine about it. Nor, she decided after much consideration, could she take up the matter with Mary. She felt that it would not only be undignified but once taken up, it must end in Mary's dismissal, and this could be accomplished only by informing her mother of what she had seen and, for the present at least, she had determined not to mention the subject to her. Nor could she remain silent but seething, and as Arthur was the only one who had not been eliminated, she determined to take up the question with him. In consequence, she told Bugden to inform him that she wished to see him the minute he arrived.

Arthur did not come so quickly as Margaret had anticipated, and the thought struck her that probably the three of them had gone to tea. She wondered if it would be at the Carlton or the Green Park, and then she decided that it would probably be at the Savoy, because there would be more life and gayety there. That would mean they would dance, and the picture of Strathmaine and her brother taking the floor with her mother's servant made her more

"I Went Close to the Door and Listened"

indignant than had the sight of them at the theater. Usually she was placid and hard to kindle, but this mental picture so irritated and inflamed her that when Arthur came, in response to Bugden's message, she wasted no time in preliminaries or fencing, but asked rather sharply:

"Did you enjoy the matinée this afternoon?"

Owing to the circumstances, Arthur under ordinary conditions might have equivocated, but there was something in Margaret's tone and manner which warned him that such a course would be useless.

In consequence, he simply said "Yes," and then taking a shot in the dark he added, "Did you?"

"That has nothing to do with the matter," was the reply.

"Then you were there."

"Yes, I was."

"Oh."

"Did Lord Strathmaine enjoy it?"

"He seemed to."

"Did the girl enjoy it?"

"Apparently."

"Who is she?"

At this question a ray of hope came to Arthur. It was unlikely, of course, but perhaps Margaret hadn't identified Mary. He decided to proceed warily, and replied, "Just a girl we know."

"Do I know her?"

"Don't you know whether you do or not?"

"Answer my question."

"Who do you think you are—the judge or the police inspector?"

"Then you are not going to tell me who she is?"

"I am not. So if you know, drop the cross-examination and say so."

Brother and sister regarded each other appraisingly. Things had not gone as Margaret had anticipated. She had expected to make Arthur confess that he had been with Mary, but he had avoided the issue and had forced the onus of the declaration onto her. Realizing that she was in a cul-de-sac, Margaret took the only way out of it, and said, "Of course I know. It was Mary, our housemaid."

Arthur rejoined, "Then why didn't you say so, instead of laying a trap for me?"

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What else is there?"

"You are not ashamed of going to the theater with one of the servants?"

"I am not. And you wouldn't be ashamed of it if you knew."

"Knew what?"

"I can't tell you."

"Please Don't Ask Any More Questions," Mary Begged. "I Don't Want to Refuse to Answer Them"

(Continued on Page 72)

Steamboat Around the Bend

By ROARK BRADFORD

THE packet Ouachita actually did not come to a full stop. The pilot nosed her diagonally along the levee while the big mate directed the lowering of the forty-foot stage, and a lone passenger, a lanky negro, with a suitcase in one hand and a mysterious-looking black satchel in the other, hopped upon the stage and trotted to the deck. So brief was the landing that as soon as the negro's foot hit the upper end of the stage the mate ordered it raised, and by the time he reached the deck, the plank was hoisted almost into traveling position and the steamboat was straightening out in the Mississippi River.

A Pair of Mississippi River Rousters

On the boiler deck above, half a dozen passengers, seeking diversion and river lore, grouped about the master and owner of the Ouachita, Capt. L. V. Cooley, expecting some comment on the steamboatmanship that accomplished the feat. They got more than that.

"I've been on the river fifty-four years," the veteran skipper stated briefly, "and that's the first time I ever stopped a steamboat to take on a saxophone player."

Captain Cooley had advertised a five-piece jazz orchestra for his upriver excursions, and when the orchestra turned up at New Orleans at backing-out time it was short a saxophone player.

Now, four Mississippi River negro musicians, with or without a saxophone player, can supply capable dance music—better dance music than most jazz orchestras of twice the size. But Captain Cooley had advertised a five-piece orchestra, and when he advertises a five-piece orchestra he gives them a five-piece orchestra. People along 1400 miles of rivers and bayous where Captain Cooley is known know that. They learned it back in 1875, when he first started on his own. A five-piece orchestra or weekly service or year-round service or dollar cotton rates—if he promises it he gives it.

The Logical Summer Cargo

THE second point, less obvious perhaps, but more significant, is the very fact that he had a jazz orchestra aboard. That point requires elaboration.

It is summertime. Normal steamboating business is slack. The planters have bought their spring supplies, the cotton season is two months or more in the future. The 1927 high water has tightened business up along the river, anyway. There is hardly enough freight to warrant the fortnightly trip from New Orleans to Camden, and the passenger trade is confined chiefly to a few bold and romantic vacationists who have caught the glamour of the river from reading Mark Twain.

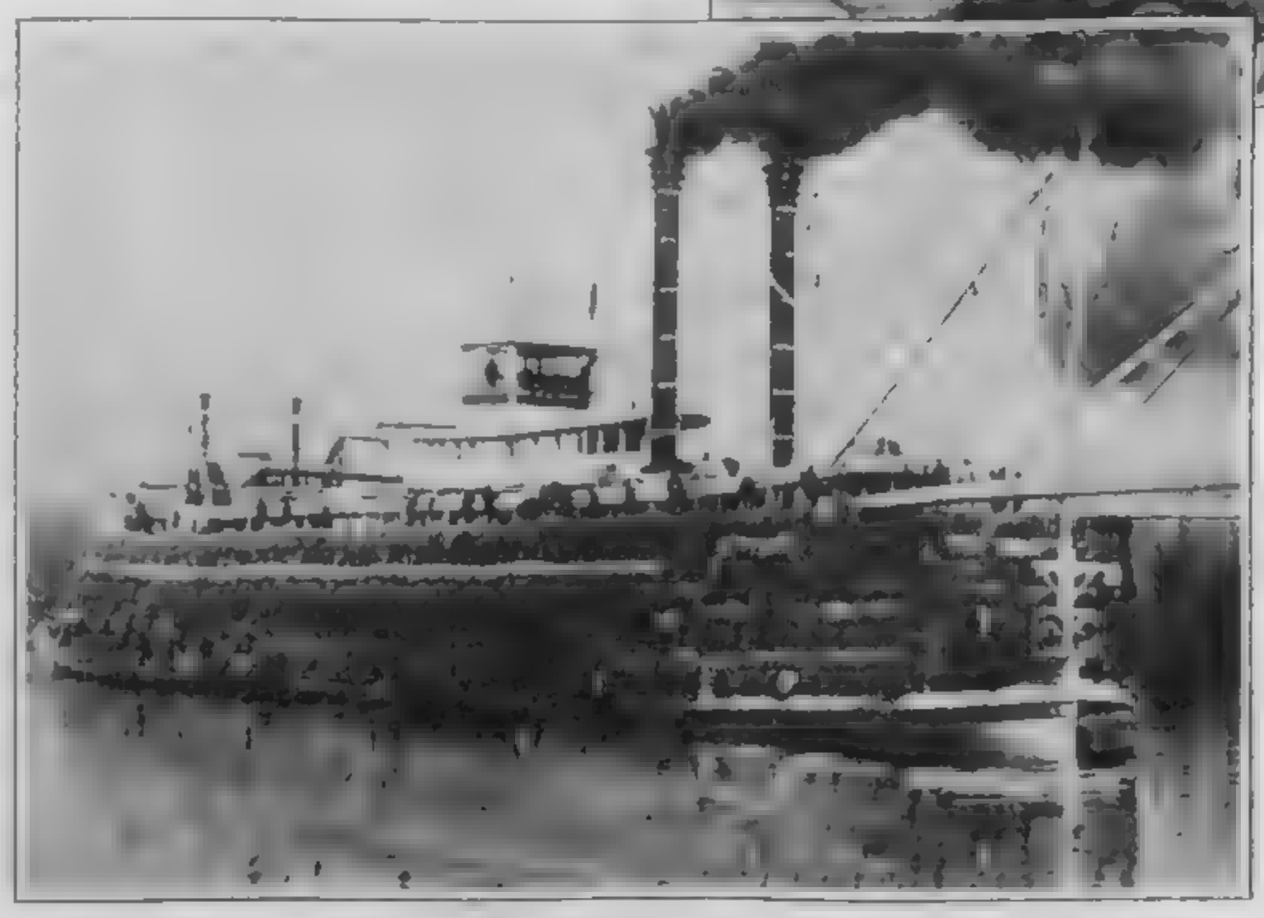
"I studied the situation from every angle," said Captain Cooley. "I had promised those Camden merchants year-round service. But I hated like thunder to lose my profits of last winter's business by operating at a loss during the summer. There was no more freight in sight, and the summer passenger business wasn't much. So I took another slant at the situation. I took into consideration several things—human nature, hot summer nights, young people, good roads, the romance attached to the river. It all pointed to one thing—moonlight excursions! "And"—he chuckled noiselessly—"I always wanted to be a showboat man, anyway. I always wanted to make a bunch of people enjoy themselves, although before I had been too busy to give it much thought. And these excursions are regular three-ring circuses."

Summer-night excursions, however, are just a minor by-product for Captain Cooley. He is a steamboat man. His father before him was a steamboat man in the day when a steamboat man generally was a trader as well. In fact, before steamboats appeared on the Mississippi River, the senior Captain Cooley was a flatboat trader between the Ohio and upper Mississippi and New Orleans.

"I never did much trading," Captain Cooley explained. "I came along in the 70's, and by that time the steamboat business had developed into a regular, orderly system of transportation."

Captain Cooley presents a striking figure. Although for over fifty of his seventy-four years he has been on the river, where men are supposed to harden morally and deteriorate physically, he is erect, with an elastic step and a keen wit, and is what is known in the South as a "gentleman and a scholar."

A Woodpile at Columbia, Louisiana. Rousters are "Coonlining"



The Steamboat "America," 1898–1926, One of the Finest Boats Ever on the Lower Mississippi Designed With Special Outrigging for Hauling Cotton

And his boats, whether a small tributary packet or a giant cotton boat of the first class, always have reflected his character in their operation. "I mind in the days of the America," he said—the America was his last and perhaps his finest 4000-bale boat—"that Tom Morrisy was in the whisky trade out of Vicksburg with a boat called the City of Memphis.

"In those days of local option a whisky boat could pull into the bank in a dry county, take passengers on, run them up the river and sell them all they could carry ashore, inside and out, without violating any law.

"Some way or other Morrisy got the idea that his boat wasn't as popular as it should be, so he went to a fellow named Steve Duncan, a hail fellow well met and a very big planter, with lots of friends and wide influence, and asked for permission to rename his boat after him."

A Good Hand on the Broom

"'GO TO it,' said Steve, 'but on condition that you paint her pilot-house canopy white, paint white rings around her stacks, and put a whistle on her that is a duplicate of Cooley's America.'

"Well, a boat's whistle, canopy and smokestacks are her identifying features, and the America had a white canopy and ringed stacks. And although Morrisy's boat wasn't more than half as big as mine, you couldn't tell them apart at a distance in her new get-up. All of which flattered Morrisy—to think that his little tub would be mistaken for a first-class boat like the America.

"But on his first trip out his bar receipts fell off nearly $4000, and Morrisy wasn't long in changing her dress back so the people wouldn't mistake her for one of my boats."

Early in the conversation with old rivermen the question invariably is asked: "Did you know Mark Twain?"

"Yes, I knew him," Captain Cooley stated, "but only when he came back to the river on that barnstorming trip. In the 80's, I believe it was. Mrs. Cooley has a medal that he awarded her. That was before we were married

"You see, along about that time, New Orleans—and I reckon the rest of the country—was great on military companies. Every young man in town belonged to some kind of military company. Well, the young ladies decided not to let the men outdo them, so they formed a company, too, and drilled with brooms. Well, anyway, when Mark Twain came to New Orleans in the 80's the outfit that Mrs. Cooley belonged to had an exhibition drill and he was the judge. She beat the rest of them and he awarded the medal to her. She thinks a great deal of him."

"What," it was asked, "do you think of him?"

"He was just a third-rater," stated the senior steamboat man of the whole Mississippi Valley. "A third-rater."

The statement induced a silence that prompted.

"The trouble with Mark Twain," he said, "is that he was a writer. He wrote well too. I admire his writings very much. But he was a third-rate riverman." He paused, dissatisfied with his estimate, and plunged in midstream: "He was a rotten pilot. The trouble with him was, you see, he could write. When a man can do anything else he can't be a good pilot. You see, when a fellow like that should be learning his river he is off following his other interests

"I know Mark had a license and could run a steamboat without hitting every towhead in the river, but when he should have been learning his river he was off swapping yarns with somebody or writing them down. No, sir, Mark Twain was a third-rater. He wrote well—as good as the best of them but he never got his britches wet."

The "Ouachita" on the Black River Pushing a Barge of Flat Cotton

Plantation Negroes at Hatch's Landing on the Boeuf River

While on the subject of Mark Twain, who generally is regarded as the chronicler of Mississippi River steamboating, Captain Cooley made another point which he thinks subsequent writers too frequently have misinterpreted. It is about the relative importance of pilots.

"Mark, being a pilot," he explained, "naturally wrote of the river from the viewpoint of a pilot, and gave the impression that a pilot was the whole show. That isn't the case. The pilot is a highly trained and very valuable officer of the boat, but no more so, for instance, than the engineer, the mate or the clerk. Operation of a steamboat requires skill from all sides. It is just as necessary that the mate moves the freight efficiently, keeps the crew trained and disciplined, and knows how to do the necessary things that come under his jurisdiction, as it is for the pilot to keep the boat in safe water. And the engineers. They are no less important. A carelessly or inefficiently operated engine room will burn up the boat's value in excessive fuel in no time. More than one good steamboat has disappeared up her own smokestacks. Or take the clerks. A steamboat is a floating business and it costs money to operate a steamboat. There is a big turnover and the business has got to be kept in good shape, the right freight to the right place The collections—everything having to do with the money side of it—are handled by the clerk."

Different Species of River Rat

"YES, the pilot is some few potatoes, all right. But then, we all are. Even down to the rousterbouts. It takes a special breed of negroes to make good rousterbouts, and the Black River negroes, trained on the tributary boats, are the best between St. Louis and New Orleans. The rousterbout is the noblest black man God ever made. He is a fine physical specimen, strong, cheerful, and ready to work at any hour, day or night. And when he settles the question of wages with the mate, he coonjines down the stage, a willing worker and an obedient seaman, ready to stand by the boat in trouble or disaster. When the negro rousterbout leaves me I shall quit steamboating."

The steamboat itself is a 300-ton stern-wheeler—they designate them by tons instead of by the bale-carrying capacity since the boll weevil hit the Bends—and is designed for both freight and passengers

She was purchased in 1926, when the palatial America, the last big cotton boat on the river, sank just above New Orleans. The America's whistle and bell were salvaged and put on her and she was immediately put in the tributary trade. She is the fourth boat by that name that Captain Cooley has owned and the second which he has personally commanded. Her route, as has been Captain Cooley's trade route since the 80's, is on the Mississippi, the Old, the Red, the Black and the Ouachita rivers, to Camden, with occasional jaunts up the Tensas, Bayou Macon, Bœuf River, Bayou Bartholomew and the Saline River

"My first steamboat," he said, "was the Tensas, a 2000-bale boat that I bought from my father when he retired from the river in 1875. Pa was a trader. He got that from the old flatboat days. He bought cargo in the upper rivers, floated it down and sold it out. Sometimes he bought a cargo of coffee and sugar in New Orleans and cordelled up, selling as he went along, or sometimes he dismantled his flatboat and sold the lumber in New Orleans, walking back with other flatboat men who had done the same thing

"The flatboats always traveled in fleets for protection against robbers. Once when I was a youngster I mind a funny thing that shows how superstitious the people were, as well as how they operated

"A fleet was assembling in Cairo, had elected a leader to command it, and had decided to cut loose at daylight the next morning. But during the night one of the men came to the leader and notified him that he wouldn't make the trip, but would wait for the next fleet to assemble.

"'Rats,' he explained, 'are leaving my flatboat like five hundred. And that means trouble. Storms or robbers or something. No, I'll wait for the next fleet.'

"So we pulled out, leaving him behind and forgetting him completely, until we were returning and met him with the next fleet down.

"'Rats stuck with you this time, did they?' our leader called.

"'Yep,' he replied, 'and we haven't had a bit of trouble, either.'

"'Neither did we,' said the leader, and we were passing on. But the boatman stopped, scratched his head and called:

"'Say, I found a weasel on my boat the next day. I wonder if he had anything to do with them rats leaving?'"

Law and order were scarce on the river in those days, according to the captain, and organized bands of robbers preyed upon flatboat men, killing and plundering openly.

"I heard my father tell about one gang that had its operating headquarters on Stack Island, opposite Lake Providence. A big fleet was on the way down, and they got wind of the fact that the gang was waiting for them at Stack Island," he said. "So, just before the fleet got there they tied up, unloaded the freight from one boat, and all the men, armed with rifles, hid inside. Then, the owner of that boat got on top and started down the river by the island, handling his sweep as though he suspected nothing.

"Sure enough, the Stack Island gang hailed her, made her heave to and then captured her. But it was the biggest bargeload of trouble that gang ever caught. The upshot of it was that about forty men—everybody in the gang except a woman and a boy—were weighted down with rocks and made to walk the plank in thirty feet of water. I'll tell you, when they got through with them it was the most completely broken-up gang of Mississippi River pirates you ever saw!"

Page the Professor

AFTER the Civil War the senior Captain Cooley bought a steamboat and continued to trade, buying in the North and selling in the South. Frequently he would stay in the South during the cotton season, making a number of trips for cotton. Then, when the season closed, he bought a cargo of sugar and coffee and went North.

"I was getting to be a sizable youngster then," said Captain Cooley, "and had my ticket as pilot. We made a number of trips up the tributaries, and made a number of good friends that stood me in good stead later. I always wanted my father to stick to the regular trade, but he never would. He was a trader and a rover. In 1875, when he retired from the river, I bought his boat, the Tensas, and went straight into the lower-river cotton trade, and I've been at it ever since."

Captain and Mrs. L. V. Cooley on the Hurricane Deck of the "Ouachita"

When Captain Cooley first entered the trade there was no trunk-line railroad along the river, but there were eleven short lines feeding it from the interior points.

"Now," he said, "here is a problem for some professor of economics to figure out. My rate on the river from New Orleans to any given point is 50 per cent of the rail rate to that point. Thirty years ago my rates were about half of what they are now. Today, my operating expenses, such as stores, labor and fuel, are about 10 or 12 per cent

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Getting Closer to the Indian

THE recent dedication of a vehicular bridge across the Colorado River, near Lees Ferry, Arizona, had more than local meaning. It drew attention to the wholesome fact that vast areas of wilderness territory in the Far West still exist and are available for the recreation and inspiration of all the people. Another step has been taken to surmount natural obstacles to connected travel in a hitherto divided region. Yet it can hardly be said that the extension of highway systems and the building of needed bridges have as yet impaired the natural character of the country or destroyed its peculiar charm.

Most of us think of our country as having passed the extensive and as having reached the intensive stage of development. But in the mountain and desert states of the Far West space is still a factor to be reckoned with, and no obstacle has been so formidable as the Colorado River. In a stretch of a thousand miles or more, bridge crossings have been singularly few, and the ferries uncertain at best, and often dangerous and abandoned. The most traveled and historic of these ferry crossings was that at Lees Ferry, at the junction of Glen and Marble canyons, and named after an early Mormon settler. The new bridge is near this point, and with the inevitable improvement in highways, it will constitute a practically new route for automobiles between Utah and Arizona, between the north rim of the Grand Canyon, the Kaibab Forest, the Bryce National Park, and the Zion National Park, on the one hand, and the south rim of the Grand Canyon, on the other side.

The bridge brings closer together for the traveler these points as well as the Navajo and Hopi Indian country, in addition to the fascinations of the Spanish and Pueblo cultures of New Mexico. True, it connects two of the most thinly populated parts of two of the most thinly populated states, but magnificent distances as well as density of human beings have no mean values. One abutment of the bridge and sixty miles of one approach road rest upon land belonging to the Navajo Indian reservation, which is about the same size as Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island combined.

A much-debated feature in the building of this bridge was a provision that part of the cost should be reimbursable against tribal funds of the Navajos. Those opposed said the Navajos did not want the bridge and would not use it; those in favor said that a market would be opened up for their pottery and silverware, and that other bridges built upon the reservation in the same way had benefited the Indians.

Into this controversy we need not enter. In the long run, however, we suspect that communication between whites and Indians must and will be facilitated. The traveler will benefit from contact with the superb open spaces; the Indian should gain from the intercourse of trade.

Synthetic Gas in Europe

EVER since the war the place of Russian petroleum in the European market has been the subject of controversy. At one time, not long since, it seemed as if it would lead to a price war of wide extent. Recently, however, the interests representing the Russian, British-Dutch, Anglo-Persian and American petroleum companies appear to have come to some agreement as to the place of Russian oil products on the British market. It may be taken for granted that some understanding holds for the continent of Europe.

The price of motor fuel, and high taxes based on horse power, condition the development of automobiles in Europe. Because gasoline is expensive and taxes are high, the motors in automobiles over there are built small. The motor car is thus a luxury, not a common necessity as in this country.

But a new factor is on the horizon. Synthetic motor fuel, a substitute for gasoline, made from coal, is in process of large-scale development. The patents and holders are German; in fact, identical with or under control of the dye and chemical trust of Germany. These interests would prefer to avoid a price war not of their making, but they have, apparently, their own ideas as to marketing of gasoline in Europe. In technical circles it seems to be understood that what the makers of synthetic motor fuel desire is to have the sale of natural gasoline in Europe coördinated with that of the coming substitute. This coordination, according to their view, would preferably be accomplished by having the distribution of all motor fuel in Europe in the hands of the makers of the synthetic motor fuel. It is not to be believed that this view has the approval or acceptance of the producers of natural gasoline. Just when the new synthetic motor fuel is to be placed on the market in competition with gasoline is not announced. But the imminence of competition of such a sort may have had some influence in determining the large petroleum producers in making a business compact with the Russians.

The field is now clear for a contest between natural and synthetic gasoline, if, as and when the makers of the new fuel choose to start the contest. To some extent the outcome of this world-wide competition may be expected to have influence on the development of the automobile outside of the United States. It is hard to imagine that such developments in Europe will have much effect in this country, in view of our petroleum resources, at least in the near future. But the export trade in American automobiles may be influenced by developments in the motor-fuel markets of the world.

Saving the Suckers

FRAUDULENT advertising, according to a member of the Federal Trade Commission, is taking away from the people of the United States upward of five hundred million dollars every year.

Those who knowingly print crooked and misleading advertising for their own profit, and for hire connive with their advertisers to swindle the public, are, in the estimation of the commission, equally guilty and equally subject to the penalties for willful fraud. Many of them will, and with some show of reason, urge that much of their objectionable advertising is no worse than they and their predecessors have been publishing since time out of mind. There may be a grain of truth in this defense; but it takes no account of the fact that times have changed, and changed for the better.

Advertising is a major industry. In America it has expanded to a volume and has risen to an ethical plane which no other country in the world can rival or even approach. It is the primary force which causes billions of dollars' worth of commodities to change hands annually. It is an essential element of American prosperity. Most of it is honest and clean. Most of it is governed by high standards of commercial honor and equity, and benefits the buyer as well as the seller. Like every other extensive industry, it has its black sheep, its parasites and buccaneers.

These are the people the Federal Trade Commission is going for tooth and nail—and it looks very much as if it meant business.

In view of our national earnings and savings, the half billion dollars which the tricksters are annually taking away from the foolish and overcredulous element of our population, though a tidy sum by any reckoning, may not appear excessive. No commission can abolish the ancient fact that a sucker is born every minute or that there are a great many minutes in a year.

The deplorable feature of the situation is that this half billion is frittered away by those who can afford it least—by the sick and poor, by shopgirls who sigh for beauty of face and figure, by pathetic fat women who want to be thin, by deformed persons who wish to be made straight, by thrifty but simple youngsters who hope that a few dollars will make them thousands, by credulous widows who turn the life-insurance money over to slick strangers and fancy promisers.

Some two-fisted action, sharp and decisive, should be taken to protect these lambs from the wolves and from themselves. If the Federal Trade Commission can make substantial progress toward this end by means within its powers, it will earn the lasting gratitude of the country.

Politics and Unemployment

LONG as authentic figures on unemployment have been desired, uncertain estimates are the only guides available. With the beginning of the decennial census only a few months away, there is a special timeliness in the action of the American Statistical Association in petitioning President Hoover to use his influence to obtain dependable information on unemployment through the taking of the 1930 census.

A more individual definition of the need has been provided by Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It is his reasoned belief that the National Government and the state governments should coöperate in collecting and tabulating the facts, and in explaining the development of unemployment at particular times and places.

As Mr. Willard so clearly sees, the problem is as much social as statistical. The responsibility to make the benefits of the industrial system all inclusive is national rather than group. Opportunities to make farm life more attractive are everywhere inviting. Abroad are trade outlets which can be properly induced to absorb more of our products.

For its own part, as Mr. Willard points out, industry can do much to equalize the peaks and valleys of employment. And government officials could provide a reservoir of public works to be tapped at need. No one would contend that these suggestions are new, but they do bear the convincing stamp of practical experience and consideration in the public interest.

Political capital has been easily made of the conflicting computations of unemployment. Public attention to the lack of information came to a sharp focus a year ago, when charges that several millions of men were idle were circulated through partisan interest.

The only certainty to issue from that situation is the fact that ignorance of the number of jobless is a national liability. All the talk of relief for the unemployed will get nowhere until the measure of the need is accurately taken.

Once the facts are adequate to understanding of the problem, the good will and coöperation for which Mr. Willard calls could be depended on to work out a satisfactory solution.

TARIFF—A Two-Edged Sword

By Alfred Pearce Dennis

LET it be understood that the tariff is not a sacred thing; not the Ark of the Covenant which the unfortunate Uzzah was struck dead for touching. The protective tariff represents an economic program to be carried out in the public interest. From the economic standpoint it is a matter of pure expediency whether the duty on a particular article be raised or lowered. If the American farmer can be benefited by raising duties on foreign competitive articles, by all means let the duties be raised. But first be sure that benefit will ensue. The tariff, like a two-edged sword, may cut both ways. Beware of the help that harms!

I can remember when we seriously debated the merits of free trade and protection. Later came the epoch when less was heard of free trade and more of a tariff for revenue. Today the protective doctrine holds full sway. It has become the corner stone of our national economic policy. We have waxed prosperous under it and it may as well be accepted without debate unless our doctrinaires would substitute the idealisms of Sir Thomas More's Utopia for the realisms of living men and women painfully working out their life wrestle on this planet. In a state of Nature the fundamental law of life is how to catch and eat and how to avoid being caught and eaten. If civilized society means anything it means protection for the weak—the thing we call justice. Nature knows no rule of justice.

By every canon of justice the farmer should obtain from our protective system every last atom of advantage that can be extracted from it. The writer was reared on a farm, owns two farms at the present time—though this is nothing to brag about—and is all for the farmer. It may be remarked in an aside that these two farms down on the Eastern Shore of Maryland are "farmed," after a manner of speaking, by tenants who for the past four years have paid no rent whatever. The writer pays the taxes and in addition makes all-too-frequent drafts on his pocketbook to keep the tenants in heart. No privileges, perquisites, cash or other material emoluments whatsoever susceptible of statistical measurements are received. The rewards, if any, are immaterial. Bismarck's "imponderables," let us say. Farm ownership confers upon one as by letters patent enrollment among the landed gentry. The landed proprietor in all ages enjoys the unctuous satisfaction of looking down on the landless man. Confidentially, my two farms are for sale; no reasonable offer refused. They may be seen at any time not so many miles out from Princess Anne, Somerset County, Maryland.

Let it be understood that in my observations on the tariff I am speaking from the standpoint of an obscure individual who has had some training as an economist, and not from the standpoint of a petty official.

We are all agreed on the principle that the tariff should be made to confer the utmost capacity of benefit on the farmer. Certainly in the distribution of tariff benefit the farmer should be put on a parity with the tariff-nurtured manufacturer. In this ill-regulated world it is one thing to recognize what ought to be done and quite another thing to turn idealistic theories to practical account. I have forgathered with friends at three International Chamber of Commerce meetings in European cities and heard enough speech making on the evils of artificial trade barriers and the desirability of lowering tariff walls to fill a book the size of the Holy Scriptures. But it all came down to this in the end—everybody favors lower tariffs in principle and higher tariffs in practice; everybody is in favor of lowering everybody's tariff except his own. We live in a fluid world, and it has come about that a party label is no longer a clew to one's tariff sympathies or antipathies. I suppose no man in our history has ever used more words in publicly castigating high tariffs and publicly defending his favorite political *cliché*—"Equal opportunity for all, special privileges for none"—than the late Colonel Bryan. His daughter, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, has just taken her seat in Congress as a representative from the state of Florida.

"How do you feel, Mrs. Owen," I queried the other day, "about the Republican program for revising the tariff upward?"

"It interests me keenly," she replied. "The one thing needful for the people down in my district is to get a higher duty on citrus fruits and early spring vegetables."

One of the newest fashions is the novel doctrine that certain robust domestic industries require protection from infinitesimal imports. Friends of the farmer, with the best of intentions, have been urging a higher tariff on Bermuda-grown celery. Our imports of Bermuda celery are only three-hundredths of one per cent of our home production, with not more than sixty or seventy acres on the island devoted to celery growing. The entire island doesn't produce as much celery as a single celery plantation in Florida. The soil area of Bermuda is strictly limited. Our celery imports are a mere trickle. This new doctrine of infinitesimals leads straight to embargoes. If we need more protection against an import of three-hundredths of one per cent, what is really asked for is not protection but exclusion.

But the new doctrine of excluding foreign infinitesimals from our market does not go so far as the novel substitutional doctrine that is being promulgated in these latter days. Old fogies have accepted the doctrine that

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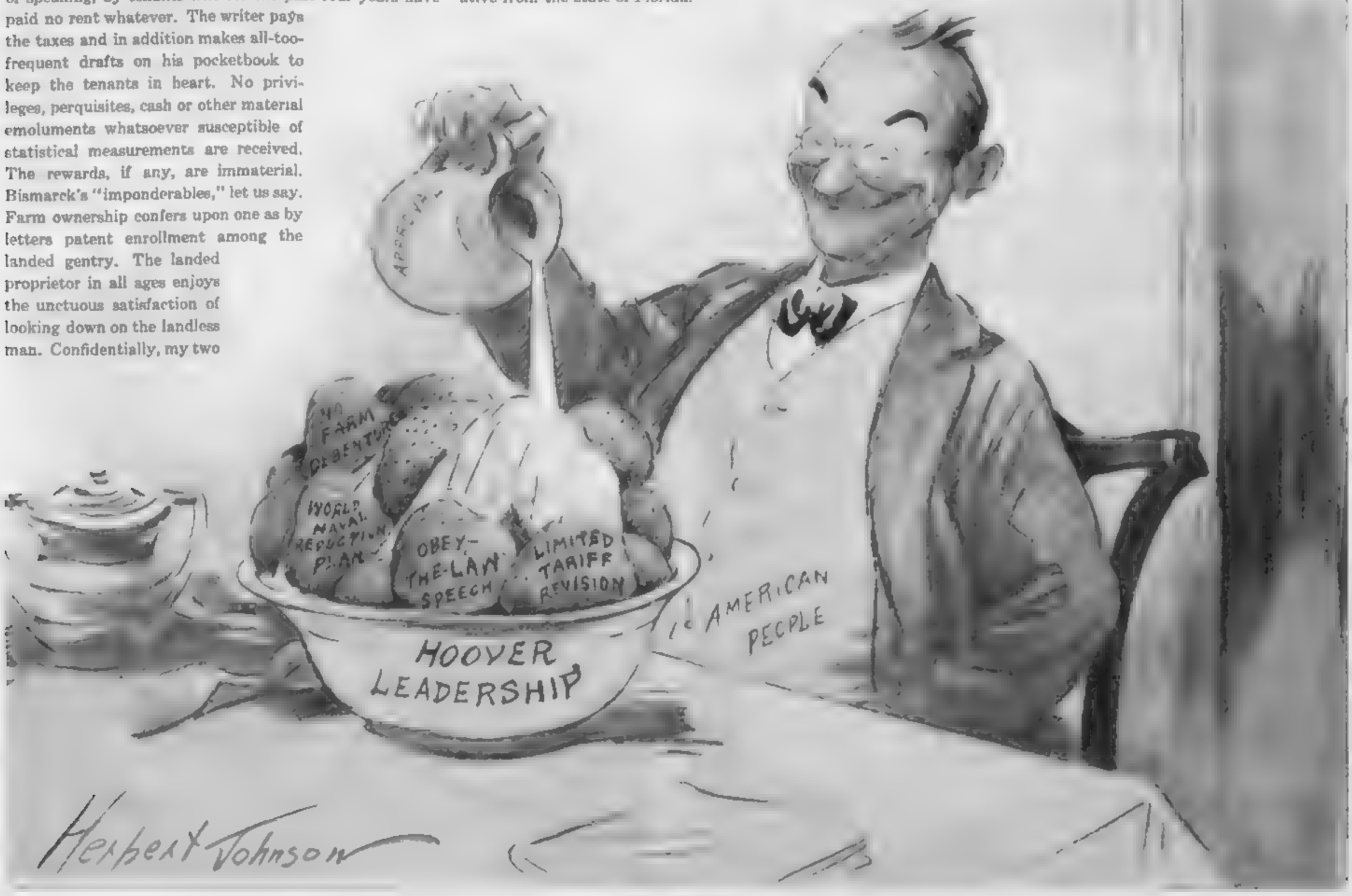
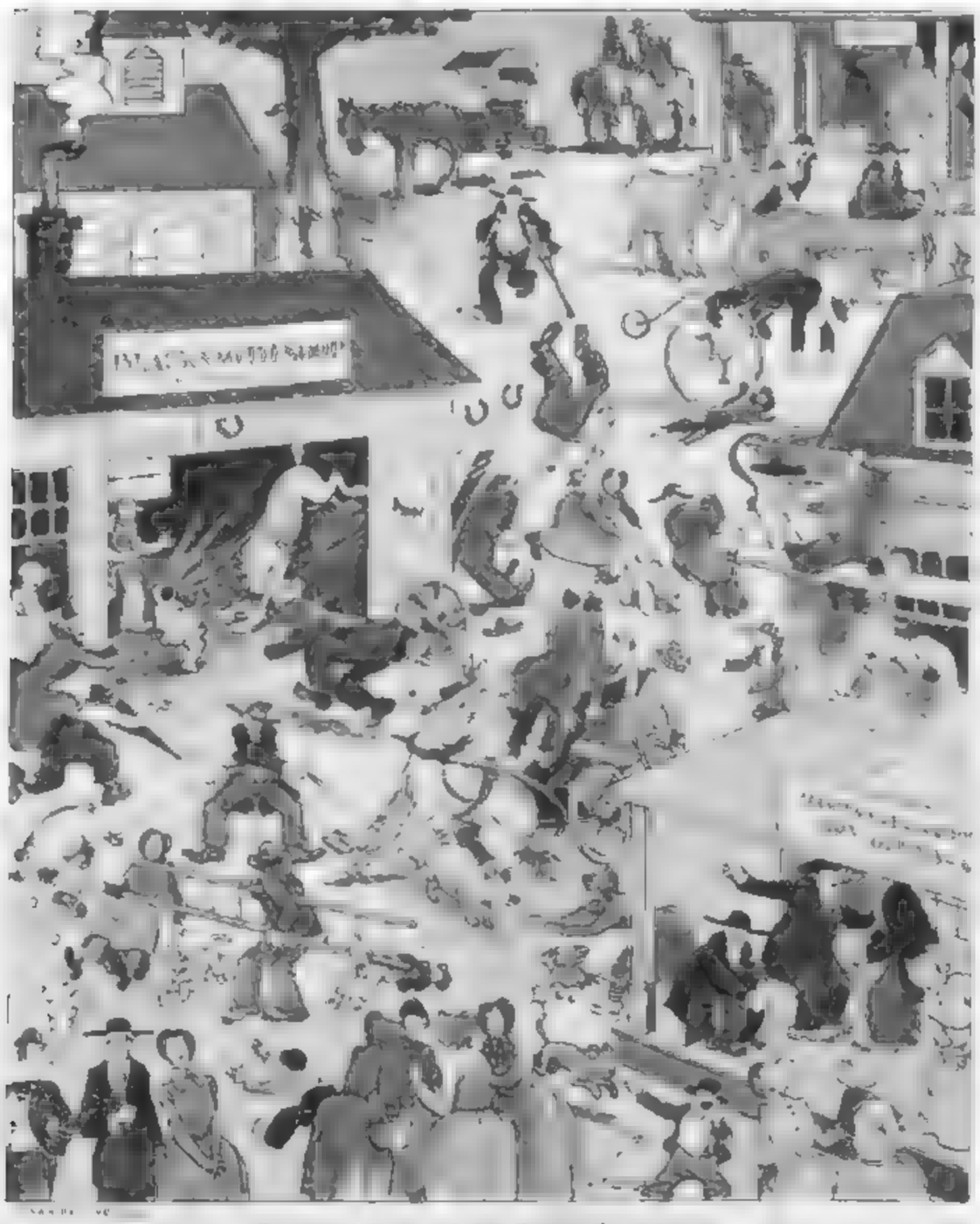


THE BERRIES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Boyhood Days of All Great Americans

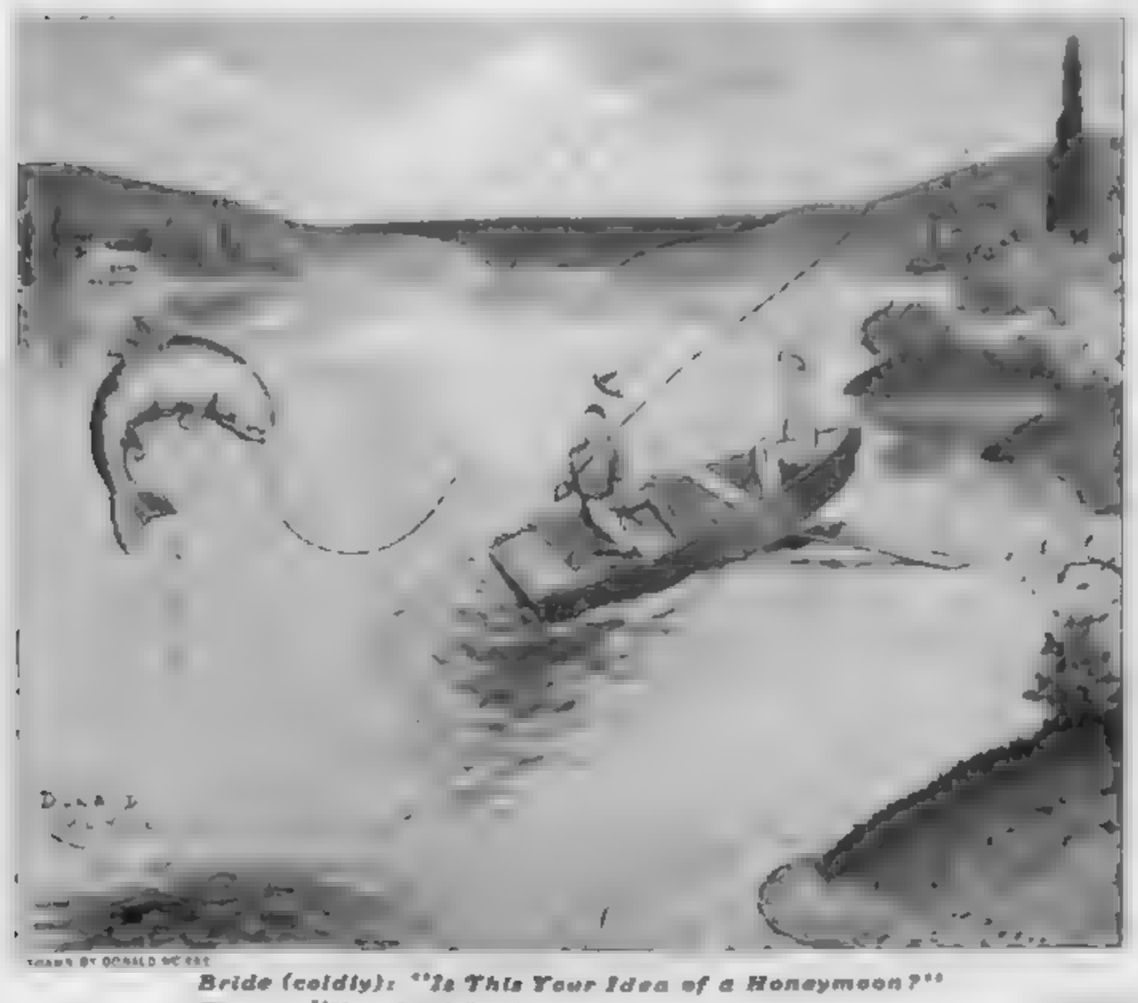
"Girls! Girls!! The Plump Figure is Coming Back Again!!!"

Reconciled

HAVE you ever heard the story of the Modernistic ace
Who strove to symbolize for Art a fair and mystic place?
Within a parallelogram of shrill and vibrant blues
He painted giant pinwheels in reverberating hues,
While, crossing broad diagonals of rose and hyacinth,
A purple pentagon pursued a wild magenta plinth;
Against the dim, demented sky that curdled overhead
He posed a flock of beveled clouds, apparently of lead;
And scorning vegetation, leafy tree or verdant grass,
He livened up his masterpiece with cylinders of brass.
Then he dotted it with pyramids — a popular device
And when he had it finished, sure he called it, "Paradise."

The shades of Adam and his wife, those fine primeval hicks,
Came forth for recreation from their home beyond the Styx;
They heard about the picture, and to have a look they hied,
Nostalgic for the days before the angel said, "Outside!"
They gazed a startled moment on that symphony deranged,

(Continued on Page 157)



Bride (coldly): "Is This Your Idea of a Honeymoon?"
Groom: "You Said It!"

First Flying Student: "What Happened to You?"
Second Flying Student: "I Flunked My Final Exams!"

Soups give delightful variety and invigoration to cold meals!

A choice for every day in the week

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

Twenty-one Campbell's Soups—oh, boy!
Every one filling
Me with joy!

WHY has soup become such a popular summer-time food? In countless homes it is now served as regularly in summer as in winter. It's because people realize how much real enjoyment and benefit hot soup adds to the cold meats, salads and ices!

Soup brings to the stomach a healthful, invigorating warmth. This gives new life and strength to a digestion required, day after day, to assimilate so many cold foods.

And it's so easy for you to serve delicious soups—almost without lifting a finger! For not only Campbell's Tomato Soup, but also twenty other delightful Campbell's choices are *already cooked for your table*. They make meal-planning easier, kitchen work less. And how everybody enjoys these famous soups! 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE BLACK CAMEL

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Proprietor Came Forward. "You Tell Him, Leonora. Tell Inspector What He Asks You To"

XVIII

JULIE and Jimmy Bradshaw sat on the white sand of Waikiki and gazed at an ocean that stretched, apparently empty of life, from this curving shore all the way to the atolls of the South Seas.

"Well, I suppose I'd better be getting along downtown," remarked the boy. He yawned, and dropping onto his back, watched the clouds drift lazily across the sky.

"Picture of a young man filled with pep and energy," Julie smiled.

He shuddered. "Very poor taste, my girl, introducing words like that into a conversation at Waikiki beach. It must be that, after all, I have given you a very imperfect idea of the spirit of this place. Here we loaf, we dream ——"

"But you'll never get anywhere," Julie reproved.

"I'm there already," he answered. "Why should I bestir myself? When you're in Hawaii you've no place to go: you've reached heaven and a change couldn't possibly be an improvement. So you just sit down and wait for eternity to end."

Julie shrugged. "Is that so? Well, I'm afraid I'm not built that way. Great for a vacation, yes—this place is all you say of it. But as a perpetual residence—well ——"

He sat up suddenly. "Good Lord, you mean I haven't sold you on it? Me—the greatest descriptive writer in history—and I've failed to put over the big deal of my life. James J. Bradshaw strikes a snag—meets failure face to face. It seems incredible. Where have I slipped up, Julie? Haven't I made you feel the beauty of this island?"

"Beauty's all right," the girl replied. "But how about its effect on character? It seems to me that when you've stopped moving, you're going back."

"Yeah," he smiled. "I went to a Rotary Club luncheon once myself, over on the mainland. Boys, we gotta progress or perish. Last year we turned out ten million gaskets, this year let's turn out fifteen. Make America gasket-conscious. Take it from me ——"

"What were you saying about getting back to the office?"

He shook his head. "I thought I'd cast you for the rôle of Eve in this paradise, and what a serpent you turn out to be. Getting back to the office is something we never do over here. We don't want to wake the poor fellows who didn't go out."

"That's just what I've been saying, Jimmy."

"But dear Mrs. Legree, you don't need to be chained to an office desk in order to accomplish things. You can work just as well lying down. For instance, a minute ago I was well started on a new appeal to tourists. 'Come—let the laughing *lei* girl twine her garlands of flowers about your shoulders. Try your skill at riding Waikiki's surf, or just rest in lazy luxury ——'"

"Ah, yes, that's what you prefer to do."

"'—— under the nodding coco palms.' Don't you like our coco palms, Julie?"

"They're interesting, but I think I prefer the redwoods. You draw a deep breath in a redwood forest, Jimmy, and you feel like going out and licking the world. Can't you see what I mean? This place may be all right for people who belong here, but you—how long have you been in Hawaii?"

"A little more than two years."

"Did you intend to stay here when you came?"

"Well, now, let's not go into that."

"You didn't, of course. You just took the line of least resistance. Don't you ever want to go back to the mainland and make something of yourself?"

"Oh, at first ——" He was silent for a moment. "Well, I've failed to make the sale on Hawaii, I guess. That will always leave a scar on my heart, but there's something more important. Have I sold myself? I'm keen about you, Julie. If you'll say the word ——."

She shook her head. "Don't let's go into that, either, Jimmy. I'm not what you think me. I'm horrid, really—I —— Oh, Jimmy, you wouldn't want to marry a—a liar, would you?"

He shrugged. "Not a professional one—no. But a clumsy amateur like you—why, you do it as though you'd had no experience at all."

She was startled. "What do you mean?"

"All that about the ring. Why, in heaven's name, do you go on with it? I've been wise ever since this morning, and as for Charlie Chan—say, I admire the polite way he's treated you. I don't believe you've fooled him for a minute."

The girl sighed. "Oh, dear, and I thought I was rather good."

"What's it all about, Julie?" the boy inquired.

Tears were in her eyes. "It's about poor Shelah. She took me in when I was broke and without a friend—she was always so good to me. I'd—I'd have done anything in the world for her, let alone tell a little lie."

"I won't ask you to continue," Bradshaw remarked. "I don't have to. Don't look around. Inspector Chan of the Honolulu police is approaching rapidly, and something

(Continued on Page 34)

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GOLDEN BANTAM CORN . . . what new, tempting goodness it has—with Brookfield Creamery Butter! Cool, fresh, this butter comes to you. Straight from shining churns in Swift creameries. Brought in spotless Swift refrigerator cars . . . direct to your dealer. Always sweet, fragrant . . . because it's *CREAMERY FRESH!*

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These famous packages identify Brookfield quality for you

BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE · POULTRY

(Continued from Page 32)

in his walk tells me that this is the zero hour for you. Brace up. I'm with you, kid."

Charlie joined them, amiable and smiling. "Not too welcome, I think. But anyhow I attach myself to this little group." He sat down, facing the girl. "What is your opinion of our beach, Miss Julie? Here you are deep in the languid zone. How do you like languor, as far as you have got with it?"

Julie stared at him. "Mr. Chan, you have not come here to talk to me about the beach."

"Not precisely," he admitted. "But I am a firm believer in leading up. Suitable preparation removes the sting of rudeness. Making an example, it would have been undecently abrupt for me to stride up and cry: 'Miss Julie, why do you lie to me about that emerald ring?'"

Her cheeks flushed. "You think I have been lying?"

"More than think, Miss Julie, I know. Other eyes than Jessop's saw the ring on Miss Fane's finger long after you immersed in waters of Waikiki last night."

She did not reply. "Better own up, Julie," Bradshaw advised. "It's the best way. Charlie will be your friend then—won't you, Charlie?"

"Must admit feeling of friendship would suffer a notable increase," Chan nodded. "Miss Julie, it is not true that Miss Fane gave you that ring yesterday morning to obtain cash for it?"

"Oh, yes, it is," the girl insisted. "That much is true."

"Then she took it back later?"

"Yes, just after she returned from her interview with Tarneverro, about noon."

"Took it back and wore it when she died?"

"Yes."

"After the tragedy you again obtained possession?"

"I did. When Jimmy and I found her, I went in and knelt beside her. It was then I took the ring."

"Why?"

"I—I can't tell you."

"You mean you won't."

"I can't, and I won't. I'm sorry, Mr. Chan."

"I also get deep pain from this." Charlie was silent for a moment. "Can it happen you removed the ring because name of 'Denny' was engraved inside?"

"Wh—what do you know about Denny?"

Chan sat up with sudden interest. "I will tell you, and perhaps you will grow frank. I have learned that Shelah Fane was in Los Angeles house the very night Denny Mayo was murdered there. Consequently, she knew name of killer. It was scandal in her past she was eager to conceal. Perhaps, to aid that concealment, you yourself wished name of Denny Mayo kept out of all discussions. A natural desire to shield your friend's reputation. But as you see, your actions have not availed. Now you may speak with no injury to your dear benefactor."

The girl was weeping softly.

"Yes, I guess I might as well tell you. I'm so sorry you know all that. I'd have given anything to keep Denny Mayo out of this."

"You were aware, then, of that scandal in Miss Fane's past?"

"I suspected that something was terribly wrong, but I didn't know what. I was quite young—I had just come to Shelah at the time of Denny's—accident. On the night it happened, Shelah arrived home in a state of hysteria, and I was there alone with her. I took care of her the best I could. For weeks she wasn't herself. I knew that in some way she was connected with Mayo's murder, but until this moment I never learned the facts. I was young, as I say, but I knew better than to ask questions."

"Coming to yesterday ——" Chan prompted.

"It was just as I told you. Yesterday morning she said she must get hold of money at once, and she gave me the ring to sell. Then she went down to the Grand Hotel to see Tarneverro, and when she came back she was sort of hysterical again. She sent for me to come to her room. She was walking the floor. I couldn't imagine what had happened. 'He's a devil, Julie,' she cried. 'That Tarneverro's a devil! I wish I had never sent for him. He told me things about Tahiti and on the boat—how could he know—he frightened me. And I've done something terribly foolish, Julie. I must have been mad!' She became rather incoherent then. I asked her what it was all about. 'Get the emerald,' she told me. 'We mustn't sell it, Julie. Denny's name is inside it, and I don't want any mention of that name now.'"

"She was hysteric, you say?"

"Yes. She was often that way, but this was worse, somehow. 'Denny Mayo won't die, Julie,' she said. 'He'll come back to disgrace me yet.' Then she urged me to get the ring, and of course I did. She told me we'd find something else to sell later. Just then she was too upset to discuss it. In the afternoon, I saw her crying over Denny Mayo's picture."

"Ah," cried Chan, "that was portrait of Denny Mayo mounted on green mat?"

"It was."

"Continue, please."

"Last night," Julie went on, "when Jimmy and I made our terrible discovery in the pavilion, I thought at once of what Shelah had said. Denny would come back to disgrace her yet. Somehow, I thought, his death must be connected with Shelah's. If only his name could be kept out of it—otherwise I didn't know what scandal might be revealed. So I slipped Denny's ring from her finger. Later, when I heard mention of the photograph, I ran upstairs and tore it into bits, hiding them under a potted plant."

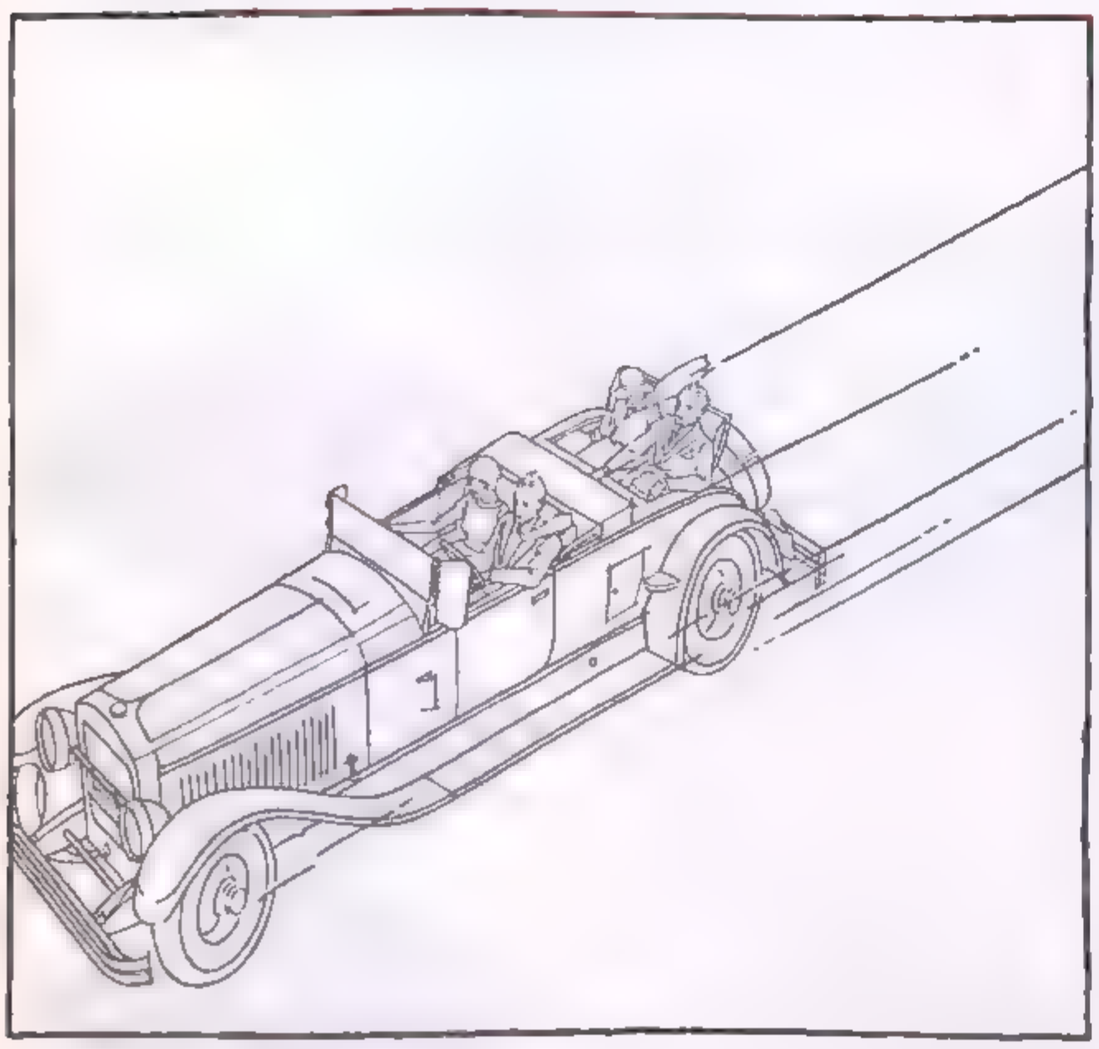
Chan's eyes opened wide. "So it was you who performed that act? And later, when pieces of photograph scattered into wind, was it you who concealed large number of them?"

"Oh, no, you've forgotten. I wasn't in the room when that happened. And even if I'd been there, I wouldn't have been clever enough to think of that. Someone came to my aid at a critical moment. Who? I haven't the least idea, but I was grateful when I heard about it."

(Continued on Page 161)

"Making an Example, it Would Have Been Undecently Abrupt for Me to Stride Up and Cry: 'Miss Julie, Why Do You Lie to Me About That Emerald Ring?'"

This famous chart plus the New Mobiloil will help you save your engine's first-year feel



Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc.	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc.	...	...	A	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc				
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models					..	..	A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.				
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	....	..
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc.	...	...	...		....	
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns Knight, 6-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.				
" other models	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie, 8-cyl	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	..	..		
" 6-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc

MOBILOIL Charts have saved more gasoline horsepower than any other device or plan ever offered to protect your investment in your engine.

Now the New Mobiloil offers new quality and new motoring satisfaction and the Mobiloil Chart becomes more than ever the guide to correct lubrication.

When we say that the Mobiloil Chart is "famous," we are as well within the actual history of the chart as we are when we state that the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance. This has been proved in thousands of miles of driving tests on road and race-track.

Check with the Mobiloil Chart at least twice a year, drain and refill regularly with the New Mobiloil, as recommended here, and you can keep your engine's first-year feel for season after season of joyous driving.

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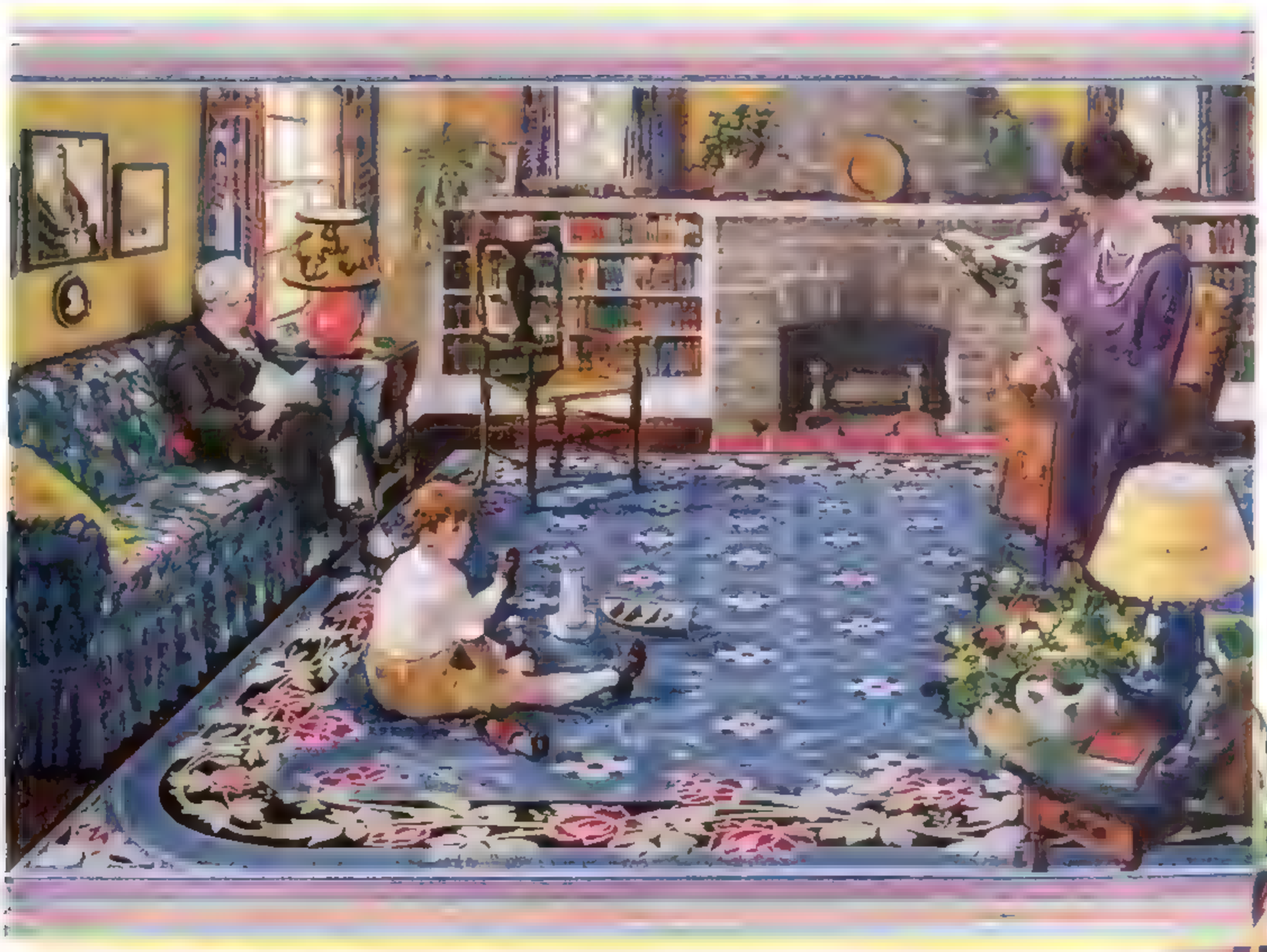

THE "DU BARRY" design shown on the floor is Congoleum Rug 326. If you prefer an oval rug effect, just cut along the rounded lines at the corners of this rug—and there you are!

It's fun—*real fun*—not to have too much money

MANY a woman would envy this young mother. Not much money for home-making—but what of it? Real fun turning those old vases into new lamps—bargain-hunting—and finally (a special thrill) discovering what a lovely room-size rug can be had for only a few dollars.

But had she spent a thousand dollars, she could not have bought a more "expensively designed" rug than this Congoleum masterpiece—"*Du Barry*." Huge sums are paid for these patterns. The world's leading designers compete. Out of hundreds of patterns submitted, only a few superlatively beautiful examples are selected. So you may take pride in owning a Congoleum Rug . . . it is a modern American work of art.

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"ORIENTALE" *Congoleum Rug 608*

"GRAY-TILE" *Congoleum Rug 318*

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" *Congoleum Rug 322*

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Please send [illegible]

Name

Address

SEP 72

A PRAGMATIC ROMANTICIST

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

III

SPRING passed and summer came; Mrs. Dunne's roses bloomed profusely, but Mrs. Onderdonk didn't make her promised visit to see them. Teddy's tennis improved quite a little and, under the Deepdene Demon's tuition, his boxing began to command the respect of the gang. It came in handy, too, when Rodney Vilas forced a fight on him—if you can call it a fight. Rodney had been acting rather queerly for some time—rather avoided the gang and seemed to be suffering from a chronic grouch. Since he had told Teddy to go to hell, at their meeting at the North Western station early in March, Teddy had sensed a certain hostility, quite apart from the grouch, in Rodney's attitude toward him. That had not worried Teddy in the least. He had had plenty of other things to worry about. In fact, until he saw Rodney in front of the Wallace place, he had completely forgotten that Kitty had asked for news of him in one of her letters. He began a friendly greeting and was stopped, astonished by the scowl that Rodney gave him at the first word.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" Teddy demanded.

Rodney's eyes glowed under his black brows. Teddy noticed that he was looking rather run down. Quite a lot run down!

"I guess you know what's the matter with me," said Rodney. "What's the matter with you? Hunting trouble?"

Teddy Took the Hand That Had Patted His and Felt an Unmistakable Pressure. What Next?

Teddy said he wasn't hunting it, but if any came along he hoped he could take care of it.

"All right," said the other. "Good place for it right inside the hedge here. I'll give you a bellyful."

Rodney walked through the entrance to the drive and turned aside on the lawn. Teddy followed him, puzzled and angry.

"Before you start in and while you're still able to talk, I'd like to know what all this is about," Teddy remarked as Rodney threw off his coat. At the same time Teddy divested himself of his outer garment, and removing his glasses, blinked for a focus. "Just as well to know why I've got to lick you, outside of general principles," he said.

"You want to drag a woman's name into this, but I'm not going to let you," Rodney declared chivalrously. "I'll say that I don't like that tuft of hair you wear sticking out behind, nor yet your habit of reading letters on the train. It isn't done. Not oftener than twice that you've done it, just to stir me up. Well, I'm stirred. Put up your hands, you low-down ——"

It came on Teddy like a flash. The poor fish had seen him reading Kitty's letters and was jealous. He laughed and would have explained that Kitty was no more than a friend—a sort of sister—but the laugh was too much for Rodney, who swung at him furiously, landing on the side of Teddy's head with considerable force and instantly killing any mirthful feeling in the young man.

It was a very short affair indeed. Rodney had a pound or two on Teddy, was some inches taller and had a longer reach, but he was deficient in what Bob Hallet had called "clam," and his flailing punches fell short or went wild for the minute or two that the engagement lasted. Teddy got in a couple of effective body blows, and then, aware of a wonderfully inviting opening, shot a ruthless one-hundred-and-forty-eight-pound right to the Vilas set jaw and dropped him. A clean knock-out! Almost too clean, it seemed for an awful moment or two. It was a big relief to Teddy to find that his late antagonist still breathed. Looking wildly around for assistance, Teddy saw a hose attached to a hydrant, and running to it with desperate haste, he turned the water on and went back and applied it freely.

The treatment was an entire success, in as much as Rodney sat up, gasping and spitting cold water and highly improper language. These last Teddy disregarded and was magnanimous enough to offer his handkerchief, but Rodney dashed it aside and tried to scramble to his feet to renew the combat.

"Now listen to me, you big goof," said Teddy. "If you think Kitty Wallace ——"

But Rodney interrupted him. He wasn't listening and obviously didn't intend to listen. Teddy threatened to turn the hose on him again and finally resumed his glasses, picked up his coat and left Mr. Vilas to recover his sanity and his legs as best he might. He was in no amiable frame of mind himself. His hand hurt like fury and it would probably be a day or two before he could use it with any freedom. The crazy fool! The odd thing was that Teddy had always liked Rodney, the little he had seen of him. Mark Wallace had liked him. A good egg apparently. His family were newcomers in Deepdene, but they seemed to be nice people. Who would have thought of his being in love with Kitty? Well, he would get bravely over it!

Kitty! A crazy idea that Rodney had any reason to be jealous of him, Teddy, and yet his mother was always joking with him about her. He had thought she was joking. When Kitty's last letter came, for instance, she had been very knowing and sly. Teddy gave her the letter to read. He would. He had no secrets from his mother. She had pretended to take the girl's kidding—her "Teddy darlings" and that sort of stuff—quite seriously. Perhaps she did think that Kitty was serious. Perhaps. Absolute rot! Impossible!

Dear little Kitty! There was no doubt that Teddy missed her and Mark. A nice, kind, cheerful, warm-hearted girl who would stay put! Too good for Rodney Vilas. The Wallaces were in Paris now and would soon be leaving for Italy. Major Wilfred Jerningham Carrington was intending to "pop over" before they left. There was another bird, just out of Harvard and bumming around the Continent to get his mind broadened. Teddy wished that they would hurry through with this foreign foolishness, but Mrs. Wallace seemed bound to see the whole show. Kitty was growing more and more homesick—so she said. Her one craving was for news of home and the home folks.

"A nice, kind, cheerful, warm-hearted ——"

At the bank things were about as usual. Plenty of work and plenty to think about. One thing, there was no longer any occasion to worry about Glykeron. The suit had been settled out of court—either a compromise or the Dayton interests had withdrawn after their bluff had been called. Anyway the stock had gone up by leaps and bounds, reaching its old high-water mark within one exciting week. That was a big relief.

Mr. Onderdonk had made no further reference to Phœbe since the luncheon at the university club, nor had he taken Phœbe's photograph from the drawer in which he had locked it just before he started for New York. Nevertheless, Teddy noticed that in the vice president's personal mail there came one letter regularly every week to which Onderdonk gave particular and thoughtful attention, considering it for a long time before tearing it into

(Continued on Page 39)

The Truck that Earns Money Is the Truck With the *Right* Tires

Rolling tonnage is the secret of truck earnings. And to roll the tonnage at money-making speed and money-saving cost, your truck needs the *right* tires.

Right tires mean fewer delays. *Right* tires mean consistent hauling, whatever the work or road condition. *Right* tires mean lower repair bills, longer truck life, less cost per tire mile. *Right* tires mean Goodyear Tires.

Goodyear has specialized the making of truck tires, to provide the one *right* design and body structure for the particular job the tire must do in your truck's everyday duty.

Slow, heavy city work, for example, calls for the load capacity, powerful traction, lasting resilience and mileage vitality of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Heavy Duty Cushion Tire.

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GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 37)

fine shreds and putting the shreds in his pocket instead of into the wastebasket. Also, but at long and irregular intervals, there came an envelope with the name of a press-clipping bureau printed across the front. It seldom inclosed more than one small clipping, but Onderdonk always read it over several times and then tore it up and disposed of it in the same manner, pocketing the scraps. Teddy was sufficiently acute to surmise that her father had not forgotten Phœbe and was keeping himself well informed as to her movements and activities.

Onderdonk was kind as ever. He piled work on his secretary unceasingly, work of a nature to increase responsibility and raise him to the rarefied upper air of finance. There was a new stenographer now—a fine, capable woman who had reached the years of discretion and had no more beauty than is inseparable from the face of a refined and intelligent person. She took all of Mr. Onderdonk's letters, and Teddy's as well. Teddy protested against that arrangement when it was made. Onderdonk pressed him for his reasons.

"For one thing, I've learned a lot from the way you handle things, sir," Teddy told him; "what I mean, in your letters to different people—and I've a lot more to learn."

"You flatter me," said Onderdonk. "However, you've learned enough in that way. You've got to develop a technic of your own, my boy—drop the leading strings. Anything else?"

"I hardly seem to be your secretary now. I hardly know how to put it, but somehow ——"

"That's true," said Onderdonk. "You've rather worked out of it, haven't you? Sort of unofficial assistant vice president, eh? Young for that job, though. Well, I'll have to think it over and see where I can place you to advantage. By the way, have you got any money of your own, Teddy? I heard you had drawn out what you had in your savings account. What did you do with that? Buy another bigger and better boat?"

Teddy blushed—a thing he had not done for some time. "I bought stock with it," he confessed, and since he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, he added: "I bought Glykeron at twelve and a half and I've still got it—a hundred and fifty shares. I thought I'd hold it until it went to par and then sell."

"It hasn't a great way to go," said Onderdonk, "but it may take a little time and its earnings won't carry it much higher or produce very fat dividends. So you backed your own judgment, did you?" He laughed. "Did you ever consider our stock as an investment? I believe it's sound, and it has an advantage for the holder if he happens to be an employe of the bank, in as much as it is a sort of *sine qua non* of promotion to certain positions, or if not that, at least an added recommendation. Think it over."

"I wouldn't need to think it over a minute if I knew where I could buy it," said Teddy.

"Well, I think I know where you can get some," said Onderdonk. "Wait until your stock goes to par before you sell, and then, if you like, come to me. And don't think that you can draw out your savings and gamble with them without the bank's knowledge."

In September, Mark came down to see Eugenia and stayed with the Dunnes. Teddy didn't have so much of his society as he would have liked, but Eugenia had to sleep sometimes and there were odd hours on other occasions when Mark couldn't be with her, and the two friends made the most of these opportunities. Mark was completely sold on New York. No place like it.

"Eugenia will be there with me in a few short months," he said. "You'll be there, too, sooner or later. It's not so rotten that we don't get the best of everything—sport of all kinds, music, art, the theater—and that reminds me. You remember Phœbe Onderdonk, your boss' daughter—friend of Kitty's who was here for a week-end—a little blond peach, preferred stock? You met her?"

"I remember," said Teddy.

"I climbed up on a Fifth Avenue bus and sat right down on the only vacant seat beside her, right out of a clear sky. Not much more than a week ago. Listen, don't you mention this to Eugenia. Boy! 'Are you all alone in this big city, little one?' I asked her. Say, if the look she gave me had lasted a tenth of a second longer the next puff of wind would have blown my charred remains far and wide. Then she realized that the handsome stranger was none other than Mark Wallace and we chatted merrily of this and that all the way to Washington Square, which was as far as the bus went. If it had gone farther and she had stuck, I'd have gone as far south as Key West anyway. As it was, I walked with her to her palatial cow-barn apartment, which was down a side street and turn to your left and through the alley. A girl friend in a purple peignoir and straw sandals that exposed her pretty little pink bare toes was serving tea when we arrived. It was during the two days' hot spell and the gents present weren't bashful, and you know me. There was none of this sickening formality, believe me. This was Mark and that was Therese, and the gink with the mandolin was Izzy, and the one sitting on the piano was Casper, and the fuzzy flat face was Stephan, and the elderly lady with the high-school-girl complexion who had come in from the remodeled grain box at the far end of the barn was Estelle. All the elements of a party."

"You don't have to tell me," said Teddy. "What did Miss Onderdonk have to say about herself? Anything?"

"Well, as I told you, we had a little chat coming down on the bus—sometimes of this and sometimes of that—but in the barn the conversation was more or less general. It sparkled with wit and repartee and bon mots and other wise cracks, and we got the low-down on the puritanical prudery of the modern play in America. A lot of stage shop talk bearing on Love's Leprosy. You heard about Love's Leprosy, didn't you? No? Why, that's Phœbe's show. They're playing it in Springfield, Connecticut, next week today, if the police haven't stopped 'em. Then they jump to Stamford, and from there to Atlantic City, before they pack Broadway curb full with a seething, surging mob."

"That guy you spoke of—Stephan. What was his other name?" Teddy asked the question, but he knew. "Fuzzy flat face."

"Collodion, or something like that," Mark answered. East Side second-generation Pole or Russian or something. Got him an education. Not more than half a fool, at that. He's the inspired author of Leprosy, and the pink-toed lady told me it was all set for him to marry Phœbe. Teamwork. He's going to write the nation's plays and Phœbe will interpret them. Collodion doesn't believe in marriage, except when the woman's got money. Say, what's eating Rodney Vilas? I met him with Ann Davis and do you think he fell on my neck with joyful welcome? He decidedly did not. High-hatted me. 'How are you? Not that I give a damn.' Like that. What's the matter with him? Do you know?"

"Eh? What was it you said? Oh, yes, Rodney Vilas." Teddy looked blankly at his friend and seemed to be bringing his mind to Rodney with some difficulty. "Why, Rodney—I don't see why he'd act that way with you. Did you tell him that Kit—your people were coming back?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Mark.

"No, I don't suppose it has anything to do with it," Teddy admitted vaguely. "I've seen this Kolodin. Do you think she could marry a thing like that, Mark?"

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"Who Would Come to You if I Didn't?" He Cried Hoarsely. "The Poor Dumb Fool You Played With"

THE BIG SHOT

"I Spray Ten Seeds on That Sway-Back Mouse, an' Then Stand Out There on the Rail an' Watch Pansy Face Break on Top"

By William Slavens McNutt

THE alarm clock rang. Tip Gilligan stirred reluctantly under the covers, snuggling his head deep into the pillow in a sleepy man's instinctive attempt to avoid the unpleasantness of awakening. The ringing continued. Tip got out of bed, mumbling, shivering. He stepped across the room to the dresser and silenced the clock.

He walked to the window of his small bedroom, pulled aside the curtain and peered out. A few street lights were vaguely visible through the chill, predawn fog.

"Huh!" Tip muttered scornfully. "Sunny South! Try an' warm your hands on a palm tree on a mornin' like this!"

He switched on the one small electric light set in the ceiling, stripped off his pajamas, washed his face in water from the basin, and sponged his spare, hard-muscled body with a dipped wash rag. A brisk toweling and then the solace of a cigarette before he started to dress. Arrayed, he took his money from his pants pocket and counted it. Twenty-six dollars in bills and some silver.

"Work hard an' save!" he mumbled as he put the money back in his pocket and slipped on his coat. "That's the way I got my start."

The sleepy night boy grinned as Gilligan stepped into the elevator.

"You sure get out to that old track early, Mr. Gilligan," he said.

"That's me," said Tip. "Get out there early an' stay out there late. The more I see the less I know. It's a great life, kid. Your own boss, easy work, an' no pay. Why don't you quit your job an' join the hustlers?"

"Not me, Mr. Gilligan," said the elevator boy. "I can't beat 'em."

"Who can?" said Gilligan.

The elevator boy laughed. "Guess you know if anybody does, Mr. Gilligan. Did you have Pansy Face yesterday?"

"You would spoil my breakfast by bringin' that up!" Gilligan said sadly.

"Some price, huh!" the elevator boy exclaimed.

"A hundred an' seventy-six dollars an' eighty cents for a two-dollar mutuel ticket," Gilligan said. "I'll show you how much I know about horses, kid. I doped that lizard yesterday before I went to the track. Dug right down into the old book an' hauled him out by the left hind leg. He looked so good to me, I went around an' asked his trainer about him. He told me the beetle had a good chance. Then I hung around an' got some more good information from the monkey that had the leg up on the beetle—Tiny Marsico. Tiny told me he was tryin' with the pig, an' he thought if he got him away on top he had a chance. I went in the paddock before the race, an' took a look at the tarantula while they were walkin' him around, an' I'll swear I never see a hayburnin' cockroach look fitter than he did. When the bugle blew I went back in the mutuel ring to get myself a ten-dollar ticket on this four-legged flower bed, an' I run into Mouthy Burchard. You know him?"

"I think he used to stop here," the elevator boy said.

"Probably," said Tip Gilligan. "That long-tongued panhandler has stopped every place in New Orleans where he can get in without payin' in advance. He never was right in his life, and he ain't had a winner since Man o' War went to the stud. Nobody knows that better than me. I wouldn't take his word for the time of day, even if I didn't have a date. You know what he did?"

"He talked you off Pansy Face," the elevator boy said.

Gilligan stared. "You're wastin' your time in an elevator," he declared. "A boy with your brains should be runnin' a railroad, no less. Tell me, kid, do I look that dumb, or did you just guess it?"

"I know how it goes," the elevator boy said. "Guys are always gettin' talked off good things."

"He not only talked me off Pansy Face," Gilligan went on, "but he give me a thing of his own—Candy Cane. Do you know where Candy Cane finished?"

The elevator boy shook his head.

(Continued on Page 42)

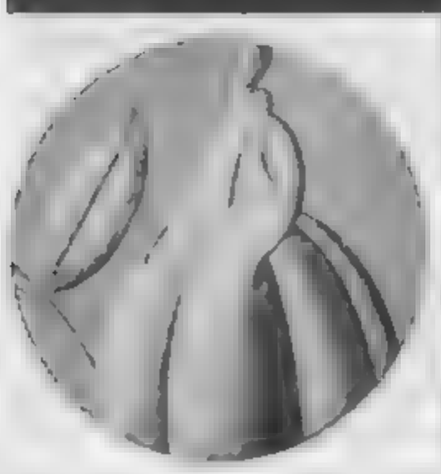
LINES TO A LADY

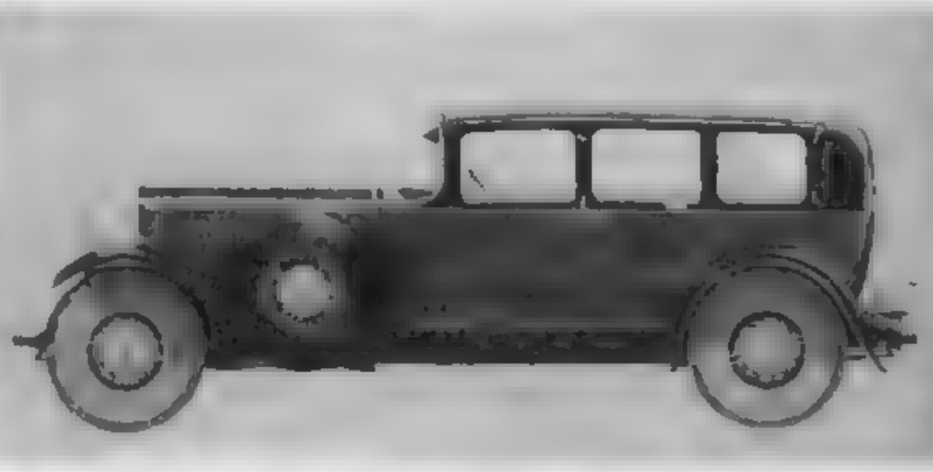
Madame, as you know, women care little about how a car looked *last year.*

You judge with the merciless precision of the instant . . . Does the contour reflect the modern mode for restrained and governed grace? . . . Do the lines create an arrangement in smartness that flatters a Paris frock as surely as the salon where it was born? . . . Are the accessories placed where they accent the design as tellingly as the correct shoes, hat and handbag point a costume? . . . Are the metal trimmings chosen to touch the ensemble with brilliance as skillfully as you choose your jewels? . . . Is it finished in the colors that are sponsored by the creators of the mode *this year?*

As your eyes sweep the HUPMOBILE, questioning its modernity, a steady little chorus of answers chants its way into your mind . . . "Yes" . . . "This is correct" . . . "This is very good" . . . "This is styled with authority."

Let us hope, Madame, that at this point Rosamond Pinchot will drive by in her HUPMOBILE roadster . . . And then, just after you become completely convinced that the HUPMOBILE is one of the smartest cars in the world, that Clarence Chamberlin, the aviator, will park his HUPMOBILE sedan where you can ask him a few questions about its mechanical excellence!





CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

Hupmobile

HUPMOBILE'S NEW PROGRAM OF EXPANSION HAS REDUCED ALL PRICES. IN THIS NEW SCHEDULE OF PRICES, HUPMOBILE EXCELS EVEN ITSELF IN VALUE-GIVING

(Continued from Page 40)

"Neither do I," said Gilligan. "I don't even know if he did. The stewards probably disqualified him on account o' darkness. The last I seen of him he was grazin' somewhere up around the head of the stretch. Candy Cane! They must 'a' named him for his legs. Honest, if you told me yesterday mornin' before I went out to the track that I'd ever bet on Candy Cane to beat a Decoration Day parade o' Civil War vets, I'd 'a' slapped you down for insultin' me. Candy Cane! I spray ten seeds on that sway-back mouse, an' then stand out there on the rail an' watch Pansy Face break on top, an' do a Bill Daly to win by five pulled up. An' a telephone number for a pay-off! A hundred an' seventy-six dollars an' eighty cents. Ain't I smart?"

"Tough luck!" the elevator boy said sympathetically. "What's good today, Mr. Gilligan?"

"Welcome to my club!" said Gilligan. "You ain't got any sense either."

He walked rapidly across the small lobby of the third-rate hotel, nodded to the night clerk behind the desk, and stepped onto the street, hunching his shoulders and turning up his coat collar as he felt the chill of the early morning fog. A half block to an all-night lunch room. There was one customer at the counter. He was seated on a stool hunched over a thick mug of hot coffee. He turned a sour face to the door as Gilligan entered.

"Hello, Beany," Gilligan greeted him. "I feel just like you look."

"Cold, ain't it?" said Beany Williams.

"I hate to agree with you before I've had my coffee," Gilligan said, mounting the stool alongside Beany. "I've got to, though. It's cold."

"How'd you do yesterday?" Beany asked.

"Rotten!" said Gilligan.

"Ted Manx give me Crazy Quilt in the fourth," Beany grumbled. "But I didn't play it."

"We might sing," Gilligan suggested.

"Sing?" Beany said, puzzled.

"Don't argue," said Gilligan. "I won't insist on it. It was just an idea."

He ordered coffee and waffles.

"Lousy here this year, ain't it?" Beany grumbled.

"Lousy everywhere all years for guys like you an' me," Gilligan said.

Beany scowled.

"How do you mean that?" he asked.

"It ain't code," Gilligan said. "I mean it just like I said it."

"What's the matter with us?" Beany asked, bridling.

"I've spent my life wonderin'," Gilligan said.

"You give me a pain!" Beany exclaimed.

"You hurt me worse than I do you," Gilligan assured him. "Split a taxi out to the track with me?"

"Aw, they'd sock us a coupla bucks this time of the mornin'," Beany grumbled. "I'm goin' to take the trolley out."

"That's your speed," Gilligan assured him. "A nickel a ride, six miles an hour."

"Is that so?" said Beany. "Where's your limousine?"

"Parked in some smart guy's garage," Gilligan said. "What do you think of Lemon Drop in the fourth, Beany?"

It was daylight when they reached the track. The fog was thinning. Scraps of blue sky showed through. A little group of clockers and trainers stood by the rail near the judges' stand. Voices echoed from the deserted grand stand. Occasionally a horse went by on the track with an exercise boy up.

They joined the group of railbirds and trainers near the judges' stand, listening to the low-voiced gossip of weights, track conditions, horsemanship, equine ailments, recent workouts, winnings and losses.

After a few minutes Tip Gilligan broke away alone, ducked under the rail, and started around the track on his way to the stables on the back side. Occasionally an exercise boy, cantering past, called a greeting. The muffled, drum-roll-like sound of swift-thudding hoofs on the damp, harrow-softened surface of the racing strip sounded more and more frequently. A funnel of sunlight shone down through a rift in the mist and brightened the infield. Tip Gilligan, watching, fingered the thin roll of bills in his pocket and drew a deep breath.

"What the hell!" he said to himself philosophically. "I got fun."

Arrived at the head of the back stretch, he ducked under the outer rail and made for a long, low barn a hundred yards distant. A string of horses, bearing exercise boys and led by a trainer mounted on a stable pony, passed him on their way to the track for the morning workout.

Swipes were busy under the sheds, working with pitchforks and brooms. A trainer was bandaging a restless colt's forelegs, preparatory to sending him out for his morning pipe opener.

Tip passed around to the far side of the stable. Old Pop Driggs was there, seated on an upended water bucket under the shed alongside a stall from which a trim-built chestnut filly looked out, as interested as an eager pup, at all the activities within her range of vision.

"Hello, Pop," Tip greeted the old trainer cordially. He patted the filly's muzzle. "She goin' today?" he asked.

Pop took his pipe from his mouth and shook his head. "Scratched her," he said. "Didn't seem to me she was quite up to it. You know, Tip, I don't believe in forcin' these young two-year-olds. Seen a lot of good ones spoilt by gettin' sent along too fast. It's all right for some of 'em. Plenty of big, strong colts fit to get out there and go hard right from New Year's Day on. But this thing of mine needs careful handlin'."

"Been turnin' in some good workouts, hasn't she?" Gilligan asked.

"Willin' little thing," Pop said tenderly, squinting up at his pet charge. "A sweet turn of speed, an' she'll give you all she's got whenever you ask for it. Nervous as a cat, though. Frets herself into a lather at the post. I don't think it'll do any harm to nurse her along for a while yet."

"If you drop her into a spot where you think she's got a chance her first out, I'd like to have a little bet down on her," Tip said. "She looks good to me."

"Sure, Tip," the old man said heartily. "Any time she's goin', an' I think she's in where she can do it, I'll let you know. Far as that goes, you can play a little somethin' on her any time she starts, Tip, 'cause I won't let her go unless I think she's got a chance. You know I don't hold with runnin' any two-year-old in company where I know they can't win. These youngsters, they get blue and discouraged same as a boy or a girl might, if they got sent out to do a grown person's job that they couldn't handle."

Tip studied the filly thoughtfully. "Wonder what they think of us, Pop?" he said.

The old man shrugged. "Dunno, son," he said. "They think somethin' or other, I promise you that. They hate some folks an' like others, same as we do."

"Wonder if they get discouraged an' blue when they do their best an' get beat?"

"Some do; some don't," Pop said. "They're like folks about that. I've seen good animals ruined by bein' raced for quite a spell just a wee, tiny mite above their class. Run an' then run back again with horses they didn't have a chance to beat. Some of 'em treated that way get so that after a while they can't even turn in a win over worse horses. They seem to sorta get the habit of runnin' out of the money. Get to figurin' they belong behind, I guess."

"I don't have any trouble understandin' that feelin'," Tip said gloomily.

Pop chuckled. "You've been stall walkin', son?" he asked.

Tip nodded. "Somethin' like that," he admitted. "I don't know if I was sent out too early against fast company or whether I'm just a born third-rate plater. Somethin's wrong with me, that's sure."

"Been havin' tough luck?" Pop asked.

"If I was sure it was luck, I wouldn't mind it," Tip said.

"What's the matter?" Pop inquired.

"I dunno," Tip said gloomily. "I never seem to quite get over the hill somehow, Pop."

Driggs eyed him appraisingly. "You look good," he said.

Tip nodded. "I know it," he said. "That's one thing worries me. I never did run up to my paddock appearance. I used to look good in the gym when I was in the fight racket too. In the ring—well, that was somethin' else again."

"I never seen you fight," Pop said.

"I was fair," Tip said. "Not good; not bad. Just a dependable preliminary boy. I quit when I made sure I was never goin' to get to be a big shot."

"That was sense," Pop said approvingly. "Fightin's all right for them that gets on top, but it certainly is a tough racket for the third-raters."

"Happen to know any racket that ain't tough on third-raters?" Tip asked.

"H'm!" said Pop thoughtfully. "Well, I dunno."

"Neither do I," said Tip. "I've been a third-rater at everythin' I've ever tried."

"You seem to do well enough around the track," Pop said.

"Right," said Tip. "I manage to wear pretty good clothes. Never the best, mind you, Pop. Just pretty good. I usually manage to eat when I'm hungry. I generally have some kind of a room to live in. A good-enough room in a fair hotel."

"That's more than some have," Pop said philosophically.

"If you think that cheers me up, you're crazy," Tip said. "I want to be a big shot at somethin', Pop."

"The big shots have their troubles," Pop argued.

"So I hear," said Tip. "It's only a lot of gossip as far as I'm concerned. I'd like to be a big shot once an' find out what those troubles are. I've got a notion I could manage to bear 'em!"

"Maybe you just ain't had the right break yet," Pop said consolingly.

"Maybe not," said Tip. "An' then again, Pop, maybe I just ain't got the class to travel in fast company. I always do the wrong thing, Pop. I'm friends with the wrong kind of people. Little hustlers an' small-money betters an' a lot of swipes an' apprentice boys. Small owners, second-rate trainers. A guy never gets far out on top with connections like that. What's the matter with me, Pop? Do you know?"

"I can't say that I do, son," Driggs said. "You're a nice kid. Everybody likes you."

"Everybody?" Tip said scornfully. "The big shots don't like me."

"Any of 'em know you?" Pop asked.

"No," said Tip. "I don't think there's a real big shot in any end of the racin' racket who could call me by name. They see me around all the time an' slip me a nod now an' then. That's all."

"You want to get acquainted," Pop said.

"Now, ain't that a bright idea?" Tip said scornfully. "You may not believe it, Pop, but that idea's occurred to me many an' many a time. Get acquainted. Sure. How? I'm around. I meet these big-shots now an' again. I get introduced. I try to be nice an' get acquainted. An' that's that. The next time I meet 'em I'm just somebody they saw somewhere once. As far as they're concerned, that once was enough. Now you take Spats Adler, for example. I met him on a party one night an' ——"

"Spats Adler!" Pop Driggs exclaimed scornfully. "That crook!"

"He's never been ruled off," Tip argued.

"He should 'a' been," Pop insisted. "Many a time."

"That may be true," Tip said. "Anyhow, you'll admit he's a big shot, won't you?"

"Can't take that away from him," Pop agreed reluctantly. "People that ought to know tell me that he's got better than a million salted away. Made every dime of it out of racin' too. Yes, he's a big shot."

"I was with him one whole evening once," Tip said. "Got along fine. Even made a date to meet him in the clubhouse before the first race the next day. He said he might have a good thing in that, an' wanted to slip it to me. What happened?"

"I know," Pop said, nodding. "Them kind of tie-ups most generally won't stand sunlight."

"I see him at the clubhouse the next day and he passed me up like a white chip," Tip said bitterly. "Not enough of a nod out of him to roll an egg off his head if he had one balanced there."

"You're just as well off that you didn't get hooked up with him," Pop said consolingly.

"Says you!" said Tip. "That's good talk, but it ain't so. It would be worth a young fortune for me to be in right with Spats Adler, an' you know it as well as I do."

"I reckon so," Pop admitted grudgingly. "Spats does get into a lot of good things."

"I'll say he does!" Tip said fervently. "But could I click with him? No. Beany Williams—that's more my speed."

Pop laughed.

"Sure," Tip said. "He's funny. I had breakfast with him this mornin'. We come out to the track together. I laugh at him the same as you do. A nickel-pinchin' little piker if there ever was one. Just a cheap little hustler that'll never know what a thousand-dollar bill looks like without lookin' over somebody's shoulder to find out. Ain't I the same?"

"Aw, you got more class than Beany, kid," Pop assured him.

"A little bit," Tip said. "Not enough but what we both pack about the same weight of dough for our trouble, week in an' week out."

"You'll get a break one of these days," Pop assured him. "You'll have your own clockers out, shiverin' along the rail at sunup, while you sleep till noon an' get your breakfast sent up to your room. You'll be rollin' out to the track in your own car, with a chauffeur drivin'. Probably splash mud on me one of these days as you go rollin' by, an' then look back an' cuss me out for pretty near gettin' in your road."

Tip grinned.

"You paint it pretty, Pop," he said. "If it ever does come out that way, I promise to have my butler get in touch with you an' buy you a new suit, anyhow."

(Continued on Page 44)

Distinctive · Exclusive · Convertible

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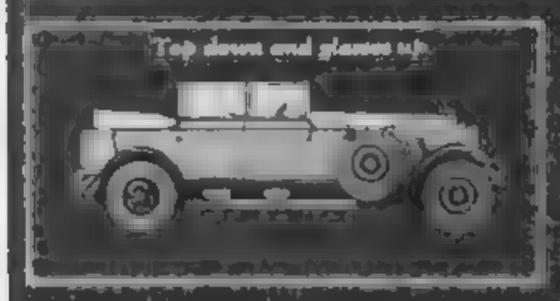

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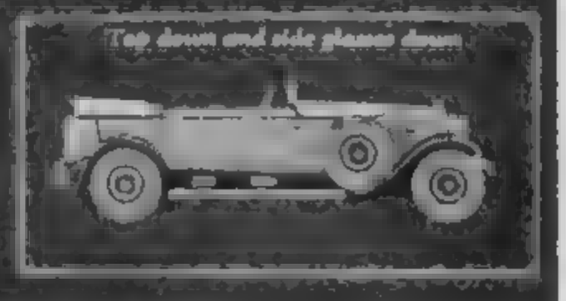

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(Continued from Page 42)

"Butlers don't buy suits," Pop told him. "That's valets you're thinkin' about."

"Not knowin' the difference ain't goin' to bother me for a while yet," Tip assured him. "Hear anythin' around?"

"Just a lot of talk," Pop said. "Nothin' to tell a friend. Any time I got anythin', I'll let you know, Tip."

"I know you will, Pop," Tip said gratefully. "Well, I got to be buzzin' along. Got to get me a winner this afternoon from somewhere. The old B. R. shrunk down to less than half a yard yesterday."

"You'll get a break one of these days," Pop assured him. "You'll see."

Tip went from stable to stable on the back side of the track, talking with jockeys, swipes, foremen, trainers, owners, clockers and other hustlers in search of information. Along toward nine o'clock he visited a stable behind the far turn. At first he found no one. Then he heard voices from the direction of the tack room. As he came nearer he was able to distinguish scraps of the conversation.

There were two voices. One was threatening, the other pleading. As he neared the end of the stable he heard the threatening voice plainly:

"You're never goin' to get out of this room alive, I tell you! I'm goin' to dump this gunful of lead into your belly an' leave you kickin'!"

Tiptoeing noiselessly, Tip went slowly toward the end of the stable.

"No use you tryin' to talk me out of it now," he heard the threatening voice clearly. "I gave you a chance to do the right thing and you dogged it. I'm going to get square if I burn for it."

Tip reached the corner of the stable and peered around. In the doorway of the tack room he saw a slight figure crouching with a gun in his hand. Standing just inside the tack room, hands raised, was a well-dressed, lean-faced, dark-haired man in his early thirties. He was Spats Adler. Adler's eyes were focused on the threatening figure in front of him—a spare, wiry young fellow in boots and riding breeches.

Tip Gilligan took one catlike step toward the man with the gun, whose back was turned to him. Spats Adler saw him and involuntarily shifted his eyes. That was enough to warn the man with the gun. He whirled and faced the newcomer. Tip leaped for him at the same instant.

He grabbed the gun barrel with his left hand and caught the gun-arm wrist with his right. They tripped and rolled to the ground together. The gun went off startlingly twice, both bullets going wild. Tip got his teeth into the thumb of his antagonist's gun hand and bit savagely. The man yelled and relaxed his grip on the weapon. A frantically driven bony knee caught Tip in the pit of the stomach. He grunted and relaxed into momentary oblivion.

When Tip's senses returned, Spats Adler, gun in hand, was kneeling beside him.

"All right?" he asked anxiously.

Tip groaned and sat up. "Just knocked the wind out of me," he mumbled. "Where is he?"

"Got away," Spats said. "I grabbed up the gun and took a shot at him as he went around the end of the barn there, but I missed him. You were stretched on the ground here, out. I didn't know but what he'd got you with one of them two shots he fired."

"I'm all right," Tip said. "He give me the knee. That was all." He looked at Spats curiously. "What was it?" he asked. "Holdup?"

"No less," Spats said savagely. "Lousy little tramp. He was around town here without a dime to his name, and I got Dempsey to give him a job working horses. This morning I come out to the stable to see Dempsey and the little rat tries to put the bee on me for two hundred. When I wouldn't kick through he sprung a rod on me. That's the thanks a guy gets for tryin' to help somebody out. He'd 'a' drilled me sure if you hadn't showed up."

Tip got painfully to his feet and leaned against the stable. "Who is he?" he asked. "I didn't get a real good flash at him."

"A guy by the name of Dink Fleischacker. Used to be a jock."

"Oh, sure!" Tip said. "I know him. Got ruled off a coupla years back up in Pimlico. That the guy?"

"That's him," said Spats. "Once a crook, always a crook. He's been a tramp ever since the stewards put him on the ground. Nobody would have him; not even for an exercise boy. Then I turned sucker, when he meets me on the street and cries all over my necktie, and I get him this chance with Dempsey. This is what I get for it."

"Lucky I happened along," Tip said.

"I'll say!" said Spats fervently. He looked Tip over. "I know you, don't I?" he asked. "Seems to me I've seen you around."

"Sure," said Tip. "I've been around for years. I met you on a party one night up in Baltimore when they were runnin' at Laurel. My name's Tip Gilligan. Remember?"

"Oh, yeh," Spats said vaguely. "Sure. I got you now." Another thoughtful appraisal. "Yeh, I remember you. How're you doin' these days?"

"Gettin' along," Tip said modestly.

"Hustlin'?" Spats asked.

Tip nodded. "Gettin' it where I find it," he said.

"H'm!" said Spats, still studying him with almost insulting frankness of gaze. "You sure gave me a lift-out when I was neck deep in daisy roots. What d'ya say we call it a morning and drive back to the hotel?"

They rolled out onto the road behind the back stretch. Tip saw Pop Driggs and waved to him, grinning meaningly. When they reached the paddock Spats stopped the car, opened the door and called a track detective. He told him briefly of Dink Fleischacker's attempt on his life.

"We'll keep an eye out for him, Mr. Adler," the officer promised.

"I'll call up the city police when I get downtown," Spats said. "Get them lookin' for him. I want to see that little rat do time for this."

Coats off, glasses in hand, they sat in Spats Adler's suite and talked over the morning's adventure.

"I owe you my life, kid," Spats said warmly. "I always pay my debts. Tell me, what are you doin' now?"

"Just hustlin'," Tip said. "Got a few wire clients around the country. They put down a little bet for me when I send 'em somethin'. Nothin' big."

"H'm!" said Spats, eying him thoughtfully.

"You know, kid, I need a good, square-shootin', close-mouthed guy to do this an' that for me once in a while."

"Bettin' commissioner?" Tip asked, brightening.

"Call it that," said Spats. "Good a name as any. I'm in on a lot of things, an' I can't be every place where I need a pair of wise eyes and open ears."

"I can see an' hear," Tip assured him.

"I can pour plenty of gravy for a guy who can do them two things an' keep his mouth shut," Spats said.

"I know you can, Mr. Adler," Tip said humbly. "I could do with some gravy. I never had any."

"No?" said Spats.

"I've never been in with the right people," Tip explained.

Adler nodded. "You've got the sense to know what's wrong anyhow, kid," he said. "That's 90 per cent of any racket—gettin' in with the right people. The other 10 per cent is bein' smart enough to stay in with 'em and get yours while you're there. How about stringin' with me?"

"I'd give my right eye for the chance," Tip declared. "I might even consider throwin in the left if I had to. A guy ought to be able to get along pretty well blind with what you could throw his way."

"That's the talk!" Spats said approvingly. "I ain't gonna be small with you, kid. You just travel up my street, and you'll never regret it. Got any sugar?"

"Car fare," Tip said.

Spats took a roll from his pocket and handed Tip two one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Put one of them C's on Coffee Cake in the second this afternoon," he said. "That's for your own pocket. Mine's already down."

"Coffee Cake!" Tip exclaimed. "Is that sore-legged old mouse ribbed for a win?"

"Don't ask questions," Spats said. "An' don't answer any. You're workin' with me and for me from now on, an' you're never to let anything I put in your ears leak out of your mouth. You understand that?"

"I don't even need to be told," Tip said. "Coffee Cake? Why, that bandaged old kangaroo ought to pay off in box-car numbers if he wins!"

"He'll win and he'll pay," Spats assured him. "Plenty! Mind now. Don't bet any more than one C at the track, and don't even doze from now and the time that pig pops in on top. You might talk in your sleep and get a play on him started."

"Say!" said Tip. "I wouldn't even ask a sucker for the time o' day from now until that race comes in."

"Good," said Spats, rising. "Look me up in the clubhouse after the second race, kid. I may have a little something for you to do for me durin' the afternoon. I want you to meet some of the mob too. Get you acquainted. What are you doing tonight?"

"You're the chief," said Tip.

"May be a party," Spats said. "I think Frisco Louis is gettin' in from the Coast this afternoon, and Senator Jackson's down from Kentucky. Lot of big shots. May want to horn you in on it."

"Say!" said Tip, impressed. "That'll be hard to take!"

Tip met Pop Driggs on the lawn before the judges' stand that afternoon before the first race.

"Flyin' kinda high, ain't you?" the old man asked. "Ridin' around with Spats Adler."

Tip grinned. "Didn't splash any mud on you, did I, Pop?"

"No," said Pop. "That'll probably come later."

"Know anything?" Tip asked out of force of habit.

"Not a thing," Pop said. "Wish I did, Tip. I need to win myself a little bet. Ain't copped a purse since the first week of the meet, and my feed bills are pilin' up. You hear of anything good going?"

"Not a thing, Pop," Tip lied. He flushed and averted his eyes.

"If you run into anything, let me know," Pop said gently.

"Sure thing," said Tip heartily. "I'll do that, Pop." He watched, miserable, as old Pop shuffled away. "Dammit!" he swore to himself under his breath. "I can't tell him about Coffee Cake. I would if I could, but I gave my word on it."

He watched the first race from the lawn, disinterested, and immediately the seller's windows were open for the second, went into the mutuel ring and bought two fifty-dollar tickets on Coffee Cake to win. As he left the window, Beany Williams squirmed through the crowd and caught his arm.

"What's up?" he asked excitedly. "What are you doin' at the fifty-dollar window? What have you got?"

"I'm buyin' these for a friend," Tip said, flustered.

"Who?" Beany pressed. "What's doin'? You know anything?"

"It ain't anything I can give up, Beany," Tip explained. "The guy I bought those tickets for made me promise."

"You're bettin' for Spats Adler!" Beany guessed. "I seen you with him this mornin'. Ain't that it?"

"I can't tell you, Beany," Tip insisted. "Honest I can't."

"Says you!" Beany said bitterly. "All right, Tip. Have it your own way. I didn't think you'd ever grow up to hold out on me. You know I'm short."

"I'd give it to you if I could, Beany," Tip said earnestly. "Don't be sore!"

"Never mind!" Beany said huffily. "I've seen regular guys go high-hat before now." He hurried away.

Tip went up into the grand stand alone, distressed, and calmly watched Coffee Cake break on top and tow-rope his field to win by three lengths. He failed even to let out a yell of exultation when the winner's price went up on the odds board across from the grand stand in the infield. Thirty-six dollars and twenty cents for a two-dollar mutuel ticket!

He walked downstairs to the cashier's window and got his money. Seventeen crisp new one-hundred-dollar bills, two fifties and a ten. The mutuel clerk counted out the money carefully, shoved the pile of bills out to Tip, and smiled pleasantly.

"Caught one that time," he said.

Tip folded the bills, stuck them in his pocket, and walked out to the lawn. He met Pop Driggs near the judges' stand.

"Listen, Pop," he said. "I can loan you a few hundred if you're short."

Driggs looked him over with a cold eye and shook his head. "I'm short," he said. "But I'm not lookin' to borrow money from you or anybody else. I just thought if you knew anything ——"

"I had Coffee Cake in the second, Pop," Tip said. "But I couldn't give it out. Honest I couldn't. I got it on the QT, and the guy that slipped it to me made me promise."

Pop nodded. "I don't need to ask who give it to you," he said coldly. "I could smell Spats Adler in that race from the time them horses got to the post. They've been foolin' with that Coffee Cake all winter, runnin' him cold, then runnin' him back cold again. He's a hop horse, and he went to the post today with enough foo-foo powder in him to stock a drug store! Believe me, if I was sittin' up there in that judges' stand there'd be hell poppin' around this track right now."

"Gee, I don't know anything about it, Pop. I just got the word to play him, that's all I know."

"You'll learn!" Pop said glumly. He walked away muttering.

Tip started toward the clubhouse, feeling guilty. At the end of the grand stand he saw Beany Williams.

"Have it, Beany?" he asked.

"Coffee Cake?" said Beany scornfully. "Why should I have it? How could I tell they was shootin' with that thing today? I went for a double sawbuck on Parade Day, ten straight and show to save. I thought sure the goat would be in the money, but he broke slow and they never even tried with him."

"I had Coffee Cake," Tip confessed. "I couldn't give him to you, Beany. The guy that slipped it to me made me promise. I picked up a little piece of change, though. If you're short I can fix you up."

"Short?" said Beany bitterly. "I'll say I'm short. I got less than a fin left."

Tip took a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to Beany. "Here," he said. "Build that up."

"Oh," said Beany, taking the bill. "Thanks, Tip." He looked at him curiously. "Adler?" he asked, a note of awe in his voice.

"Never mind," Tip said brusquely. "A hundred's a hundred, however it got to be that way."

"Oh, sure!" said Beany. "Much obliged."

Tip went on into the clubhouse. At the bar he found Spats Adler, Frisco Louis, Senator Jackson, and a number of other well-known turf personages. Spats hailed him cordially.

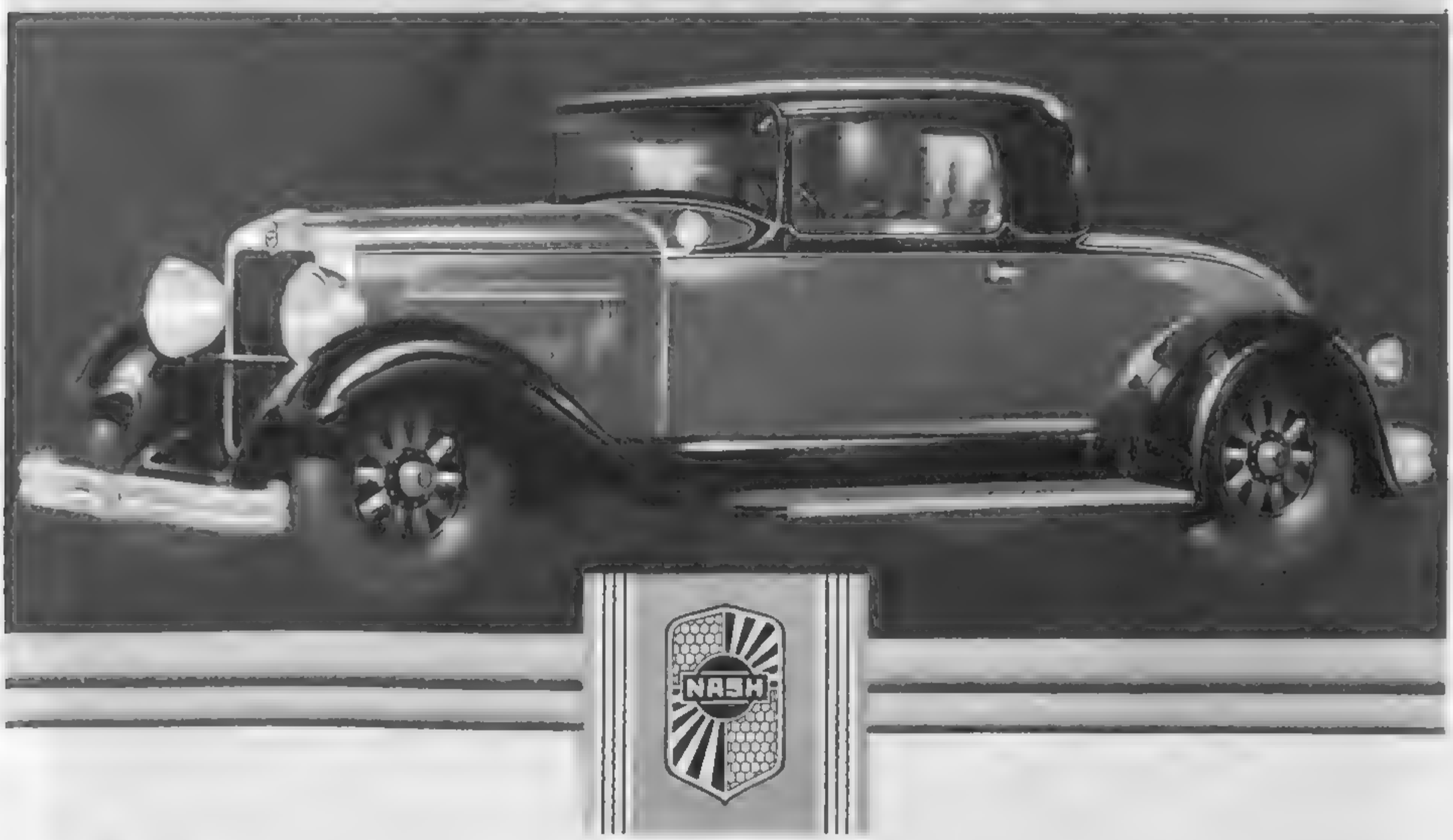
"Have it?" he asked.

Tip nodded.

Spats introduced him. "Mr. Gilligan's doin' some stuff for me," he explained. "Good kid."

For years Tip had watched groups of big shots on the track, and wondered enviously

(Continued on Page 46)



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THERE have been no less than twenty-three attempts to imitate BROADWAY, the celebrated stage play by Philip Dunning and George Abbot and produced by Jed Harris. This play, so beautifully done, was the start of Mr. Harris' fame as a producer and I bought the picture rights from him including the original play dialog. So there is only ONE Broadway and Universal has it. The magnificence of this all-talking, singing, dancing picture is beyond imagination. You must see it.

-C.L.

"The picture that will stand for romance as long as romance endures." That's my opinion of SHOW BOAT. Anybody who read the book will tell you. SHOW BOAT is "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." The picture, as directed by Harry Pollard, catches the spirit of the book to the letter and, with the added flavor of the Ziegfeld music and living, breathing, speaking characters, is the sensation of the show world

Merna Kennedy in "BROADWAY"

I cannot resist telling you that COLLEGE LOVE, the first all talking, singing, dancing college special has just been previewed and pronounced great. It has the complete COLLEGIAN'S cast. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he is going to play it. You'll enjoy it.

You have no doubt seen many of Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s COLLEGIANS, so I'll tell you that the fine quality of these short features is improving all the time, as you will see when the fourth series comes to your town. I know you will get a thrill when you hear these sprightly youngsters talking, singing, laughing, and cutting up generally. Of course there is a silent version of every talking COLLEGIAN.

Evelyn Brent in "BROADWAY"

Other Universal pictures which I strongly recommend are SCANDAL, starring Laura La Plante, the Magnolia of SHOW BOAT, THE SHAKEDOWN and THE CHARLATAN. THE SHAKEDOWN came out of Universal City without any great publicity, yet it is the big surprise talking picture of the year and is astounding audiences wherever it plays. There are silent versions of all these pictures, each one superior entertainment

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of Merna Kennedy and Evelyn Brent, send 10c in stamps for each

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(Continued from Page 44)

what it would be like to mingle with them on terms of equality. Now he was enjoying the experience. Intimate talk of wealthy owners and big players; casual mention of winnings and losses, greater than the total sum of money Tip had handled in his lifetime.

Spats Adler had business with Senator Jackson, and for the purpose of its transaction the two were dining alone. There was to be a party later, however, and Spats took pains to arrange for Tip to be included in it. They were to meet in Adler's suite at ten o'clock.

"See you then, kid," Spats said cordially at parting.

"Anything I can do for you in the meantime, Mr. Adler?" Tip asked.

Spats considered. "Yeh," he said. "Call the police when you get back to town and find out if they picked up Fleischacker."

After dining expensively and well, Tip proceeded to the lobby of the Roosevelt, the evening gathering place of the racing regulars, both big and small.

There Beany Williams met him and drew him aside.

"Could you spare me a pair of C's, Tip?" he asked anxiously.

"Two hundred!" Tip exclaimed. "Did you drop that yard I give you at the track today?"

"Half of it," Beany confessed. "I need two hundred, Tip. Need it bad."

"What for?" Tip asked.

"It's a little matter I wouldn't want to talk to you about," Beany said, embarrassed. "The money ain't for myself, Tip. I can tell you that much."

"Since when have you got stuff on you don't want to talk to me about?" Tip asked.

"Fifty-fifty," Beany said. "You didn't want to talk to me about Coffee Cake this afternoon."

"I couldn't help that, Beany," Tip said.

"No," said Beany. "I can't help this, either."

"Suit yourself," Tip said huffily. "You're the one askin' for the dough."

"I ain't askin' for it for myself," Beany said angrily.

"I heard that," Tip said. "What's the play? Who's it for? Why not tell me? Since when am I a stepchild, to kick in with two yards an' then go stand on a corner?"

"The dough's for a woman," Beany said sullenly.

"Ain't that odd!" said Tip.

"It's a woman with two kids, an' one of 'em's sick," Beany said desperately. "She's in a jam an' we've got to lift her out o' town."

"You've got the door halfway open now. Why not ask me in? What's it all about, Beany? Who is it?"

"Will you promise to keep your trap shut if I tell you?" Beany asked.

"Sure," said Tip. "Why not? Do I broadcast?"

"All right," Beany said reluctantly. "I'll tell you. It's Dink Fleischacker's wife."

"That rat!" Tip said angrily, drawing back. "Say, do you know what he tried to pull off this morning?"

"I know all about it," Beany said.

"I don't know if you do or not. He tried to knock off Spats Adler out at the track."

"An' you stopped him," Beany said. "I tell you I know all about it."

"You've got a nerve to try to get me to kick in for that little crook!" Tip exclaimed

Beany sighed. "All right," he said glumly. "Forget it. Remember, you promised to keep your trap shut."

"I won't squawk," Tip said. "You take my advice, Beany, an' keep clear of that mess. You won't do yourself any good gettin' mixed up with crooks."

Beany laughed without mirth. "'At sounds hot, comin' from you," he said.

"How do you mean that?" Tip said.

"Aw, I'm wise!" Beany said. "You saved Adler's life this mornin' an' now you're in strong with him. All right. I don't blame you. He's head conductor on the gravy train, an' if you got a chance to get aboard, why not? That don't give you any call, though, to get nasty about the poor guys that got left afoot along the roadbed."

"Poor guys!" Tip sneered. "You'd 'a' thought this Fleischacker was a poor guy if you'd seen him this mornin' with a rod in his mitt, all set to blow Adler full of holes."

"Why shouldn't he?" Beany asked. "I'd 'a' done it sooner if it'd been me."

"Why, Adler got him a job down here workin' horses for Dempsey," Tip said. "Went good for him an' give him a chance when nobody else in the racket would even speak to the little strong-arm."

"Are you kiddin' me?" Beany asked suspiciously. "You can't possibly be as dumb as you sound."

"I ain't kiddin' anybody," Tip said. "I'm tellin' you."

Beany smoked thoughtfully for a little. "Will you take a walk?" he asked. "An' keep your mouth shut about what you see?"

"If I see Dink Fleischacker I'll grab him," Tip declared.

Beany shook his head. "You ain't gonna see Dink," he assured him. "Nobody in this town's gonna see him. He's away clean. I'll show you what he left behind, though. Come on."

They walked across Canal Street and on to a dark section of the old French quarter. Through a dark alley into a smelly patio. Two flights up a narrow, circular stairway. A bare, high-ceilinged hall. Beany knocked on a door.

A woman opened it. She was a girl in her late twenties, garbed in a worn house dress. Her face was drawn, her hair untidy, her eyes swollen from weeping.

Beany and Tip stepped into the big, scantily furnished room. One child, a boy of five, was tucked in bed. His face was flushed. He was whimpering softly. The second, a girl of three, was asleep on the couch

"This is Mrs. Fleischacker, Tip," Beany said. "This is Mr. Gilligan, Mrs. Fleischacker"

She shrank away from him. "You—you're the fellow my husband was tellin' me about."

"He's the guy took the gun away from him," Beany said. "It's all right, Mrs. Fleischacker. He's a friend of mine. I just want him to get the straight of this thing from you. Tell him about it, will you? Go on back to where Dink first met Spats Adler, an' tell him the whole thing."

She nodded and began in a weary monotone. It was a common enough story to ears familiar with turf scandals. A young jockey, befriended and dazzled by a big shot. One queer ride on an odds-on favorite. The owner of the horse was in on it. Spats Adler, big shot, friend and booster, was the chief beneficiary of the animal's poor race.

"The stewards promised to go easy with Dink if he told the truth," Mrs. Fleischacker explained in conclusion. "He wouldn't own up to anything on account of Mr. Adler. He really liked him then, and didn't want to get him into trouble.

"Mr. Adler and the fellow Dink was riding for, both told him they'd take care of him no matter what happened, if he'd just keep quiet. He did keep quiet and the stewards ruled him off. He couldn't get anything to do then for a while. Nobody'd give him a job even workin' horses, and horses was all that he knew.

"Finally, this last fall, Dink was just desperate. Mr. Adler kept puttin' him off and puttin' him off until finally Dink threatened to tell the truth about it. And then Mr. Adler got him a job down here workin' horses for Dempsey. Thirty dollars a week. That's all they paid him.

"We come down here and got this room, and then my little boy got sick. The doctor says this wet climate here ain't good for him. He's been sick now for pretty near a month, and the doctor says we got to get him out or he don't know what'll happen.

"So Dink went to Mr. Adler and tried to borrow enough money for us to get over to Havana, where the climate's better. They're runnin' over there, and Dink knows a fellow who'll put him on workin' horses, if he can get there. Mr. Adler wouldn't help him or anything, and Dink got mad and —— I know he shouldn't have done it, Mr. Gilligan, but he was worried about the boy and all. He didn't have any money and ——"

The tale ended in a spasm of weeping.

"Where's Dink?" Tip asked.

"He got away to Havana on a freighter this afternoon," Beany said. "What I'm tryin' to do is get enough to ship his old lady and the kids along on a passenger steamer."

"When's the next boat?" Tip asked.

"There's one sailin' at midnight," Beany said, brightening.

"Can you get packed in time to make that?" Tip asked Mrs. Fleischacker.

"I haven't got enough money," she said. "Dink didn't have any and I——"

Tip shrugged. "Don't worry about that," he said shortly. "Mr. Adler's going to take care of you. You get your things together and get that boat."

"Adler!" the woman exclaimed incredulously.

"Adler!" Beany echoed.

Tip laughed and drew a roll of bills from his pocket. "You people don't savvy the way a big shot like Spats Adler does his stuff," Tip said. "Here." He counted off eighteen hundred dollars and handed the amount to Mrs. Fleischacker.

"Take that and beat it for Havana," he said. "That's a present from Adler."

He turned to the door, brushing aside the woman's expressions of gratitude and Beany's bewildered questions.

"See to gettin' her away, Beany," he said brusquely. "I'll see you tomorrow sometime. I gotta date. Date with Mr. Adler. I got to run along."

The next morning Pop Driggs sat on an upended water bucket under the stable shed, thoughtfully smoking. He heard a step and looked up to see Tip Gilligan approaching.

"Hello, Pop," Tip said brightly. "What d'ya know?"

"Not a thing," said Pop, studying him closely. "Ed Semple was around this mornin', tellin' me you and Spats Adler had a run-in last night."

Tip laughed. "I knocked him for a loop," he said gleefully, fingering the knuckles of his right hand

"So Semple told me," Pop Driggs said. "What was the row about?"

"I don't like the way he combs his hair," Tip explained. "Gets on my nerves."

"Time somebody socked him!" Pop said viciously.

"I figured that," Tip said. He sighed and lit a cigarette. "I don't fit in fast company, Pop," he said. "It used to worry me, but not any more. I ran one heat with the big shots, and now I'm back with the platers where I belong."

"Glad you busted with Adler," Pop said. "You ain't a bad kid, Tip, and I hated to see you get mixed up with him. 'Course he could throw a piece of money your way now and then if he'd a mind to, but ——"

"But!" Tip echoed emphatically, flipping his cigarette away. "With a big B! I know."

He straightened his shoulders and started away.

"If you hear anything let me know, Pop," he called back over his shoulder. "I need to win myself a little bet this afternoon."

"Sure thing, Tip," Pop called cordially. "If I hear anything I'll look you up."

Gilligan passed out of sight around the corner of the stable, whistling.

Pop Driggs took his pipe from his mouth, blew a thin stream of smoke and nodded his head. "Not a bad little hustler," he said gently to the filly in the stall at his left. "Not half bad. I kind o' like that kid!"

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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH
Rocky Ford 5¢
IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."
If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.
TO DEALERS. If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.
P. LORILLARD CO. EST 1760

LEND US YOUR EARS

(Continued from Page 11)

This, played throughout by the orchestra, was made a motif for the scene. At the proper point the crowd extras broke in with muffled speech punctuated occasionally with intelligible sentences such as an exclamation, "What pretty flowers! How much are they, please?" As the camera passed a pet shop in the market, the bird-pipe men burst into twitterings. This was rehearsed repeatedly with the picture, then recorded on several play-backs before it was done to the satisfaction of the conductor director. The original silent footage had little more animation than a souvenir post card. When the operation was finished it danced and sang.

The mechanism of talking pictures is wonderful and complex, yet it need frighten off no layman. How a photo-electric cell, for example, does what it does, is inexplicable to you and me, but what it does is understandable.

"I can grasp the sound-on-disk method," the picture goer says. "I know what a movie camera is and what a phonograph is, and can imagine their synchronization, but how sound can be photographed on film alongside the picture is an utter mystery to me; let alone how it can be reproduced faithfully again in the theater."

Any telephone user understands that sound, like light, is a wave, and that his voice vibrates the diaphragm of the telephone transmitter, but few understand that it is not their voice that is carried over the wire, one mile or five thousand miles. The voice stops within its range, but acting on the diaphragm, it sets up corresponding electrical impulses in the telephone wire. These electrical waves, reaching the receiver at the other end of the wire, are translated back into sound when they bombard another diaphragm. That sound is an approximation of the voice that set them in motion.

Making Leatherstocking a Piker

In the sound-on-film method, the voice is translated into light waves instead of electrical waves. The voice and all other desired sounds are picked up by microphones, carried through a monitor, or mixer, room, where they are modulated and blended, thence to the camera. The camera carries an attachment containing a light valve—a thin ribbon of sensitive metal over a tiny slit. The sound, reaching this ribbon, vibrates it as it does a telephone diaphragm, and as the ribbon shivers, it lets light through the slit onto the side of the film. The width or the density of each wave of light admitted is an exact record of a sound coming from the microphone, a record photographed on sensitive film. This sound track is one-tenth of an inch wide on a film 1.38 inches wide.

The photo-electric cell is the magician of the reverse process. When the film is run in a theater, the wavy lines on the side of the film excite a photo-electric cell in an attachment to the projection machine. The cell has the property of translating this sound track back into sound, faintly, yet accurately. Vacuum tubes pick up the faint sound and amplify it and loud-speakers throw it into every corner of the theater. The sound and photograph having been recorded simultaneously on the same strip of film, they are seen and heard simultaneously—subject to this qualification: Light travels 186,300 miles a second, sound only 1087 feet a second, and that variance is noticeable even within the compass of a theater. The sound track, therefore, is recorded and reproduced nineteen frames or exposures ahead of the picture, in order that it may reach you lapped with the photograph.

There are cameramen in Hollywood who can run a spool of exposed sound film through their fingers and read the sound track much as a broker does ticker tape. A faulted word or phrase is detected on the screen in the studio projection room, and a note made of it. The projection over, the cameraman runs the celluloid ribbon through his fingers, stalking the sound edge as Leatherstocking did the trail.

"Here it is," he exclaims.

"How do you know that is it?"

"That combination of vowels and consonants makes this."

Considerably less is visible to your eye than the significant bent twig that informed Leatherstocking that three Mohawk braves, one cross-eyed, had passed that way on Mother's Day at moon-up, but you take his word for it.

The talking picture is older than the silent, believe it or not. The fiftieth anniversary of Professor Muybridge's experiments in photographing a horse in motion at Senator Stanford's Palo Alto stock farm, out of which the movies grew, was observed in May.

Learning to Talk

A year before Muybridge set up his twenty-four cameras in line at Palo Alto the human voice had been photographed. In 1878 Francis Blake, inventor of the Blake transmitter, a vital improvement on Bell's telephone, succeeded, at Brown University, in photographing the vibrations of the microphone diaphragm by means of a small mirror mounted thereon, which reflected a beam of light onto a photographic plate, this plate being kept in movement by a clockwork mechanism. A few years later Professor Hermann, at Liège, used a telephone microphone in conjunction with a phonograph, the sound being recorded photographically on sensitized paper. Helmer W. Bergman, chief recording engineer of the Metropolitan studios, is the authority for this information, which is new to print, as far as I can learn.

Edison presented a combination of his phonograph and his kinetoscope as early as 1894, but as the pictures were only approximately synchronized with the phonograph, and the latter, for lack of an amplifier, could be heard only through ear tubes, the thing was no more than a penny novelty.

In 1908, however, Edison actually showed talking pictures to passing commercial success. His Cameraphone coupled a phonograph on stage by a wire belt with the picture projector in the booth, and was the predecessor of the Vitaphone process. John Arnold, now chief cameraman on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound stages at Culver City, and the man who photographed Broadway Melody, was the cameraman of these early talkies.

"We made them," he recalls, "by selecting a good phonograph record, rehearsing the artist—Harry Lauder was one—in unison with the record until his synchronization was passable, then photographing him. Aspiring to greater things, we made The Mikado in two reels. In this case we first recorded the sound on records in the old mechanical way, then photographed the cast on a set as a moving picture, they singing and playing their rôles in time to the phonograph offstage.

"The synchronization was poor, naturally, but as Griffith had not invented the close-up, the players were so far from the camera that the difference in timing between their lips and voices was not noticeable so long as the projector and the phonograph kept in step.

"Cameraphone theaters sprang up in many cities and operated profitably for several months before the public curiosity was satisfied; then vanished. In 1912, Mr. Edison introduced a better version of the same thing—a device by which the records were made with the same motor that turned the camera. As long as the electric current was constant, the synchronization was good. In the theaters a wire was run from the projection booth to the phonograph backstage, and a governor kept the two in time."

Your old friend, Mike Donlin, then of the Giants' outfield, is probably the Nestor of the talkies. Donlin was playing a condemned convict in George Bancroft's all-talker, Thunderbolt, on the Paramount lot in April. Twenty-one years earlier he and his wife, the late Mabel Hite, reproduced their vaudeville act of song, dialogue and tap dancing, for the Cameraphone Company, John Arnold working the camera. Robert Elliott, another member of the Thunderbolt cast, remembers seeing this prewar talkie at Brocker's Bijou Dream on Twenty-third Street, New York.

Without the vacuum tube, the dynamic speaker, electrical recording in phonography, and the light valve, the marriage of sound and vision still was unharmonious, and Edison's improvement had less commercial success than the Cameraphone.

Nothing was done toward sound on film from the time of Blake's and Hermann's experiments until 1906, when Eugene Augustine Lauste, an electrical engineer who had worked for the old Biograph and Edison, filed a patent calling for "a device to record simultaneously the movement of persons and objects and the sounds relating to them optically upon the same photographic records running side by side with and at the same rate as the images received." He called it the seven-syllabled word, Photocinematophone. Most of his patents have expired and he never got out of the laboratory with his invention, but it was the basic idea of Movietone and Photophone.

The next steps came out of the laboratory of the Western Electric Company, inspired by efforts of the telephone company to open practicable long-distance service between New York and San Francisco in time for the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. The vacuum-tube amplifier was evolved here for the purpose of stepping up the voice, or its electrical impulse, at regular intervals along the 3000 miles of wire. The same laboratory devised the loud-speaker, originally in behalf of its public-address system of throwing the telephoned voice hundreds of feet from the transmitter. When the electrical recording of phonograph records was made practicable soon after, all the essentials of all present forms of talking pictures were on hand.

Bigger and Better Sound

It was Dr. Lee DeForest who joined them together. In his Phonofilm, announced in 1923, he pioneered the commercial talking picture. His method paralleled that of Lauste in that he used a selenium cell, and sound variations were recorded on the film coincident with the action. He added, for the first time, audio amplifiers for the recording of sounds, and similar audio amplifiers and loud-speakers for their projection.

In 1925, Warner Brothers provided the studio facilities, while the Western Electric and the Bell Telephone laboratories supplied the technical staff and apparatus for a series of experiments out of which was evolved the now famous sound-on-disk method, called by Warner Brothers, Vitaphone. Theodore W. Case, an inventor who had been associated with DeForest in Phonofilm, joined the Fox Company in experiments that produced the sound-on-film method, Movietone.

About four years ago Dr. C. A. Hoxie, of the General Electric Company, perfected an oscillating-mirror device called the Pallophotophone, a sound-on-film method now known as the R. C. A. Photophone. His method of recording is identical with that of Lauste and differs from Movietone only in that his sound track is recorded on the film by light waves of variable width rather than of variable density, a distinction of no interest to the layman.

The two most widely used methods, Vitaphone and Movietone, both are the property of the Western Electric Company, in

(Continued on Page 50)

a LONG ball . . a *True* ball

and GUARANTEED *for* LIFE

The "U. S." Royal is more than a golf ball. It is an ambassador of good will. When you play it, and like it, every item in the United States Rubber Company line benefits by your good opinion. For this reason, if for no other, the "U. S." Royal *has* to be a superlatively fine golf ball—remarkable in durability, in distance off the tee, in accuracy in flight and on the greens.

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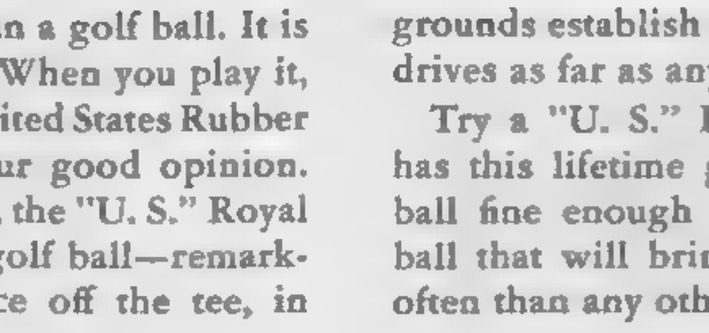
The perfect balance which the special "U. S." Royal method of construction assures is proved by the indisputable X-Ray test. The center of gravity is in the exact center of the ball. Inside trueness is important in driving as well as in putting. Accuracy of flight and accuracy on the greens are impossible with a ball that has an egg-shaped or lop-sided center.

Compare the two X-Ray photographs.



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In mesh or recess marking—75c from your professional, or authorized dealer

(Continued from Page 48)

turn controlled by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Though Warner Brothers copyrighted the name, Vitaphone, and have exclusive rights to the name, the method, like the sound-on-film Movietone, is open to all buyers. Neither process is adhered to rigidly. Movietone licensees employ wax recording when it serves an end, while Warner Brothers use sound-on-film when they prefer. Both methods being owned by Western Electric, they are not rivals and they tend to merge.

Every studio uses disk recording for its play-backs, because sound on wax can be replayed the moment it is recorded, while film must be developed. The play-back is the dress rehearsal of the talkies. When a scene has been rehearsed to the satisfaction of director, cameramen and sound engineers, a test is made. "Silence, please!" calls the director. "Interlock," reports a voice—meaning that camera and sound recorder gears are enmeshed. When a working speed is reached a drop of the hand signals for dialogue and action. The former is recorded on a master phonograph record in an adjoining room. The scene finished, the record is played back through loud-speakers for all to hear and criticize. If the results are satisfactory, the scene is made permanently; if not, it is rehearsed again. Not only has the talkie taken the director's megaphone away from him and estopped him from commenting while the camera is turning, but it has made him less visible. When a scene is being taken the direction often is left to an assistant. If you seek the director, you will find him high above the stage in a curious padded and glassed-in monitor cage that suggests the control cab of a Zeppelin, listening, not looking.

Giving the Movies Another Eye

The next step ahead is the stereoscopic or third-dimension picture. The Radio Corporation, Fox and Tiffany-Stahl are producing stereoscopic talking pictures experimentally; the latter company with color as well. The reason our vision is stereoscopic is simply that we have two eyes; the image on the retina of the one-eyed is as flat as a photograph. The old parlor stereoscope of the 80's got its effect with double images. The stereoscopic camera, therefore, must use two lenses in combination.

The patents under which Tiffany-Stahl are working were bought from the Burchardt brothers, Jacques and Emil, Swiss inventors. The Radio Corporation has been making a stereoscopic talkie of Lady Fingers, a current musical comedy, using the original cast. One of the three producers will have its product on the market within a year. The microphone is merely a sound camera, and having only one ear, it suffers from a like disability. We locate sounds by automatically weighing the impression on one ear drum against the impression on the other ear drum. The mike has no such ability. After the third dimension has been mastered commercially, nothing remains to be done but to deliver talking pictures into the home by television over the telephone wire or by radio. This can be done today theoretically and engineers assure that it can be done commercially in the near future.

The story of how Warner Brothers grasped at talking pictures as at a straw has been told here and elsewhere, but certain aspects of that accident need to be emphasized. Warner Brothers had made talking pictures for some time—all short subjects—without arousing the envy or even the interest of their rivals. All had been offered the rights to the process and all had rejected it, excepting Fox, which foresaw possibilities in talking news reels only—possibilities later richly realized. Talkies were an old story, they were a novelty like technicolor, as the industry saw it, of no sustained box-office value. Looking back at the thirty years of abortive efforts to commercialize sound, the skepticism of the industry in 1927 at its latest rebirth is understandable. Talking pictures had cried wolf, wolf so often, and there had been no wolf on the screen.

Warner Brothers had bought the picture rights to The Jazz Singer, but could come to no agreement with George Jessel, who had originated the part on the stage. Holding their breath, they approached the high-priced Eddie Cantor, but Cantor and Jessel were close friends. Cantor knew the situation and, out of loyalty to Jessel, refused to listen. The Jazz Singer was a play with music, the songs were essential to the story, and the Warners needed a singing star. The only other possibility was Al Jolson, but Jolson had the name of being the most demanding man in show business and the growing deficit of Warner Brothers did not encourage a Jolson salary. Nevertheless, in their necessity, they approached him.

Cantor, learning of this, went to Jolson, explained the circumstances, and asked him to withdraw.

On the Fence

"Why should I?" Jolson asked. "This is my story, not Jessel's. He played it, but the story is the story of my life. Samson Raphaelson got most of his material from me, calling at my dressing room night after night."

As the story goes, Mr. Jolson, in his sentimental interest in the tale, even made unprecedented concessions in his price. So Warner Brothers began their first full-length talkie. But it was to talk only to the extent of reproducing Jolson's voice in several songs. There was no thought of anything more. In the story, Jolson is the son of an orthodox Jewish cantor who disowns him when he runs away and joins the stage. The boy returns home to play and sing for his mother, who never has hidden her love. He sings for and to her, and as he finished a song he looked up at her standing beside the piano and spoke to her. It was unpremeditated, a spontaneous touch generated in the heat of making the picture. It capped an emotional scene in startling fashion. Amazing reports began to pour back by wire to Hollywood from New York, where the picture first was shown.

Warners leaped into an all-talking picture of full length, Lights of New York—the first ever made—to be followed by The Singing Fool, in which the combination of Jolson and a remarkable child, Davy Lee, produced a movie milestone as significant as The Birth of a Nation. As further precincts were heard from, panic overtook the industry.

The temptation to laugh at Hollywood in a panic is irresistible, but any other industry, confronted by such a desperate dilemma, would have been no cooler. Was this a flash in the pan? The answer is easy by hindsight, but the shrewdest man in the business were paralyzed then, wavering "yes" today, quavering "no" tomorrow, and hoping for a sign from heaven. Much was at stake. Talking pictures were revolutionary: to make them demanded an investment of millions by any major producer, the learning of a new and only emerging technic, a complete reshuffling of the deck. It was a step in the dark. What, then, if the public should tire of its new toy in six months or a year, as it had wearied of it before? The greatest of them all might be ruined.

Eventually this much was plain. The public might or might not toss the talkie aside after a while, but meanwhile it was interested in nothing else, and the company that folded its arms and waited for John and Mary to recover from their madness would lose its exhibitors and its theaters in the interval. This being a more immediate and certain peril, the decision was made. All the major producers went talkie, consoling themselves with the assurance of one die, all die.

While the others had hesitated, Warner Brothers and Fox, from places toward the rear rank of the majors, catapulted to the forefront. Their initial advantage was enormous, for the electric companies now were swamped with orders for recording and projection equipment, with deliveries indefinitely delayed. Paramount built a costly sound stage and it burned the next day. Warner Brothers opened a new theater on Hollywood Boulevard, showing their own talking films, of course. Lines formed at the box office at eight o'clock in the morning and blocked traffic later in the day, while Hollywood's most famous cinema cathedrals were half populated.

One dilatory company called up Fox and asked, as a neighborly favor, for the loan of a sound truck by which they might test the voices of their contract actors. The script of a talkie, the cast and staff were waiting when the sound truck arrived, and shooting began at once. A rumor drifted back to the Fox lot several days later and peremptory demand was made for the immediate return of the truck.

"Certainly," agreed the borrower, who had at that moment shot the final scene of his first talkie. "We will return it the first thing in the morning." Whereupon his staff worked all night synchronizing a musical background into the production. The truck was returned promptly as promised and the film was on the way to market.

The investment in production structure of picture business at the end of 1927 was put at $65,000,000. In the past ten months $24,000,000 has been spent on sound equipment, new buildings and experimentation, by the estimate of Variety's correspondent, William R. Swigart, or an expense in less than a year of more than a third the accumulated investment of fifteen years. As much more again probably must be spent in the next eighteen months.

This has been a strain on the treasuries of the strongest producers, and in the resultant borrowings, refinancings and mergers there are indications that control of pictures is passing, if it has not already passed, to the two great electrical companies, through their subsidiaries and banking connections. Having wealth, confidence in their product and a direct financial interest, they stepped in, and there is no reason why they ever should step out.

Embracing the talkie, then, against their will, the producers took a more momentous step even than they suspected. Picture business had not been so forte since 1925. Up to that year it had marched onward, ever onward, spending more money yearly and making more, until 25,000,000 Americans were counted picture addicts. That was only one in five, and Hollywood saw no reason why it should not be one in two, at the least. Instead, progression stopped, even fell away.

Troublesome Foreign Trade

The larger theaters added stage shows so elaborate that the feature picture became an incidental of the program; an operator is said to have forgotten to run the feature once, and no one missed it. After a while the public began to yawn even at the masters of ceremonies and the gaudy trimmings. The producers put the blame on the radio; the American family now could get its entertainment at home. Admitting this, there was more. Pictures were becalmed. Never overoriginal, and constantly in dread of the limitations, assumed or real, of their public, they had exhausted a small stock of ideas and were repeating themselves over and over. Old patrons grew languid and the new drafts from the recruiting depots were slender. Already it is proved that the unwelcome child left on their doorstep at this juncture was a good fairy. With the aid of her magic wand, the industry talks of capturing all the 125,000,000 above the age of six, not excepting the haughty minority which has so persistently high-hatted them.

What about foreign business? The film had become a major American export. No audience in Prague can be expected to listen to a talkie in English, while Hollywood can scarcely wrap its product in directions in half a dozen languages, like patent-medicine circulars.

The sales offices were distraught, but they have come to a happier view of it. "Don't quote me," a general sales manager told me, "but France, Germany and some others had become such nuisances with their film-quota extortions that we are better off without their business. The Spanish-speaking countries are our only valuable foreign-language customers, and we shall hold their business for the time being with silent versions made coincidently with the talking. Eventually we may have to make Spanish talkies, but that lies in the future. Probably we can sell European producers the right to remake our product in German and French versions; sell for a flat sum and forget them. Meanwhile the talkie can flourish on the business at hand in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Australia and the rest of the English-speaking world."

Loud Cheers and Groans

The talkie can do even more than that, it seems. The cities alone provide sufficient business. There are some 16,000 picture theaters in the United States, and not more than 5000 of them will be wired by March 1, 1930, but these 5000 comprise 85 per cent of the seats; the remainder are very small potatoes. The principal revenue of most pictures is derived from the larger houses in the key cities. A film costing $250,000 to make, must net $500,000 to show a profit. Of that $500,000, 60 per cent—these figures are for one major producer—will come from 300 theaters in 280 key cities, the remaining 8700 houses in which this product has been shown making up the other 40 per cent.

The average cost of the proper projection equipment is $12,500. The cheapest made by Western Electric sells for $5500. The installation in a 700-seat house, already wired, in a town of 5000, the owner told me, cost him $8500, plus a service charge of $160 a month. In a large metropolitan first-run theater the cost would be more nearly $40,000. Any of these figures is prohibitive to the small house playing one, two or three nights a week, but that cost will fall sharply. One executive told me that he had seen a device which may be attached to any existing projection machine that will recreate the sound track satisfactorily. It will sell for $600 and on time payments, within the reach of the smallest "store show."

When Hollywood went talkie, loud cheers arose in England. We had thrown away our cinema birthright, the British gloated, and this was Britain's opportunity to leap in and capture the forfeited world business. But as this is written, eight American talkies, Show Boat, Coquette, In Old Arizona, The Letter, Sonny Boy, Noah's Ark, The Singing Fool and My Man are being shown simultaneously in London to heavy business and the virtual exclusion of the silent product. So far only twenty-five English houses have been wired, but the Western Electric alone has 200 unfilled orders in the British Isles, and there will be 3000 theaters available there for the talkies within a year, it is said. The business in sight is of such a magnitude that the British Photophone Ltd., Siemens, A. E. G., and the International Tobis Co., who operate under German patents, have gone to law with the Western Electric in an infringement suit. The latest reports of the Department of Commerce show thirty-five installations in Canada with 152 orders unfilled. Australia is credited with seven installations and sixty-two on order.

Germany, too, pronounced the talkie a lot of nonsense only a few months ago. Now it is claiming to have invented it, charging that the fundamental patents were bought by Western Electric from the German inventors in 1914, just before the outbreak of war. It is the German contention that only the American rights were sold to Western Electric. While this is being argued, the German owners of Klangfilm, Tobis, the Stille-Blattner steel ribbon method, and Terrafilm are making and installing producing and reproducing sets as rapidly as they can turn them out.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Stout.

The story of a coffee expert's triumph and how America welcomed his blend as its ideal

IN the tropics of both hemispheres hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee beans are grown—as different from one another as are the people who inhabit different lands and climes.

Large smooth beans, mild in flavor—scrubby little beans, sharp with acid—medium-sized beans, rich and pungent—each has its special excellence, yet no one of these, alone, is entirely satisfying to the cultivated palate.

At least so thought a coffee expert down in Dixie years ago. Bred in the South's tradition of good living, he had a talent for flavor. He knew all the choicest kinds of coffee and they all seemed to him tantalizingly just not quite perfect.

So he had the happy inspiration to create a new coffee flavor. For years he worked, patiently selecting, rejecting, combining, and re-combining the finest types of coffees grown in many different lands, until at last he achieved a blend of such rich and subtle harmony that it delighted even his critical taste.

Distinguished guests at the celebrated old Maxwell House in Nashville, where this coffee was first introduced, pronounced it the finest they had ever tasted. "Good to the last drop," they called it, draining their cups with keen relish. They wanted it to serve in their own homes; they spread its fame abroad, until, within the lifetime of the man who so happily created it, Maxwell House Coffee has become the best known and the most popular coffee in the whole United States.

•

Today, from coast to coast, Maxwell House is the fine coffee preferred by America's leading hostesses, served daily in millions of America's foremost homes. It is pleasing more critical coffee drinkers than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

You will want your own family to enjoy this particularly rich and mellow coffee. Your grocer has it in the familiar blue tin which is sealed to preserve all its fine, mellow fragrance and flavor.

The "winy," the mild, the syrupy, the pungent—he combined in the superlatively rich, mellow blend which has won America.

•

HAVE COFFEE ALWAYS FRESHLY MADE Allow a heaping tablespoon medium ground (steel cut) Maxwell House Coffee to each cup water. The flavor of coffee deteriorates if you allow it to percolate too long. Let it percolate only long enough to give the desired strength—eight to ten minutes is usually enough. Serve at once.

•

ENJOY OUR RADIO PROGRAM EVERY THURSDAY. Famous weekly radio programs are broadcast each Thursday evening by the Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WIR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee program of good music.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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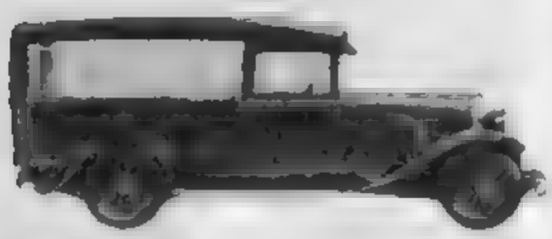
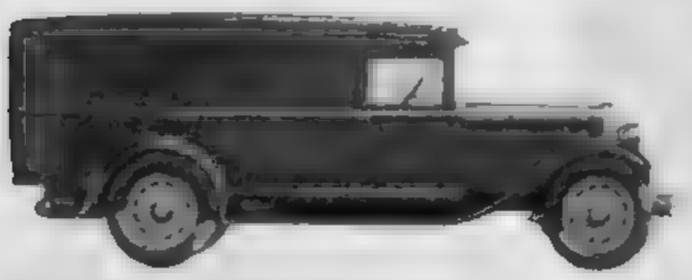
Not just another 1-TON TRUCK— a FARGO



The Fargo 1/2-Ton Packet has the beauty and distinctive line you would expect only in a custom built job. Prices, f. o. b. factory—Chassis $595; Panel $845; Screen $845; Canopy $835; Sedan $945.

The Fargo 3/4-Ton Clipper will carry your name proudly—your merchandise swiftly, safely and dependably at low cost. Prices, f. o. b. factory—Chassis $726; Panel $975; Screen $975; Canopy $965; Sedan $1075.



The Fargo 1-Ton Freighter sets a new value standard for 1-Ton trucks. The chassis price, f. o. b. factory, is $795. The complete line of bodies, of outstanding appearance and construction, include panel, stake, canopy, express and platform.

Fargo dealers extend the convenience of time payments

CHRYSLER announces a new 1-Ton Truck—the Fargo Freighter. Not just another 1-Ton—this truck is Chrysler-built, Chrysler-styled, new in the basic sense of the word—ALL truck from front spring shackle to tailgate. The chassis price—$795.

Power, speed, pick-up—it has these qualities, of course, in generous Chrysler measure. Economy, ruggedness, long life—it has these qualities, too—and comfort and ease of handling.

But it is the style, the lines, the finish, that will make you want your name on the side of it—and make your customers proud to have it pull up to their doors.

Chrysler put style consciousness into personal transportation. Now Chrysler is putting it into commercial transportation with Fargo—a truck that will work like a pacemaker and look well doing it. Fargo 1/2-Ton Packet and 3/4-Ton Clipper met instant popular acclaim. Now the 1-Ton Freighter.

See one and learn how smart-looking a truck can be built—panel, canopy, stake or screen side. Purchase one and acquire the definite asset of fine appearance.

Tear this Fargo down. Take it apart, piece by piece, with the same painstaking care and thought with which the engineers put it together. You may do this literally—or by going over the specifications. If you know trucks, we'll rest our mechanical case on your own inspection.

See this new Fargo. Drive it. Then let the salesman reassure you that the chassis price is actually only $795.

FARGO MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

(Division of Chrysler Corporation)

1-TON

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

The Freighter

Chrysler Built-Chrysler Styled

Note *these* Features

Sturdy 55-horsepower six-cylinder engine with counter-weighted crankshaft. 133-inch wheelbase. Transmission with four forward speeds. Chrysler hydraulic, internal-expanding brakes on four wheels—waterproof, dirtproof. Heavy, rigid pressed steel frame. Two-piece propeller shaft with self-aligning bearing support to absorb road shocks. Ball metal universal joints—sturdy and leakproof. Cast steel rear axle housing. Kicked up frame with exceptional leeway for flexible spring action. Long springs—51 inches. Big truck tires all fit the same size rims—6.00 x 20 (32 x 6) eight-ply on rear and 5.50 x 20 (31 x 5 1/2) six-ply on front.

at

$795

CHASSIS F.O.B. DETROIT

FARGO

MEN WHO COMMAND

ATTENTION

Success is written all over some men—in their poise, in their clothes, in their fresh-shaven faces. They know how important the little points like shaving are. Invariably, they choose Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Try Squibb's yourself. Notice how it makes the razor swing easily along. How smoothly the blade slides into out-of-the-way nooks, zipping every hair with clean-cutting precision! The last stroke leaves you with a smooth, braced-up face that keeps trim and fit all day long.

Stop in any drug store and buy Squibb's Shaving Cream. The price is very reasonable, 40c for a large-size tube.

A SHAVING CREAM

By SQUIBB

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

EXTRA! EXTRA!

(Continued from Page 17)

said she had an ancient broadside that had been in her family ever since it was issued. When I asked her its contents and the date, she replied it was a broadside of the Declaration of Independence, issued in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

As there are but three or four copies known to exist of the Philadelphia issue, I was naturally skeptical. But she stuck to her story and said she was a direct descendant of one of the Signers. I had heard such stories before.

I told her to bring me the broadside the following day. I had forgotten until the next morning that it was a national holiday, July Fourth. Nevertheless, I kept the appointment and was really well repaid, because the broadside proved to be the genuine article. To me it was a particularly fitting celebration to become its owner exactly one hundred and fifty years to the day, after its issue.

To my mind, the Declaration broadside is one of the most interesting and valuable in the whole range of Americana. It certainly makes the pulse beat quicker when we read, "When in the Course of human events ——"

To read it from a school-book or in a dry-as-dust historical primer is one thing; to read it in its original form as printed by William Dunlap in Philadelphia is quite another.

It brings back, as one glances at the time-stained paper, the very sheet that gave the inhabitants the first news of its adoption, a vision of those times unequaled in any history.

This broadside was issued not only in the city of the signing but in New York, Baltimore, Salem, Massachusetts, and in other towns. They are all valuable. The one I have, printed in Salem, is particularly interesting. On the back is written:

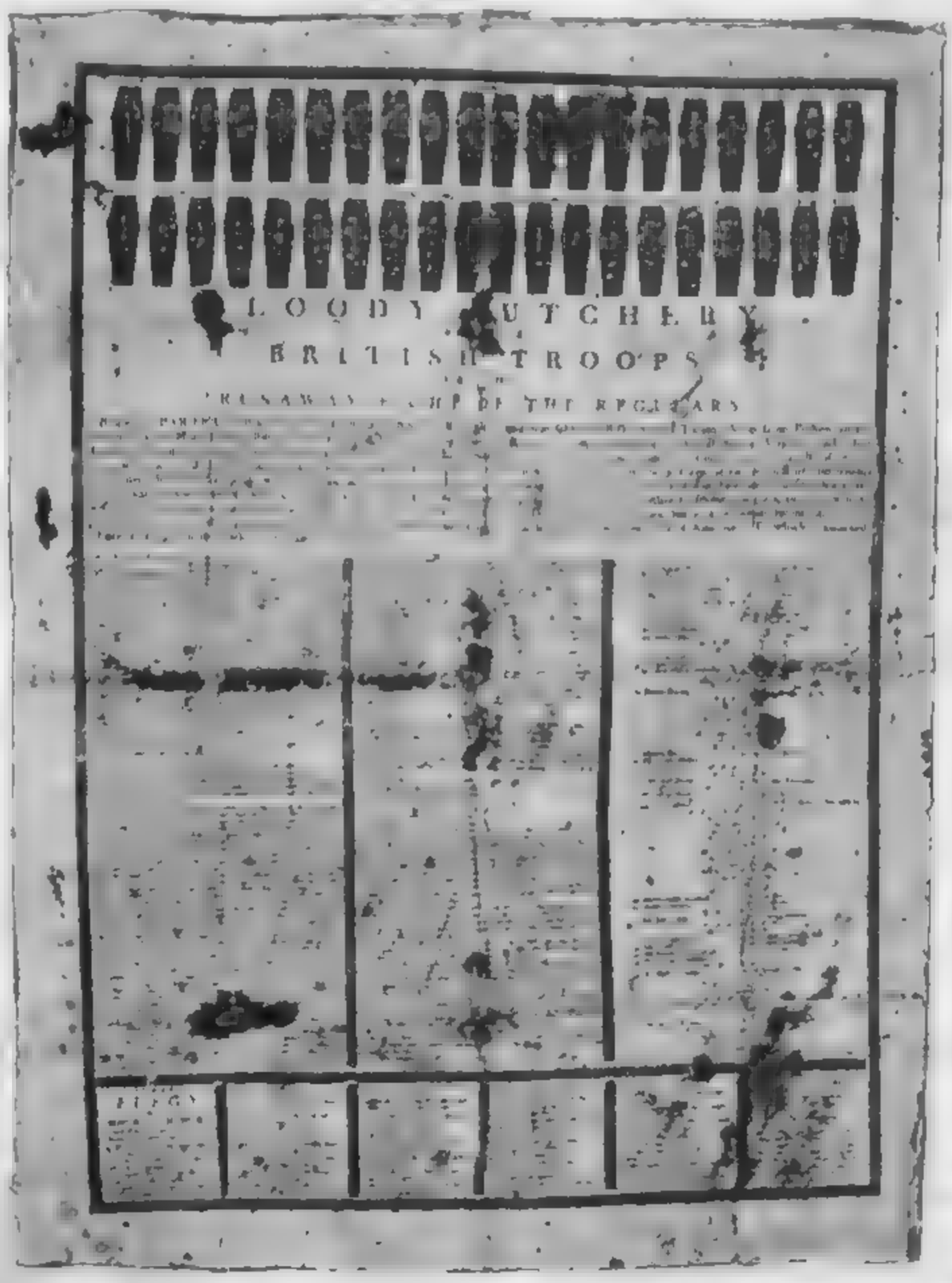
"Independence declared July 4th 1776
Rec.d and read to my people August 18th
"I Backus."

During the period that pleas were being issued against the colonies by groups of loyalists and adherents of the British Government, private individuals and general officers as well posted their opinions in the same way. I have one of three copies known of a proclamation issued by Benedict Arnold. In it he loosened the rancor and spite he had nursed for years, and displayed his religious intolerance and his desire to inflame patriotism on that unfair ground.

To my mind, the broadsides issued by the loyalists and those in sympathy with Great Britain are just as important to the historian of the Revolution as those printed by the seceding colonists. There is no doubt that the early American accounts are too highly colored, to put it pleasantly. The patriots were too near the scene to write dispassionately. George III was painted as a terrible ogre, with a face to frighten little children, instead of an amiable old gentleman attending to his kingly duties

Broadsides are not so easily discovered as books. You can't search with such avidity for sheets of paper as you can for more substantial items. It seems only natural for a collector to rummage through strange places for books. They and pamphlets—anything in book form—are easier to handle than large sheets of paper.

Once when motoring through some woodland near Easton, Maryland, a hilly country of scattered farmhouses, I stopped on the outskirts of a small town to inquire my way.



I did not realize, as I drew up before a tumbledown shack, that it was a restaurant of sorts, a lunch wagon made from a defunct freight car—a choice bit of Americana in itself.

As I stood in the open doorway to inquire of the proprietor, an elderly man, I was rendered almost speechless as I saw a sheet of printed paper tacked on the wall behind him.

To make a long story short, I not only got the directions I sought but for a very modest sum the broadside that caught my eye. And where it came from the owner said that he did not know. It was a piece of trash he had found in a bundle of newspapers and tacked over a knot hole in the wood. It was the famous Tea pronouncement.

"At a meeting of the People of Boston and the neighboring Towns at Faneuil Hall, in said Boston on Monday the 29th of November 1773, nine o'clock and continued by adjournment to the next day for the Purpose of consulting, advising and Determining upon the most proper and effectual method to prevent the unloading receiving or vending the detestable Tea sent out by the East-India Company, part of which being just arrived in the Harbour."

Then there is the even more stirring Philadelphia Tea Ship broadside, issued two days earlier:

"To the Delaware Pilots. Now we took the Pleasure, some Days since, of kindly admonishing you to do your Duty; if perchance you should meet with the (Tea) Ship Polly, Captain Ayres; a Three Decker which is hourly expected ... There is some Talk of a Handsome Reward for the Pilot who gives the first good Account of her. . . . But all agree, that Tar and Feathers will be his Portion, who pilots her into this Harbour.

"THE COMMITTEE FOR TARRING AND FEATHERING."

This broadside was the second of two expressly written to warn the Delaware pilots.

There is also a letter on the same sheet addressed to the Captain Ayres mentioned in the warning, in which the excited Philadelphians tell him:

"In the first Place, we must tell you, that the Pennsylvanians are, to a Man, passionately fond of Freedom: the Birthright of Americans: and at all Events are determined to enjoy it. That they sincerely believe, no Power on the face of the Earth has a Right to tax them without their Consent. That in their Opinion, the Tea in your Custody is designed by the Ministry to enforce such a Tax, which they undoubtedly will oppose. . . . What think you, Captain, of a Halter around your Neck—ten gallons of liquid Tar decanted on your Pate—with the Feathers of a dozen wild Geese laid over that to enliven your appearance?"

Last year a friend came to Philadelphia to check up the estate left him by a great uncle. It was a very pleasant visit, as you can imagine. This uncle had been a lawyer for more than fifty years and his ancient offices on Fourth Street were filled with old legal documents, family letters and papers. It was the ideal place for treasure trove. Mr. Blank spent weeks sorting over barrels and cupboards in the hope, I think, of finding something of importance. At last he unearthed an old newspaper—the Ulster County Gazette—dated January 4, 1800. Its edges were printed in deep mourning, and with amazed satisfaction

(Continued on Page 58)

THE BROADWAY LIMITED becomes your Club . . [between New York and Chicago . . 20 hours]

Your likes—your preferences—your individuality are recognized when you travel on The Broadway. The conductor greets you with a smile . . . The dining-car steward quickly ushers you to your favorite seat . . . The Pullman porters adjust their services to your particular requirements. Exactly as in a well-appointed private club!

WIDE—AIRY—LIGHT! . . . with a flower-designed carpet—a vase of fresh cut flowers on the table—this attractive observation car on The Broadway makes a wonderful place to lounge! And the route leads through some of the most beautiful scenery in America.

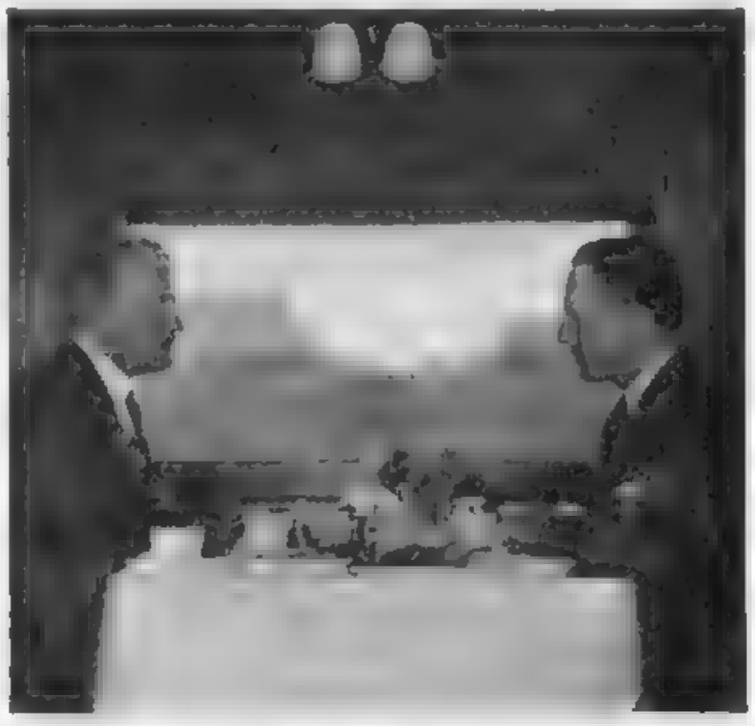
CONSTANT ringing of telephones, clatter of typewriters, the strain of a thousand business appointments! . . . 20 hours of leisured luxury on The Broadway may prove a rare and valued tonic.

In the spacious observation car or the club car you can lounge to your heart's content. There are newspapers and magazines—the latest market quotations—reports on athletic events. There are, if you want them, congenial contacts to be made in the easy, informal "aboard-ship" manner.

Before dinner—a tingling, stimulating shower-bath . . . A shave, a haircut at the hands of an expert . . . The porter of your car will see that your pressing is done at your own convenience.

Then dinner, delicious, satisfying! . . . A plump, tender chicken . . . or a thick, juicy steak . . . Your chefs on The Broadway are experts—with rich experience behind them. Yet—that you may be even better served—they receive lessons each week under a master of cookery.

In brief, this great modern train—with its more than quarter-century of expert service behind it—offers the facilities and maintains the atmosphere of a private club.



YOU CAN DINE as you wish, either à la carte or table d'hote on the Broadway Limited. You have a wide variety of delicacies from which to choose . . . And the waiters are picked men, trained in the ultra niceties—the very polite art of making you feel at home.

IF YOU CHOOSE, you can continue to be busy on board the Broadway Limited. A skilled secretary and stenographer is at your service—a dictaphone, too, just as in a modern office. And the quiet luxury of the smooth-rolling train is as ideal for work as for relaxation.

Arrive one hour earlier!

To accommodate the busy man—during the period of "daylight saving time," April 28th to Sept. 29th—the Broadway Limited has advanced its schedule one hour, eastbound and westbound, as shown below. Thus you arrive in either city bright and early, ready for the day's activities. (Between New York and Chicago The Broadway's schedule is unsurpassed. Between Wall Street and Chicago—via Hudson Terminal—The Broadway offers faster, more convenient service than any other train.)

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave New York	
Pennsylvania Station	1 55 P M
Hudson Terminal	1 55 P M
North Philadelphia	3.40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago	
Englewood	8:30 A.M.
Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago	
Union Station	11 40 A M
Englewood	11 52 A M
Arrive North Philadelphia	6:54 A M
Arrive New York	
Hudson Terminal	8:42 A M.
Pennsylvania Station	8:40 A.M.

A SPECIALLY TRAINED ladies' maid—who is an excellent manicurist as well—is always at the service of ladies traveling on The Broadway. Among the other accommodations which are designed particularly for ladies are an elegant lounge and an adjoining shower-bath.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

How to cure grouchy husbands

—by one of them

"I am a grouch. My father was a grouch and so was my Mayflower ancestor. I have long been loaded with crepe and vinegar. On my honeymoon, my wife diagnosed the cause. 'Quit using caffein,' she said. I did it for a week, then weakened. For 18 years I used caffein and remained a grouch.

"Then one morning my wife made some Postum. It looked good. I drank a cup and then a second. Now for more than a month, caffein has meant nothing to me. I no longer read myself to sleep. Yesterday, I weighed 131 pounds—six pounds more than a month ago. I find I can whistle and stir up a smile.

"I started by proclaiming myself a grouch and I stick to it. But if you don't believe I have thrown off some of the crepe and vinegar and taken on some honey and molasses, just ask my wife."

CECIL EASTMAN
225 East Robinson Ave. Orlando, Fla.

. . .

RASPING nerves and lack of sleep can make a grouch of the most cheerful man living. A man simply can't smile when he has risen, tired and grumpy, from a sleepless bed. But the sad part of it is that so many men fail to trace their grouchiness to its source—often the artificial stimulant they take with their meals. They fail to realize that caffein, by disturbing sleep and the calling for use of much reserve energy, has turned many a man into a "bundle of nerves."

Try this test and see how it works in your case! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then judge!

Postum contains no trace of any artificial stimulant—nothing to fray nerves, keep you awake, or impair digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A wholesome drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor—a flavor that millions prefer.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM (Check which prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL (which you prepare by boiling)
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Fill in completely—print name and address
In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd. The Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario

© 1929, P. Co. Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Total Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum made in the cup by adding boiling water is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Monday Morning, December 27, 1773.
THE Tea-Ship being arrived, every Inhabitant who wishes to preserve the Liberty of America, is desired to meet at the STATE-HOUSE, This Morning, precisely at TEN o'Clock, to advise what is best to be done on this alarming Crisis.

(Continued from Page 54)

he read the important announcement of the death of General Washington.

You can imagine that my friend wasted little time bringing that newspaper to me. The moment I saw it I laughed. I had good reason to laugh, too, or to tear my hair! For the ghosts of countless Ulster County Gazettes rose up before me. Every year hundreds of people bring me this worthless reprint of an original that probably no longer exists.

I explained to Blank that the Ulster County Gazette was fast becoming a tiresome joke. Every week some frantic owner, thinking he has found something priceless, sets forth with it to the Public Library in New York. My friend rolled up his copy with some other papers in a very disappointed manner and prepared to leave. But my ears caught a peculiar crackle. Old paper. I detained him. "What else have you there?"

"Nothing of value. Some verses with no date."

And he unrolled the bundle to prove it. The verses happened to be a Revolutionary ballad issued on an unusually narrow piece of paper, a very rare broadside. At the top was a woodcut portrait of General Warren, beneath which was printed in large type, Americans to Arms. It was published with similar songs of the same sentiment, such as America Triumphant, or Old England's Downfall, in 1775. This one was sung by our ancestors to the melody, Britons to Arms! Here it is:

(Woodcut portrait of General Warren)

AMERICANS TO ARMS

(Sung to the Tune of, Britons to Arms)

America's Sons yourselves prepare,
For Liberty now calls for War,
Exert yourselves with Force and Might,
Show how AMERICANS can fight,
And only to maintain their Right—
Farewell England.

Rouse, rouse, my Boys, 'tis FREEDOM that calls,
Mount, mount your Guns, prepare your Ball;
We'll fight, we'll conquer, or we'll die,
But we'll maintain our LIBERTY,
And hand it to Posterity—Farewell England.

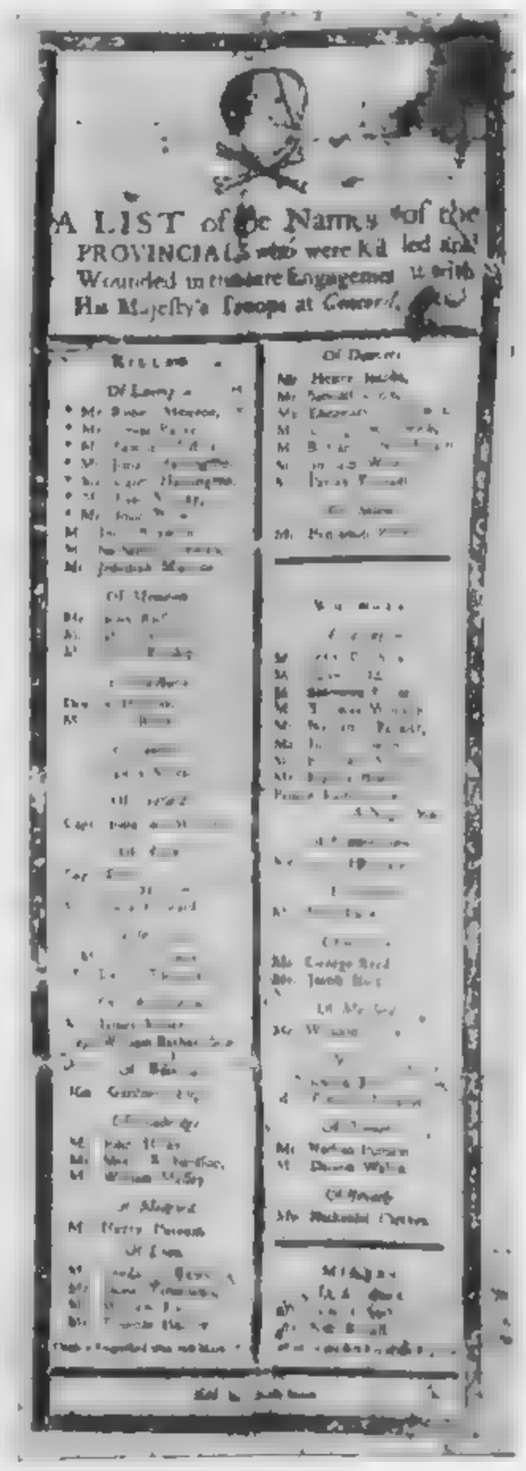
Hark! from afar, how the Trumpet sounds,
See the bold Heroes in Blood and Wounds;
Drums a beating, Colors flying,
Cannons roaring, brave Men dying,
Such are the bold AMERICANS—Farewell England.

AMERICA which rules over the Land,
Her valiant Sons join Hand in Hand;
United Sons of FREEDOM may
Drive all those Dogs of War away,
With Triumph crown AMERICA—
Farewell England.

Why then should we be daunted at all,
Since we've engag'd in so noble a Call?
As fighting for our CHURCH and Laws,
And dying in so just a Cause,
'Twill prove the fatal Overthrow—of England.
Quisquis Reipublicae sit infelix, felix esse non potest.
The Cause we fight for animates us high,
Namely RELIGION and dear LIBERTY.

One of the most famous of all Revolutionary ballads is Francis Hopkinson's The Battle of the Kegs. Although it first appeared on March 4, 1778, in the Pennsylvania Packet, its popularity grew until it was set to music and sung by the soldiers at the front. Later it appeared as a pamphlet and then as a broadside. The author was so pleased at its unexpected popularity that he sent a special copy in his autograph to Benjamin Franklin.

On December 17, 1777, the navy board, which was then at Bordentown, sent a letter to Washington containing this mysterious information: "I have the pleasure of assuring you that everything goes on with Secrecy and Dispatch to the Satisfaction of the Artist. We expect he will be enabled in a day or two to try the important Experiment."


A LIST of the Names of the
PROVINCIALS who were Killed and
Wounded in the late Engagement with
His Majesty's Troops at Concord.

The "artist" happened to be a talented young inventor, David Bushnell. He produced the first floating mine—he also originated a crude type of submarine—which exploded the moment it came in contact with any foreign object. The first one floated down the Delaware about January 1, 1778. It was barrel-shaped to make it float easily. A story was circulated that these mines were filled with armed rebels who had orders to come forth at dead of night, as the Grecians came from the wooden horse at the siege of Troy. Several imaginative king's soldiers swore they had seen bayonet points sticking through holes in the kegs, and others whispered that

(Continued on Page 58

DOES YOUR WATCH TELL MORE THAN TIME?

THE conference was over. The executives got up from the table. The car was waiting to take them to the 4 o'clock train.

"What time is it?" asked one, turning to the chauffeur.

"Don't go by my watch, sir," he apologized; "it's never just right."

"I've got about a quarter of four," said the porter as he stowed the bags in the car, "but I always carry mine three or four minutes fast!"

"It's 3:49 by mine," said the First Vice-President. "I'm pretty sure that's right."

The President checked with his own Hamilton. "3:49 it is," he said. "We've just got time to get that train."

At first there would seem to be little connection between the watch a man carries and his position in life.

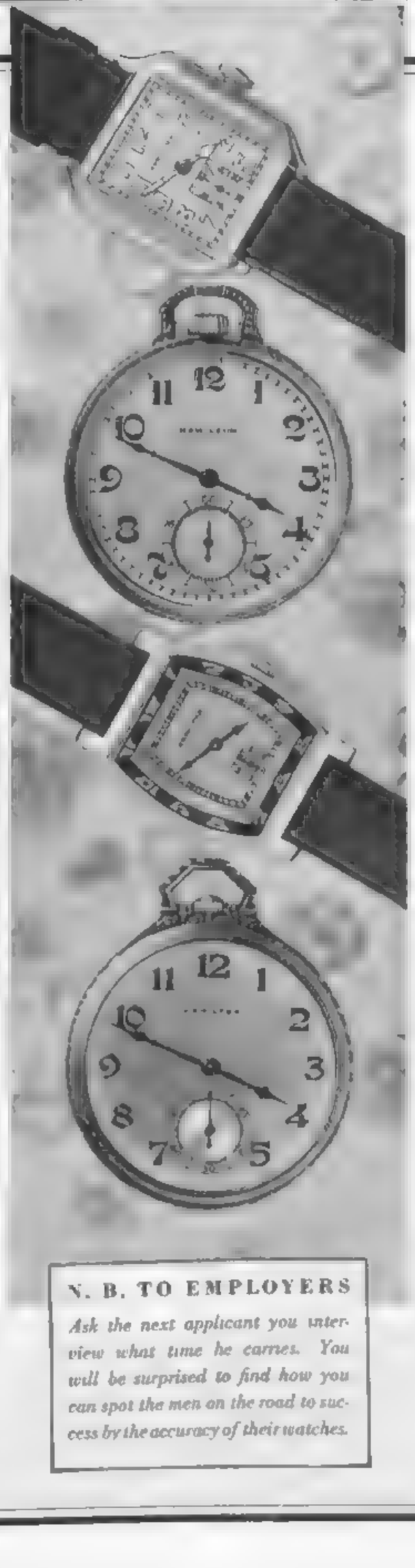
Yet it is a fact that men who see clearly through any proposition simply *can't* be hampered by a watch that robs them of precious moments.

In a recent investigation made by a famous metropolitan newspaper reporter among bank executives in New York City this significant fact stood out: 69 out of 75 were within a scant thirty seconds of exact time.

A large number carried Hamiltons. Not surprising when you consider that these men are accurate-minded. For Hamilton *means* accuracy.

Men describe a Hamilton as "the watch of railroad accuracy"—knowing that for years accurate Hamiltons have started the country's crack flyers of the rails on their way.

Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," an interesting booklet showing a complete line of beautiful Hamilton models, and telling something of the meticulous care with which they are made. Address, Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna., U. S. A.



THE *"Square Cut Corner" Model B—A shape in increasing vogue—especially among those who appreciate that rare combination of accuracy and smartness in their strap watches. Plain (as shown) in 14k filled yellow, green or white gold, $55. In 14k yellow, green or white gold, $85. Engraved, $57 and $87.*

THE *"Wheatland"—This harmoniously designed Hamilton with its Gothic face and exquisite simplicity holds a subtle beauty all its own. In 14k filled green or white gold, engraved (as shown) for only $50.*

THE *"Coronado"—an ultra-modern strap watch, beautifully proportioned in line and masculine in appearance. The numerals of gold are set in enamel and are part of the case, not the dial. In 14k yellow or white gold, with 19 jewels, $125.*

THE *Platinum "Masterpiece"—Simple, dignified, rich in appearance is this most beautiful Hamilton. The bezel is a simple circlet of platinum, while the center and bow are richly engraved in high relief. The dial of sterling silver has raised numerals of solid gold and solid gold hands. In platinum with 23 jewels, $685.*

N. B. TO EMPLOYERS

Ask the next applicant you interview what time he carries. You will be surprised to find how you can spot the men on the road to success by the accuracy of their watches.

HAMILTON

THE WATCH OF Railroad Accuracy

THE HAMILTON WATCH IS AN AMERICAN WATCH

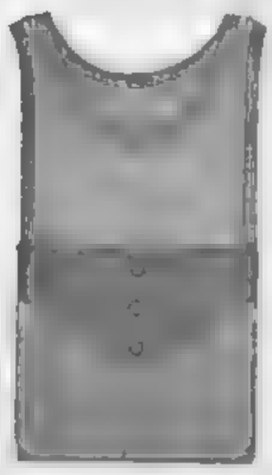
© 1929, H. W. Co

Here's smartness! Here's comfort!

BLEND-SUITS

with Super-Shorts

The newest style idea in underwear joins with the greatest comfort origination of a decade. Super-Shorts, that banished the harassing center seam, are presented in *Blend-Suits.* •• Knitted shirts match the fine broadcloth of the shorts in a choice of five two-tone effects; the belt and the bands around arm holes and neck emphasizing in deeper shades the hues of the suits. Smart to their very color-rimmed buttons, these new Wilson Brothers *Blend-Suits* are priced at $2.50. •• Know the new luxury of shorts that never pull or bind. Know the new satisfaction of underwear as correct as your outer-wear. Ask your haberdasher for *Blend-Suits.*



WILSON BROTHERS

NO
Center Seam
DISCOMFORT

© 1929 Wilson Bros.

(Continued from Page 56)

the kegs were nothing less than infernal machines constructed by magic, that one could easily destroy a city. In the greatest consternation the British troops opened a fusillade upon every floating object and continued to fire at each keg that floated down the river, including a cask of butter dropped accidentally overboard by an old market woman on her way to town. After all this excitement the British actually dared to announce that they had won a great victory over the colonists. General Howe ordered a fast sailing vessel sent to England to report his splendid triumph.

Hopkinson, who held the British in utmost contempt, was struck by the humor of this victory; he was inspired to write this famous poem, The Battle of the Kegs.

The motley crew, in vessels new
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags or wooden kegs,
Came driving down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

These Kegs I'm told, the rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickling herring;
And they've come down t' attack the Town
In this new way of ferrying.

Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These Kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted"

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

When I first heard our newsboys shout their extras announcing the end of the Great War in 1918, I compared them in my mind's eye with the Revolutionary broadside announcing the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain in 1783. We think our flashing headlines are sensational. What announcement in the late war could have been more breath-taking than the blazing black type of the very rare Cornwallis-surrender broadside? It was much more important to the inhabitants of the colonies than that of the terms of peace which came two years later. It was the last stand of England on this continent and meant that the tired and worn soldiers could return to their homes.

"Cornwallis TAKEN! Boston (Friday) October 26th, 1781. This morning an express arrived from Providence to his Excellency the Governor . . . announcing the important Intelligence of the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army. . . ."

I have dealt in this article more with war than I intended. Long before the Revolution, before the shots were heard at Concord, the people craved other kinds of excitement. Instead of jazz, airplane accidents, listening to Big Ben strike three thousand miles away, the simple colonists waited for their own extras. They avidly read every scrap of information about the last dying speech of some criminal executed, not in the electric chair but on the more picturesque gallows specially constructed for him. They could hardly wait for the news. Females had a hard time of it, for there was the hateful notice printed in large type at the bottom of the announcement: "No women or Children will be allowed near the place of execution." I cannot refrain from giving one of the precious execution broadsides:

"For some time past the Public have been anxiously waiting to be informed of the Life, Character and Last Dying words of

JASON FAIRBANKS

But his reservedness at the time of his Execution, and his entire silence to the numerous and most respectful Spectators that were ever known in the United States to assemble on so trying and Melancholy occasion, has disappointed the Public at large with his Speech, which we can only account for but by his possessing an unparalleled share of the depravity of human nature. But we here give a Biography of Mr. JASON FAIRBANKS and MISS ELIZA FALES, containing a sketch of their characters, and relating every incident of moment from their being children to the solemn period of their lives. Also a concise and authentic description of the termination of Miss Fale's Life. The behaviour of Fairbanks at the time of his apprehension. (Written by a Gentleman, residing near Dedham, who has been well acquainted with the parties, and was formerly an inmate at the same School with Fairbanks)

MISS FALES

Miss Fales was a model which the pencil of a Raphael might in vain endeavor to delineate! elegance, and symetry in her form were blended. Her luxuriant auburn hair flowed in graceful ringlets round her well turn'd shoulders. Her neck and bosom might with alabaster vie. Her taper waist, her glowing cheeks ting'd with the crimson blush of virgin modesty displayed the most happy assemblage of the carnation and lily, that ever graced a mortal form. Her graces collectively considered, presented a living figure of what our enthusiastic imagination has often portrayed of the Grecian Helen's.

The Shade of Eliza Fales, assended to the happy regions of paradise.

The mortal part of Eliza Fales is now deposited with its kindred clay, but that Vital Spark which never dies, we trust, has been ushered by sister spirits thro' the etherial regions, into the blissful abodes of Paradise—there to exist with renevated vigor, where life is one of continued scene of endless extasy—in company with myriads chanting Canto's of Thanksgiving and Praise to the Deity."

On the top is a picture of a man, hanging, with two coffins on either side.

Every conceivable article of news appeared on these early sheets. They were so yellow that the modern newspaper of this type is a pale *jaune* in comparison with them. Advertisements for the return of escaped convicts are particularly appealing. In them the crimes are minutely described. In 1726 William Russel, alias Edward Church, a hardened criminal, could be instantly identified from the following:

"Is full fac'd, has dark brown Hair and curl'd, reddish Beard, a middling fine Beaver Hat, wears it flapping, has on a light gray short Jacket, a white Douless Shirt pretty fine one, Ozenbriggs Frock, Buttons upon the Shoulders, & close before, a pair of Wooden-heel Shoes, Nails in the heels."

The notice of the latest burglary was alluringly set forth, and the colonists awaited the "freshest advice" on the important event. Patent medicines and nostrums of every kind, all with miraculous virtues, were nimbly advertised. The latest drownings, terrifying tornadoes, sudden deaths, disastrous fires, scandal below and above stairs, were fearfully and minutely described. The old were shocked by them as they are today! Nevertheless, they were read, and how! In 1792, when thirty men, women and children were lost in New York harbor on a Sunday, the broadside scribbler remarked most righteously that "they were taking their Pleasure on the Sacred Day."

When we think of the latest devices for gathering and spreading news—the telegraph, the radio, to say nothing of high-speed presses—we cannot but meditate, with something akin to pity, on the primitive methods of our forefathers.

We would be wrong. If wise old Benjamin Franklin were alive today, hearing of the newest time and labor saving devices, he would surely exclaim, "You've saved all this time; now what are you going to do with it?"

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THE LAND OF THE SPREE

(Continued from Page 9)

When he had finished, Basil Dayne started doing bits from Romeo and Juliet and Macbeth and other neolithic hors d'œuvres.

"It's a great help, having Basil," opined Connie, for so I had come to call her; it being all among friends, if you want to call them that. "I don't know what we'd do without him."

"I do," I said. "But go on —— "

"I mean, he keeps parties on an artistic level." I give her credit. It was only her eyes that smiled, and at first she hid even that. "As long as he's around there's no danger of a party becoming anything but an intellectual relaxation."

"That's a pretty name for it," I said, looking over the relaxers

"It's like Jud's stories." She paused. "They're really not dir—risqué."

"No?"

"No. If you don't appreciate them, it only goes to show that, æsthetically, you're narrow-minded."

"Tell me," I asked. "Where did you get your rep?"

"That's easy," she answered. "I simply lost the one I had."

"What?"

"When you lose one, you acquire another, don't you?"

"That sounds right. But how did you do it?"

"I went after a girl who was running away with a married man. We all got caught and to save herself, she put the blame on me."

"Nice girl. And you took it?"

"It didn't mean much to me. But it seemed to mean a lot to her." She paused, considering. Considering, she was even prettier than ever. "And it's all saved me a lot of bother, really. I no longer have to do a lot of things I don't like, to keep from being thought a dud. I have the blame without the game. Which is better, it seems to me, than the other way around. At least, it's a lot more peaceful. I can do absolutely as I please all the time now. I don't have to drink or flirt or anything."

A green-and-white blazer stopped in front of us. Tom said, "I like you, Barney."

"Thanks," I said.

"I like you," he said. "And I'm a good judge of men. I was a colonel in the war. Woodrow Wilson always said I knew men. He said he'd rather be with me on the speakers' platform than with anyone he knew. He said I knew men, and I do know men, and you're a man. And I like you."

"That's fine," I said. "What time is it?"

"Nine o'clock," he said. He held out his wrist watch. "How y' like it?"

"Beautiful watch."

"Pauline Hopkins gave it to me. . . . No, Lillian Fish. . . . Peggy gave me the cane—I mean, Pauline. . . . S' many women give me things. No won'er get nameshh mixhed." He thought a moment. "Like to shee cane?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "See if you can find it for me, will you?"

"Sure," he said obligingly.

"You haven't a bass viol or a phonograph that was given you, have you?"

"Not yet. I didn't tell anybody I wanted one."

"If you've anything else over home ——"

"I'll go and look," he said. "When a man meetsh a man, he'll go limit f'r him, 'n' you're a man, George. I mean Henry—Barney ——"

And so he went away and Connie and I went and sat in another room. There was a piano and the Potts sisters and the Harvard boy there. The Potts sisters were singing like a vaudeville act. I expected any minute to see them go into their dance and be followed by the trained seals.

The Harvard boy came over to us. His name was John Cabot Adams. He said hello to Connie and she said hello.

Then he turned to me and said, "I've been waiting to talk to you. I like to talk to writers. I'm going to write myself some day."

"That's good," I said.

"You know," he went on, swaying a little, "I write everything you read."

"Must keep you rather busy," I suggested.

"You're writing a book now, aren't you?"

"No," I said. "I've written a book."

"I must have missed it," he said. "What'sh the name? It had a name, of coursh?"

"Oh, yes," I told him. "It's Russian. You'll like it. It's called The Growth of the Soiled. My father was a Russian, you know. A great friend of Jenghiz Khan. You've heard of him, of course. And my mother was Latvian. That's why they wouldn't let me into Harvard. My grandmother was an Arabian Jewess. Rather an interesting family."

"I should shay sho," he agreed.

"There may be a copy of the book in the library. Why don't you have a look?"

So John Cabot Adams went off to find the book, and Connie and I went out on the sun porch. On the way we passed Mercy, and she wanted to know if I was all right, and I said yes and Connie said yes. Then Mrs. Van Alstyne looked at Connie, and then she turned to me and said she'd send Teddy along to look after me.

So Connie and I left the sun porch and went out on the side veranda. It seemed as though we'd done a lot of moving around without a chance for much talking. Yet somehow or other we seemed to know a lot about each other.

We found a dark corner, but when we got into it we found Tom Dunster and Marge Tolliver as well. It wasn't such a good corner, we decided, and tried to get away before they saw us. We didn't.

"There's Barney," said Tom. "Good old Barney. I like Barney and Barney likes me. Don't you, Barney?"

"You've been reading my mail," I told him.

"And you like Marge, too, don't you, Barney?"

I looked at Marge, and Connie pinched my arm.

"My, yes!" I agreed. "I like Marge. We used to be schoolhouses together. Played basketball and everything. Didn't we, Marge? Those were the days when a crew was a crew. I was first stroke. Wooden heads and iron men," I said. "Childhood's happy memories!"

"You're sure everything is all right?" Marge asked suspiciously. "We promised Bill, you know ——"

"Shern'ly he'sh all right," insisted Tom. "He'sh a man an' a writer and I'm a man and a writer and," he finished proudly, "we're both men and writersh. That'sh why I like Barney and why he likesh me!" He put his arm around my shoulder. "Have you read my new book?" he asked.

"Have you a new book out?" I asked.

"Not 'zactly out," he answered. "Jush finished correcting the proofsh. It's going to shell fi' hunnerd shousand copiesh 't leasht! I want you to read it. You'll preshiate it. I'm a poet too. 'S wunnerful thing, poetry. I'd rather write a perfect poem than fly the Atlantic. That's what I said to Limberg."

"What did he say?"

"Said he would too." He turned to Marge. "Did I ever tell you what I told Limberg?"

We left him telling Marge what he told Lindbergh, and went back into the house. Judson Tolliver was telling more French-Canadian stories in one room. Basil Dayne was doing, or rather undoing, Hamlet in another. Intellectual relaxation was getting more relaxed every minute.

John Cabot Adams came up and said, "I couldn't find your book. Wha'd you shay the name wash?"

"Circumstances Alter Faces. Very psychological. Deals with the cosmetic urge.

You'll like it. It goes to show that women are not so bad as they're painted. . . . Did you look under the couch?"

"No," he said. "But I will."

He went to look under the couch, and Connie and I went into the butler's pantry for some more water. We sat on the edge of the sink and talked awhile. She wanted to know if all the stuff she had heard about me was true and what I really did in France. So I told her. And then she started telling me about herself. Then Teddy Van Alstyne came after me.

"So there you are!" she said. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"I wish I'd known it," I said.

"What are you up to now?"

"Nothing much. Just getting ready to pretend I'm a swan. Connie's going to be ——"

"I'll bet you're plastered now," Teddy interrupted, giving Connie a dirty look. "I shouldn't have let you out of my sight. Bill will raise the devil."

"It sounds," I said, "from the noise in the next room, as though he were trying to raise the dead instead. Let's go and see what it's all about."

We went into the dining room, and there was Bill and the Potts sisters staging a bullfight.

"I'm Ernest Hemingway," Bill said, "and these are my crickets. I mean critics. My best pals and my severest—I mean, critics. You can be a bottle of absinth. Or a horse."

He was waving a red handkerchief in front of him and the Potts sisters were poking at him with walking sticks. He looked up as I came in.

"Are you behaving yourself, Mac?" he demanded, attaining a sitting posture with a marked degree of gracelessness.

"As well as can be expected," I told him. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"It burnt in a night, though," Connie said.

"I'm taking care of him now," Teddy said. "You watch him, Bill, while I get some drinks."

Her hips carried her off into another room, and just then one of the Potts sisters stumbled, and her head hit Bill in the diaphragm and he stumbled, and he went over backward just in time to meet John Cabot Adams, who was coming in carrying a tray of drinks for Teddy. And in the excitement Connie and I escaped again.

We found some lilac bushes on one side of the house and sat down in the shadows under them.

"Are you staying here?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she said, "but I was invited here for a week. How much longer are you going to be here?"

"Not much."

"And where are you going after you leave?"

"I hadn't thought. Where are you going?"

"I hadn't thought either."

"Let's," I said.

"All right."

So we sat for a while. The soft darkness and the perfume of the lilacs somehow reminded me of the mimosa-laden air along the Riviera.

"I wish I were back in France," I said.

"I wish I were there too."

"I lived on a farm near Avignon," I said, "surrounded by vineyards and wine presses and wine. And nobody ever knew or cared whether anybody else took a drink or not."

"My idea of heaven," Connie said lazily, "is some place where I can be myself. . . . Five years ago I started to embroider a towel. Some day I'd like to finish it."

"Do you like the country?" I asked.

"When I was a little girl," she went on dreamily, "I used to visit my grandmother in Vermont. She used to let me cook. I'll bet I could still make a pie if I had a chance."

Just then a lot of people started yelling my name. We sat quietly, and after a while they stopped.

Connie said, "Tell me some more about the farm in Avignon."

So I told her more about the farm. I told her how much money I sometimes made a year, and how much my Aunt Samantha had just left me. And she told me that her mother and father were divorced and remarried, and that sometimes she stayed with one and sometimes the other, and sometimes neither. And we discovered that we liked the same books and the same music, and onions. And then Bill found us.

"Wow!" he said. "You had me worried!"

"You've got me more than that," I said. "Have you got a harpoon?"

"No. Why?"

"That's too bad," I said. "It's a beautiful night and I want to go whaling."

"Huh?"

"I'm going to be a whale myself some day. . . . Ever hear of Moby Dick?"

"No. Who was he?"

"My half brother. We're all little white whales together. . . . Come on in, Connie."

Connie got up and Bill followed the two of us into the house, and everyone wanted to know where we had been. We said we got lost looking for each other, and Bill said that when he found me I thought I was a whale and that he didn't know what minute I was going to charge him and try to smash him with my flukes. And everybody said it was a shame that no one had looked after me better, and Teddy gave Connie another dirty look and Mrs. Van Alstyne brought in a fresh tray of highballs.

Marge Tolliver came up to me and said, "From now on I'm going to take care of you." She looked at me and blinked her eyes three times, so I blinked mine twice and said, "I always get in bed before I say my prayers."

Tom Dunster was reciting his own poetry and some of Mr. Kipling's, and one of the Potts sisters passed out, and John Cabot Adams was sulking because of the tray full of partial blindness that had been spilled over his white plus-sevens, and Judson Tolliver had started his French-Canadian repertoire at the beginning for the third time, and in the dining room Basil Dayne had got down in Dramatic History as far as Henry Irving's The Bells, and that meant that when he had done with that he would have to go back and start over again too. So Connie said. To make a short story long, intellectual relaxation was at its zenith.

Bill said, "Now, for the Lord's sake, be careful the rest of the evening. Lay off everything. The rest can stand it, but you can't. I told you you needed a rest, and I'm going to see that you get it."

The radio stopped talking about the weather out in Utah and the price of bananas and the place where you could get your furs stored on the installment plan, and started on exuding music again, and I danced away with Connie.

This time we went and sat down on the stone wall behind the garage.

"No fooling," I asked her, "can you make pies?"

"And biscuits," she said—"cream-of-tartar biscuits."

I sat there thinking about biscuits and honey. She went on: "I used to darn grandfather's socks. And I learned to milk."

By and by I asked her, "What do you think of modern women?"

"In what way?"

"I mean all this hoop-la about individuality and separate careers and what not."

"Listen," she said. "When I marry I marry. I'm going to marry a man and not a lot of half-baked ideas and closed doors."

"Great!" I said. "I'm one!"

"An idea or a door?" she asked.

"A man. My friend Tom told me so."

Then they started yelling for us again. And we couldn't talk any more until they got through. For intellectuals they certainly made a lot of noise.

"Oh, dear," sighed Connie wearily. "I wish ——"

The moon took the hint and went behind a cloud. And it stayed there long enough for—well, long enough for a lot of things.

When it came out again, I said to her, "Have you a car?"

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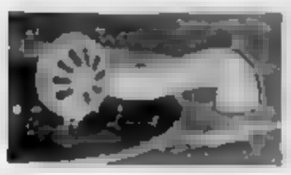

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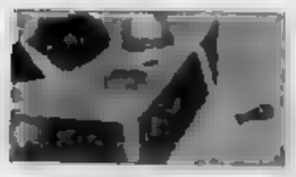

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"What's left of one," she answered. "Why?"

"Never mind," I told her. "How long will it take you to pack?"

"Not any. I haven't unpacked yet."

"Do you think we can get away with it?"

"Who's to stop us? We're free, white and twenty-one."

We went into the garage and she showed me her car. Then she went into the house and I drove it around and out of the drive and down the road about a hundred yards. Then I went back to the house too.

Bill was waiting for me.

"What did you do to Connie?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I said. "That is, nothing much."

"She said you'd insulted her, and went to her room. What did you do?"

"Just wanted to play Romeo and Juliet."

"I shouldn't think she'd have minded that," said Bill thoughtfully.

"I wanted her to be the balcony," I explained.

"That's you," said Bill a bit thickly. "Never know what you're doing when you're blotto. I told you to watch your step. And now you've went and insulted ——"

Tom Dunster hove in sight.

"You're no zhentleman," he declared.

"You're right," I acquiesced. "I'm Clepatra, the girl who gave you your suspenders. I bought the first three million copies of the next book you aren't going to write."

Then we were augmented by the Potts sisters, John Cabot Adams, Judson and Marge and Teddy and Mrs. Van Alstyne—all of whom either wanted to know what the matter was or to unfold their ideas as to what should be done about it. It sounded like the Roman populace in Julius Cæsar, or static, or something.

Right in the middle of it, Connie came down, gave me a mean look and darted out the front door.

"She's going!" cried Mercy. And then, to me: "You must go after her. Catch her and apologize. Make her come back!"

"I'll go," I said, trying to look reluctant.

"I'll go with you and pick up the pieces."

"No," I said. "This is a man's work. I wrote the music—also the words. As a matter of fact, the whole libretto. I'll face the music alone. Wait here, all of you, until I come back."

I found Connie around by the lilac bush.

"There they are," she said, indicating three suitcases, two hat boxes and a golf bag. We picked them up and crept across the lawn. We piled them all in the back of the car. Then, all of a sudden we heard someone—I mean someones—yelling. And looking back, there they all were, in full cry, uttering short, sharp yelps.

"Step on it," said Connie.

I stepped.

We reached New York with no vicissitudes except a blow-out and a chicken—the latter in sandwich form. We found the city hall and the marriage-license bureau and the mayor, who happened to be a friend of ours. And when it was all over and I was calling up the French Line to see when the first boat sailed for cream-of-tartar biscuits—that is, Avignon—Connie—I mean Mrs. Barney McCutcheon—said to me:

"Shouldn't we send them a wire?"

"What for?" I asked. "They'll only think we were stewed."

They did. And still do.

GULF STREAM GREEN

(Continued from Page 7)

private sitting room—to which, as a rule, even the most grand ladies were not admitted—admiring this and that among the trifles that gave the room its undeniable air. A guest was expected. The tea things were set for two. Leocadie smiled wistfully. She rearranged the table, setting it for three, lifting wafer-thin china things from a tiny closet in the chimney corner. She was thus engaged when the door opened and closed softly—Estrelle, her arms full of stuffs with which to pin up the diva.

"Regard!" said the singer, as sure of impunity as a spoiled child. "I have set it for three! May I guess who is expected? Ah, don't blush. He is magnificent! *Tellement gentilhomme!*"

"You know him, madame?"

They spoke of Cuyler Braxton, Estrelle's fiancé, a distinguished young lawyer.

Leocadie said rapturously, "I sing to you two! But you are oblivious—like two love birds!"

"You recognize us?" cried Estrelle incredulously, palpitating.

"*Toujours.* I wait for you. Do you two ever miss one of my nights? Ah! they say there is something in my voice for lovers. You make it true."

Leocadie paused an instant.

"Madame," she said, in a tone suddenly vibrant with feeling, "I have a confession. I am here, I am come, to see him specially. A great lawyer! I am in desperate need. I need not only the wisdom of a man of law but the understanding of a friend. It must be secret! Madame, I have taken the liberty," she murmured, with a gesture that entreated. "I am in danger."

"Danger, madame! You, in danger!"

The diva had paled.

"I am in fear of death," said Leocadie.

The foreboding in her eyes, the slight shiver and a swift look at the door told more than words. Estrelle moved closer to her.

"I have an anonymous lover," said the diva. "Do you know what that means for a woman in my position?" she continued rapidly. "It means that I am pursued by a madman. I never see him. But always I feel his maniac's eyes staring at me. I am constantly exposed before him. Every moment is a threat. There is no place I can flee from him."

"He sends you messages, writes you letters?"

"Every day. Every hour almost."

"But the police——" suggested Estrelle.

"No, no! Never that!" Leocadie's hand, upraised, was eloquent.

"Your manager, Wolfbane? It must be an old story to him. Who could cope with it better than he?"

"Publicity!" cried Leocadie, her lip curling. "That is all he knows of method. If a sensation arise, turn it into dollars! Advertise it to the world! If the heavens fall and crush me, if I wake with a knife in my heart, turn it into dollars! That is Wolfbane, the bear trainer." She shook her head. "Anyone but him," she said. She looked down at Estrelle, who clasped her about the waist. She touched Estrelle's hair lightly. "I have long known who you were," she said—"you two who honor me!" She pleaded with a look. "Your *futur* is versed in the pursuit of the wicked. I say, with so much happiness of their own, they cannot refuse me."

"It will be the proud moment of his life to find you have come to him for help, madame!" cried Estrelle. "Any moment and he will be here!"

"Come, we forget my dishabille," said the diva. "A pat and a pin will do very well." She sprang lightly on a podium Estrelle kept here for her vagrant thoughts, as a composer will keep tools within reach to imprison some magic phrase. She caught up a shawl from the soft pile of silks and began to drape the lovely figure. It was a matter of half an hour. The diva, with one white arm falling through the fringe, emerged in a charming tea gown. Both were enchanted. Estrelle found herself questioning whether it was well to expose the impressionable Cuyler Braxton to an even more dazzling Leocadie. Someone tapped discreetly at the door. They both started, recalled. Estrelle cautiously opened. It was one of the girls. It was closing time. She asked timidly for Berthe.

"Berthe?" repeated her mistress, puzzled.

"Yes, madame, we go home together always."

"Oh!" said Estrelle in sudden recollection. She shook her head. "I have something especial for her tonight."

She shut the door, smiling, wondering about Berthe and if she were screaming yet in her rôle as privileged diva. A little later, while the two women were engaged with fabrics and tints, as if with state secrets, there came another tap at the door—something more peremptory. Estrelle's cheeks flamed. It was he. With a gesture she waved the diva from the podium and tripped gayly to the door and threw it wide.

Cuyler Braxton stood there, hat and gloves in one hand, stick in the other. His head was turned for the moment as he listened to some hollow street sounds—boys or men crying dismally against the echoing brownstone walls of this side street. She thought how striking he looked in his momentary unconscious pose. Then he turned to the room. As he stepped across the threshold his eyes fell upon Leocadie. She stood there, one hand lightly touching her marble throat, the other resting on the little table by her side, a half smile on her lips.

Braxton stopped in his tracks. He was a man who had been drilled in the task of controlling himself, and obviously he was controlling himself now only with the greatest effort. He gazed at the diva as if he could not believe his eyes. When he spoke his voice was hushed and unnatural.

"You will forgive me," he said with tremendous calm. He included both women in the bow. "There has been a terrible accident." He stepped into the room and closed the door softly behind him. "Do you mean to say that you have not heard what has just happened?" he demanded.

"We have heard nothing," said Estrelle.

He looked hard at Leocadie again.

"Madame, it is difficult to tell you," he said. "It is almost impossible! Unbelievable! Your name is on everyone's lips. The whole town is alive with it. Don't you know," he went on desperately, "that you are supposed to be dead—murdered?"

Leocadie, immovable as some Greek statue, continued to watch him, spellbound.

"The streets in front of your hotel, madame, are blocked with people," he ran on, keeping down his tone with an effort. "I have just come from there—from the Normanduke. Someone has been murdered in your apartments—someone who has been identified as you, Leocadie! Thank God, you are safe!"

Leocadie breathed rather than spoke: "She was crushed? Some great weight fell on her?"

The lawyer regarded her sharply.

"You do know then, madame?"

"Answer, please." Leocadie swept aside his question. "She was crushed?"

"Yes," responded Braxton mechanically. "A section of the cornice became dislodged and fell just as she entered the room—your room, madame."

"Berthe!" murmured Leocadie.

"It was a most remarkable catastrophe," he ran on again. "She had just come in from a drive. She hadn't even unfastened her things. Your things, madame! It is incredible!" he cried. "The identification was without question. She was clothed in a gown which, the maids say, you wore for the first time this afternoon!"

Leocadie turned slowly to Estrelle.

"Berthe," she repeated. "It is Berthe! I sent the poor child to her death just as surely as if I myself had pronounced sentence." She turned on Braxton. "Sir, it was no accident. It was deliberate murder.

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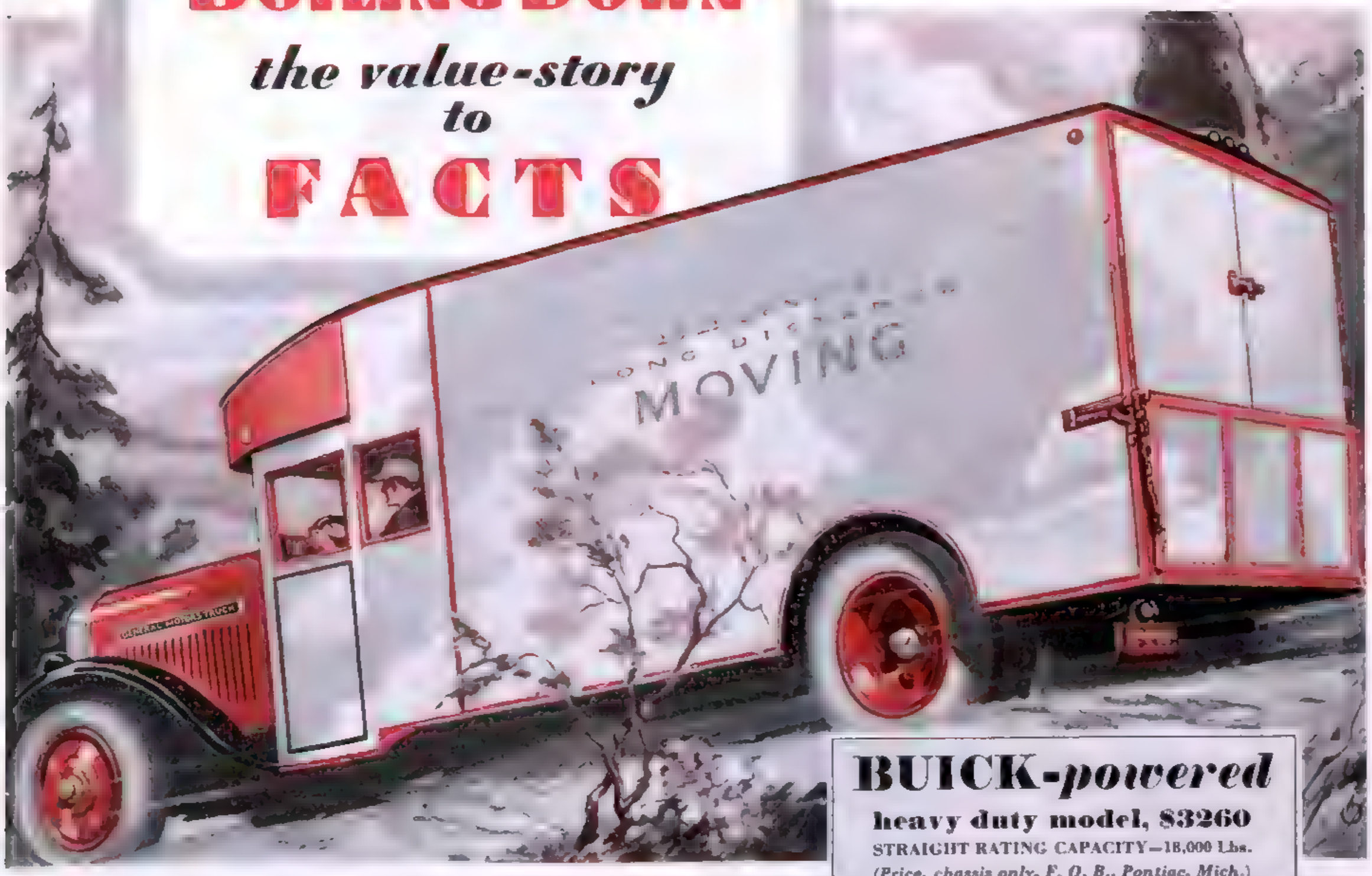

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(Continued from Page 62

I was the intended victim. Twice I have escaped by what seemed to be miracles. Now, a third time, an unforeseeable sacrifice preserves me!"

"You sent her as your substitute?" the bewildered Braxton exclaimed.

II

OLIVER ARMISTON'S telephone rang at 6:30. It was his friend, Cuyler Braxton.

"Oliver, for reasons which I can't explain over the wire," said the lawyer, "could you come to me at once?"

Oliver had his smile. He was accustomed to the Court of Appeals dignity of his friend, on all occasions.

"Certainly. Where are you?"

"Come two blocks south," said Braxton. "Cross the Avenue. Ascend the third high stoop on the shady side of the street."

"You, who aspire to ascend the bench some day, let me warn you that that block is honeycombed with speak-easies," said Oliver.

"It is honeycombed with get-aways too," replied Cuyler. "It is as safe as a rabbit warren. Come at once. Wait! Tell the boy at the door that Miss Cain of Katonah sent you to see the police puppies."

Ten minutes later the impeccable Oliver Armiston, stick, gloves and topper cap-a-pie, ran trippingly up the steps of the third stoop, counting from the Avenue, in one of those aristocratic brownstone blocks that were destined shortly to be demolished—not, as some cynical ones suggested, to get rid of the speak-easies that infested the neighborhood, but to make room for the new Opera.

True to its ilk, it wore the air of crestfallen vacancy, even when Oliver pushed a muted bell button. He was turning away, thinking he was in error, when a panel at the height of the eye in the door opened; and, to an eye which appeared there, he explained about Miss Cain of Katonah and her litter of puppies. He was instantly admitted. It was a rich interior of the old régime, of several drawing-rooms *en suite*, with a few tables disposed with an artless art of privacy. Low lights, soft carpets, the murmur of talk and the tinkle of ice and spoons. But most astonishing of all was the presence of Antoine, Louis, Ernest, Victor and Armand, each of whom, as occasion permitted, greeted Oliver as only one's own long-lost waiter can bestow a greeting. Civilized man may be able to live without cooks, but no gourmet should dine without his own waiter. Oliver rubbed his hands together, nodding, smiling. Cuyler Braxton was busy for the moment inspecting, under silver and glass *cloches*, a feast laid out on trays. He gave serious approval, and at a signal a line of bus boys lifted the trays to their shoulders and made off single file, like worker ants. Oliver noted that they departed not by the front door but the back.

Braxton slipped an arm round Oliver's shoulders and drew him mysteriously to the deep embrasure of a rear window, where a table awaited them.

"We have no time for preambles, Oliver," began Braxton at once. "I invited you here because at the moment I find myself operating beyond the pale of the law, and require the connivance of the police. You are the one man, I believe, who can command the immediate ear of Deputy Parr."

"Here?" exclaimed Oliver. "Never! He'd come in a wagon!"

"Is it true," pursued the lawyer, letting his cold eye rove about the room as if to fend off any eavesdroppers, "that he has a private wire from your study to his desk?"

It was true, but not a truth for general dissemination. Parr, the man hunter, frequently operated from the unsuspected seclusion of Oliver's study. That was the reason for the police wire in that unsuspected spot. Braxton, as former county prosecutor, had probably got some glimmer of it.

"What's on your mind, Cuyler?" asked Oliver coldly.

"I have been retained," began Braxton, drawling somewhat to mask a certain diffidence, "by Leocadie."

"Ah!" exclaimed Oliver. "She was your client, then?"

"She is," corrected Braxton.

"'Is'?" questioned Oliver, with suspended fork.

"She has retained me in the matter of—ah—er—in the matter of her—ah—murder."

"Before or after the *fait accompli*?"

"Both, in a manner of speaking," replied the lawyer. "She came to me secretly, at 4:30 this after—that is, to be accurate, I should say she came secretly to a place where she had reason to believe she would find me. Unfortunately I chanced to be elsewhere." Braxton helped himself to an anchovy, which he laid out gravely on a bread stick. "It was not until 5:30 that we finally met," he added, lifting his gaze.

"She was murdered at—at 4:55," said Armiston. He turned up a palm deprecatingly. "I myself saw her a few minutes later."

The lawyer bit thoughtfully into his bread stick.

"You were there, then?" he inquired.

"Yes. Parr sent for me. He didn't like the looks of it. He wanted me to see the matrix of the crime before it was disturbed. It was one of those rare instances in crime, of the police arriving first."

"There was no doubt as to her identity in your mind?" asked Braxton.

"Except," said Oliver curiously, studying the lawyer, "that she carried money. I happen to know that Leocadie never carried money—never touched it. She made a pose of abhorring it—like the dukes of Buckingham—read your history. Money was found in her purse—quite a considerable sum."

"And that induced you to believe that the mutilated remains were other than those of the person identified?" demanded the lawyer in his best court-room manner.

"Not at all," quickly put in Oliver. "It merely rattled me for the moment. There was no doubt as to the identification. Her clothing, for instance. You know she made thousands by merely being seen in dressmakers' creations. This afternoon she wore a dress by The Brothers which was to launch a new color - Gulf Stream green. Her maids had put her into that dress not two hours before. No, there was no doubt as to the identity."

"Then you can perhaps appreciate my astonishment, Oliver," said Cuyler Braxton, "in coming directly from the scene of the catastrophe, to confront her, alive, unharmed, ignorant of the fact that her name was on every lip, that extras were boiling up in the streets announcing her tragic death."

"Antoine, the telephone, if you please," said Oliver Armiston. It was instantly placed before him, on a long portable cord, and he lifted the earpiece off the hook, eying the severely juridical Braxton—who had returned gravely to his hors d'œuvres—as he called a number. There was a wait. Oliver, as he looked around the room, touched the hook thrice, then once. It was as if he had tapped off a *v* in Continental Morse, which, in the abbreviated lingo of an operator, was as much as to say: "I have a message to transmit; get ready to take it." Oliver hung up and pushed the telephone to one side. He nodded to Cuyler, as if the first step had been accomplished.

"So you are concealing, with intent to defraud, the live person of a murdered woman, eh?" said Oliver.

"Yes," said Braxton, bowing. "You can estimate, probably, the extreme delicacy of my position."

"My dear fellow, yes!" exclaimed Armiston. "It is absolutely unique!"

"What do we wait for?" demanded Braxton impatiently.

Oliver nodded at the telephone.

"We don't exactly pick things out of the air," he said. "We proceed softly on rubber shoes. A misstep will ruin us. There has never been such an opportunity before. It is a stroke of genius on your part, Cuyler! Imagine, for instance ——"

"But, Oliver, I must have Parr at once. Time presses!"

"Never fear," said Oliver. "Let him find us. He has the facilities. We will sit still and wait. You have her near by?"

"Within a stone's throw, yes."

"Safe from discovery?"

"I flatter myself, yes," said the lawyer.

"You assume it to be murder?"

"I know it to be murder!"

"You assume that the murderer is as much in the dark as the rest of us?"

"I know him to be," replied the lawyer. "He is ignorant of the fact that he has killed the wrong woman. That is our opportunity. You can understand the difficulty I encountered in persuading her to lie *perdo*. She is not the easiest person in the world to conceal. She is a creature utterly above and beyond discipline. I represented to her that, great as she is, we are concerned with something greater even than she! We must apprehend the criminal, the monster who is capable of such a crime! Should she have persisted, I was prepared to take her by force to conceal her."

"As an essential witness to her own murder," put in Oliver, with the shade of a smile.

"There is only one thing she bows to, and that is the stage," said Braxton. "When she sings, she sings! Nothing shall intervene. Fortunately she does not sing tonight. But tomorrow night she sings!"

The grave young lawyer, who up to now had managed to retain his Court of Appeals manner almost if not quite intact, seemed on the point of becoming human; his voice quavered, rose. Oliver touched him on a sleeve to steady him.

"How did you manage to persuade her to give you the twenty-four hours?" he asked.

"It was the girl who went to death in her place. She sent her. There is nothing Leocadie will not do to avenge that poor girl."

"She sent her?" repeated Oliver. "Who was she?"

Braxton swiftly sketched the scene of the tragic hoax in which poor Berthe rode forth so grandly to her death.

"I represented to madame," said Braxton, "what a weapon she might place in the hands of the police to run the murderer to earth at once."

"You believe the murderer will not reveal himself by some false move?"

"He has already done so," said Cuyler coldly. He drew a paper from his pocket—the latest extra—and his finger traced out a line of type. It read: "For several months past, the diva had been pursued by anonymous letters threatening her life."

"Well?" said Oliver.

"It is true," said the lawyer slowly. "But no one knew it except the writer of those letters."

"It is incredible!" cried Oliver. "Would she conceal such a thing?"

"As if it were some overwhelming shame," muttered the lawyer. "She told no one. Now, the murderer believing he has succeeded," pursued Cuyler, "he has no hesitancy in revealing his knowledge. He cries it aloud!"

"But why?" protested Oliver. "To the casual eye, it is an accident. A cornice falls and crushes a woman to death. What need to explain?"

"There were two previous attempts on her life," explained the lawyer. "Both by falling weights. Both on the stage. Once, the counterweight of a fly fell. The second time, a curtain came crashing down. Seeming miracles saved Leocadie both times. They were hushed up as accidents—something had slipped a cog. But when it occurs a third time, and fatally, they become more than mere coincidences. There must be some plausible explanation. Hence, the murderer glibly says, 'Murder!' Oliver, she has been pursued by a maniac intent on her life. He is perfectly safe. No one but him knows. Her nerve had begun to break. That was why she came for me this afternoon."

"Do you know who told the police about the letters?" asked Oliver.

"There is only one person who could have told," replied Braxton in his cold tone. "Wolfbane—Wolfbane, her manager."

At this moment Antoine, with two bus boys, arrived with the dinner. It was inspected and approved, and savory odors rose up from the serving table. Oliver said carelessly, masking his context from a possible inquisitive ear:

"I confess that name has presented itself to several of us. What I object to now is the utter absence of motive."

Cuyler Braxton said shortly, "Read your Apocrypha—the Book of Tobit."

"That's the book with the dog in it, isn't it?"

"Yes, but the dog doesn't enter here."

Oliver's face suddenly lighted.

"Ah! The Foul Fiend who strangled the Seven Bridegrooms of Sarah!"

"Yes. If he couldn't have her, none else should! . . . I'll have coffee with my dinner, Antoine, please."

A platoon of motorcycles surged by, with a flurry of detonations. Armand, the *maitre*, snapped his fingers peremptorily. Instantly his well-trained crew removed every vestige of contraband. He came sauntering over to the table.

"The police are raiding Tony, down the street," he said in a low tone. "They may call here. We can't be too careful."

"Raiding with motorcycles?" said Oliver. "Since when did they raid speak-easies with motorcycles?"

The motorcycle squad was used mostly as a guard for celebrities, not for hammer-and-tongs work. Armand shrugged. It was not for him to reason why or how; all he knew was, best be wary! Was everything perfect, gentlemen, he inquired, and being so assured, he retired to his peephole.

"Still, I don't follow—or at least, I follow reluctantly," said Oliver. "He is a man of wealth, family, social position, everything. His daughters are really in society, which can be said truly of very few of our importations in the grand-opera line. In addition, he is a savant. As a hobby he measures the speed of light and writes papers on it."

"She was a secret obsession with him," said the lawyer. "Impossible of attainment! He removed her to spare himself the torture of her very existence! If she had had lovers he probably would have removed them." He said suddenly, "We must hurry! We have no time to lose!"

"One instant," said Armiston. "Is this merely a handy hypothesis you have put together to fit some loose facts, or do you know absolutely that she suspects him?"

"It is a working hypothesis that fits the known facts," said Cuyler Braxton without heat. "It so accords with the facts that I again urge you to make haste. I must have Parr now! We have no time to lose. We are not dealing with an ordinary intelligence. If he gets an inkling he will slip through our fingers. He undoubtedly has foreseen everything and prepared for it."

"He has foreseen everything," said Oliver, rising, "except that he has murdered the wrong woman."

He lifted off the telephone, sent that slight signal, the telegraphic *v*, again, and put it aside and sat down. No need to give his location. The police would trace the call instantly.

"Set your mind at ease," said Oliver. "No time is being lost." He resumed his dinner. After a time he said: "Do you know Parr and his methods?"

"I know him as a great policeman, if that is what you mean."

"He is more than that," said Oliver. "He is a murder specialist. I think he is marked for murder. He senses it, as a dog will sense the approach of death. There was nothing in that matrix this afternoon to point to murder." Armiston used the word "matrix" as if it were a mold that could reveal every detail of the crime. "She had just come in from a drive," he went on, casting an image, so to speak. "A dozen people had

(Continued on Page 69)

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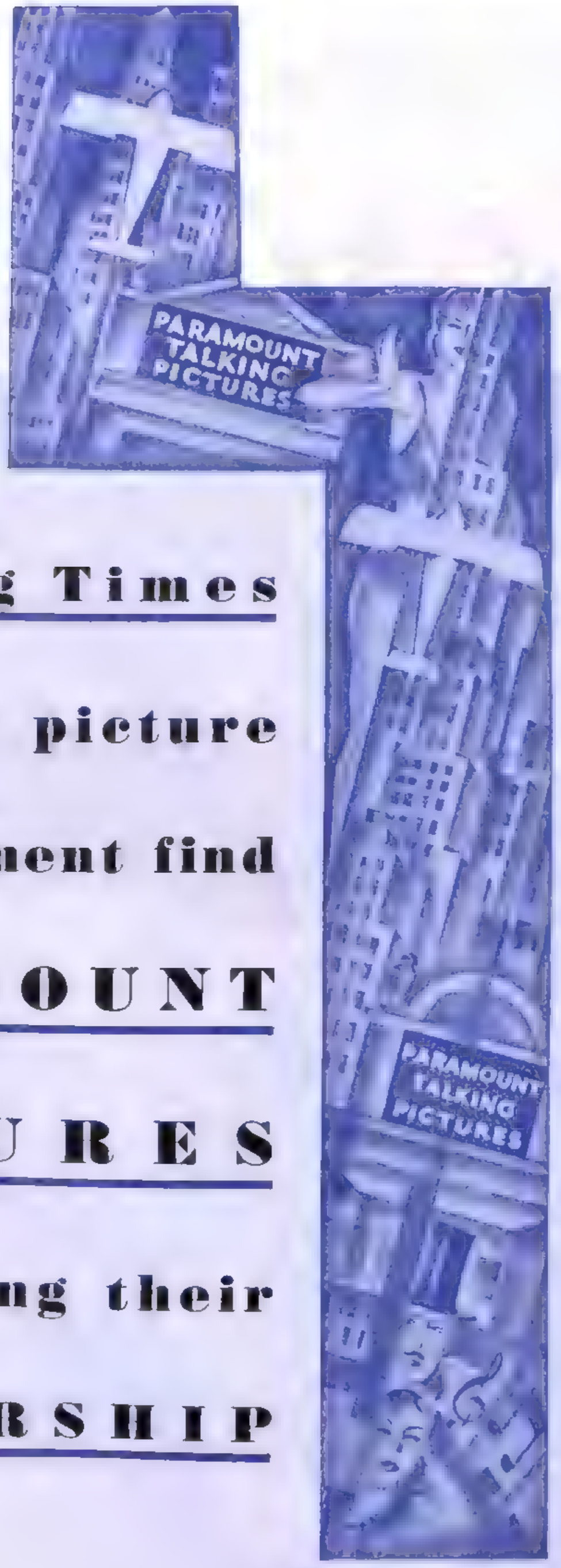

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(Continued from Page 64)

been entering and leaving that room—her secretaries and maids all had access. They opened that door and closed it in exactly the same way that she did. Yet, as she stepped across the threshold, a cornice fell and crushed her. There was no one in the room with her. The police, fortunately, arrived instantly. They had to break down the door. There were only the windows for escape, and no one could have escaped by them—too high. Ceilings fall. There was nothing to suggest murder."

"Except that it had happened, in kind, on two previous occasions, with the same intended victim as its object," put in Braxton.

"That is a chain of fact to which Parr had no access," said Armiston. "What did Parr do? He proceeded—for what reason I do not know—on the theory that it was murder. To verify his own impressions, he sent for me. I was able to go at once. He said, 'Oliver, look at Wolfbane when he doesn't know he is under observation, and tell me what you see.'"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the cold-blooded Braxton.

"Wait a bit. I told you he is marked for murder—Parr, I mean."

"But what did you see—what did you see?"

"A smirk," said Oliver. "That idiotic smile of satisfaction which won't quite come off. Have you never seen it on a man's face?"

"Yes," said the ex-prosecutor. "Yes!"

Who had not, in his business? Especially in the courts—that unbidden and unbiddable look of exultation that will suddenly paint itself indelibly on a man's face when, in a moment of flattered self-delusion, he thinks he has removed himself beyond the reach of the law by some particular cleverness of his own.

"Leocadie was worth millions to him alive," ran on Oliver. "Why should he gloat over her death? There was only one answer."

"A very remarkable deduction!"

"For Parr? Yes. And with no motive apparent."

Cuyler Braxton asked, almost in a whisper, "How did he manage it, Oliver? Can you figure it out?"

Armiston knitted his brows.

"Some sort of trigger touched off that cornice," he said. "It was timed for the instant she shut the door."

"But the others. The maids and secretaries were always coming and going. Why didn't it kill one of them?"

"No," said Oliver. "This was some diabolically clever mechanism that discriminated. It waited for her to come."

"And then killed the wrong woman," said Braxton, with just the shade of a smile.

"*Touché!*" conceded Oliver. "Nevertheless, we will meet that objection too."

III

PELTS, a shabby little fellow no one would take for a police detective, edged his way into the room at the Normanduke, where the big fellow sat in close converse with Wolfbane, madame's manager; and since his chief seemed heavily engaged, little Pelts took out a stump of pencil, carefully wetted it, and with those small niceties of a man who had learned to read and write in jail, put down several words on a torn piece of paper. This paper he folded and caused to be passed from hand to hand among the operatives standing about, till it reached the deputy, who was just then remarking, as he pawed over a litter of stuff on the table:

"We can find almost anything we want here to support any conceivable contention or hypothesis."

He referred to the wreckage salvaged from the fallen ceiling. The massive cornice that all but obliterated a human being had wrecked everything in its path. Part of the piano was demolished; a highboy that had been a catch-all was ripped open and its contents scattered—a radio, a china closet, some pictures, a metronome.

"There is a spring and some pawls and pinions," said Parr. "Would you say that was the trigger that touched it off?" Who could say? One was confused by riches. As he ceased speaking, Parr glanced down and, with an odd palming motion, accepted Pelts' missive and opened it with the same gesture. Parr was almost a magician with his fingers. Wolfbane peered nearsightedly over the table edge.

"Something?" he inquired, having been encouraged to ask questions.

Parr nodded, gave him a swift shrewd look.

"There is always 'something,'" he remarked in a confidential tone, glancing suspiciously about the room. "Something unforeseen and unforeseeable!" he elucidated in a lower tone. "It is what we call the 'break.' It always comes. It is on its way! That's a thought I leave with you," he said, and he arose. He tossed the pellet that was Pelts' note into the fire and watched it burn. Then he went inside and shut the door.

Pelts, exercising some devil's license of his own, was there waiting for him. On the table was a package. It had just come uptown by special messenger. Reporters had seen it come and asked about it. Even Wolfbane, who had eyes in the back of his head, was worrying about it. They need not have troubled themselves. It was only a pair of fresh shoes for Parr. He changed several times a day. Regaling himself with new footgear, he could say, paraphrasing the philosopher: "Now I am prepared for anything Fate has in store for me."

"Well?" he inquired as he sat down.

Pelts, for answer, unbuttoned one coat, two coats; he unpinned a vest, and from an inner pocket he produced a tissue-paper package which he laid before his chief.

"Stealing hotel silver again, I see," said Parr, gingerly unwrapping the bundle. "Where do these come from?"

"The dressmaker shop," said Pelts, eying a crack in the ceiling. Parr looked at him sharply. He lifted a foot to unlace a shoe. There were possibilities in that shop. Tracing Leocadie back to the last person who had talked to her, it appeared that she had gone out secretly and unaccompanied, using a hired conveyance that her people knew nothing of. She had been driven to the establishment of Estrelle, Inc., a fashionable gown shop in the speak-easy zone. Now, Leocadie did not go to gown shops; they came to her. This was a mere detail of the cunning exploitation to which every great artist is constantly subject, and was of no special significance, except when viewed in the light of murder. This much the police had learned in their simple way, ringing doorbells and asking questions. Most of their time was spent ringing doorbells and asking questions. When they rang Estrelle's bell no one answered. With the fall of night, surveillance settled down about her place, as tenuous, yet as all-pervading as the night itself.

"Spoons!" said Parr, grunting over a shoe.

"Two dinners went in—over the backyard fence," said Pelts.

"Two?"

"Two. I was one of the bus boys when the trays came out," said Pelts.

"And you helped yourself to the spoons?"

"Yes, sir."

The deputy chuckled. He limped to the door, a shoe in one hand, and peered out; everything ceased outside under his fierce glare.

"Lemaire!" he called; and Lemaire, a fingerprint expert, came in. Parr waved him to the spoons. Lemaire examined them, being careful not to touch or to breathe on them. He polished a magnifying glass and explored the surfaces. Lemaire's weakness was fingerprints; he had a camera eye for fingerprints.

"There is madame's print, for one," he said.

Parr paused in the act of pushing a foot into a shoe. He turned and stared at little Pelts, who, faithful one-man dog that he was, was staring wistfully at him, as if half expecting a bone or a kind word.

"That's the only one I recognize, without direct comparison," said the expert. "I'll develop them and let you know in a jiffy."

He gathered up the precious spoons and let himself out. Parr thoughtfully pushed the foot into the shoe.

"Pelts, what time did that tray go in?"

"At a quarter to seven."

"And it came out?"

"At 7:20."

The deputy leaned back and drummed on the desk.

"Pelts," he said softly, "I have told you before, and I tell you now, if you had my good looks you'd have my job some day."

Pelts shifted from one foot to the other. His idea of the end of the world would be to have no Parr to fetch and carry for. Bringing in these spoons was a taste of paradise for Pelts. But he would never admit it by so much as a look. A silence intervened. The door opened softly. Morel entered. Two pairs of eyes turned to survey him. Sensing something, he paused. Morel was the elegant. He was Parr's silk-stocking satellite. He and Pelts fitted so perfectly that at times they seemed to be materialized functions of the great man hunter's brain.

The man hunter asked, "Has Tony's place down the block been raided lately?"

"The speak-easy? Not that I know of. Armiston, by the way, is in Number 23. He is signaling for you."

"That can wait."

"Do you know who is with him?" asked Morel. "Braxton, the former prosecutor—the one who used to take so many pleas to save the county money."

"Here is what you are to do," said the deputy: "I want you first to pull Tony's. Back up the wagons and make a lot of noise. While the crowd is occupied helping you with catcalls and hard words, go through the block and break in—quietly—at this dressmaker's. You will find there Estrelle, whom you know—she helped us in that assagai murder case—and Leocadie."

Morel's gaze flickered almost imperceptibly. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Madame dined there at seven," said Parr, "and was good enough to send out her fingerprints on the spoons. Otherwise she might deny her identity."

Morel's eyes shifted to the door and back to Parr. Parr sensed the unspoken question. He shook his head.

"No, he doesn't know," he said, his eyes glowing. "I don't believe he's got the slightest suspicion. See if he is still out there. Bring him in."

Morel stepped to the door. Wolfbane must have been on the alert, because he appeared instantly when Morel raised a finger. He glanced from side to side as he entered, as if testing for a trap. Seeing Parr putting a pair of shoes in a box, he laughed.

"Was that what came in the box?" he asked. "I took it to be something very mysterious."

"There is nothing mysterious about murder. It is usually merely stupid," said the deputy. "You still say, do you, that Leocadie was murdered?"

Wolfbane looked pointedly at Morel and Pelts, as if they were in the way. That little pause saved him the necessity of an answer. At that moment there came an interruption from outside.

A wailing voice cried, "She is here! I know she is here! I must see!"

Morel opened the door, and a young woman almost fell into the room. She looked about her in an agony of apprehension.

"Where is Berthe?" she cried, turning from one to another.

"Berthe? Who is Berthe?" said Parr gently.

"We always go home together! . . . This afternoon the mistress called her—into her sitting room! It was when this great singer, who has been ——" Her voice trailed away.

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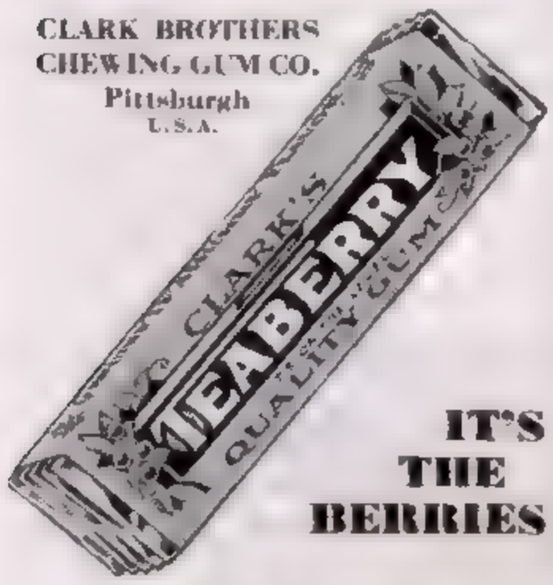

IT'S THE BERRIES

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"Mistress?" said Parr, steadying her with his voice. "Who is your mistress? Why do you come here?"

"Madame Estrelle!" said the girl. "Oh, I know that something terrible has happened!" She became inarticulate with weeping.

"Take her away, Morel," commanded Parr. "Humor her. . . . Come, my child, this gentleman will take care of you, help you to find your friend." They closed the door on her. The deputy turned with a wry smile and tapped his forehead. "These poor creatures!" he said. "They turn up from nowhere whenever there is a calamity. I suppose the excitement touches them off."

Wolfbane was still staring after her.

"Do you personally see any of those letters, Wolfbane?" asked Parr.

"No," said the manager.

"How were they delivered?" demanded Parr. "Not by mail."

"I had the impression," said Wolfbane precisely, "that they were cunningly deposited in places where presumably no one but herself would find them."

"Good! Someone inside, eh? That fits in," said Parr. "Things are beginning to break," he said mysteriously. "One of the secretaries doesn't check up so well in her answers." Wolfbane smiled. "I may need you quick. Where can I reach you? Some place where you can avoid reporters, without seeming to."

"My studio and laboratory, in Tenth Avenue," said the manager. "I have bachelor quarters there. When my family is out of town, I stay there—as at present."

"Excellent! Go, now. Be sure no one follows."

The manager obediently departed, two shadows tailing him.

Morel stepped into the room.

"She has identified the body," he said, "as a Berthe Tremblay, a sewing woman employed by Estrelle. The woman had on Leocadie's clothes."

"Have you got her well bottled up?"

"Yes, chief." He added: "Did Wolfbane get it at all?"

"I doubt it. But we move fast now, Morel! . . . Morel!"

"Sir?"

"Take along the motorcycles," rasped Parr. "We will run no risk of her being recognized. We will change our plan of operation, to save time. Don't break in. Pick up Oliver and Cuyler Braxton, and go in with them. They know all about it. Inform them," said Parr with a grim smile, "they have nothing to tell you. You will do all the telling. They only function, just now, to prepare madame quietly and swiftly for removal. All this time there is to be a lot of commotion from the raid over at Tony's."

"Yes," said the stoical Morel. "Where am I to take them, and under what supposition? Are they under arrest?"

"For their protection, yes," said Parr. "When I go by, you will wait twenty minutes. Then you will take the ladies and follow leisurely."

"With the motorcycle squad?"

"Yes. You will hedge them about, to keep the populace from being too inquisitive," said Parr.

"To what destination?"

"To mine," explained Parr. "At that hour I go to have a little heart-to-heart talk with Wolfbane in his studio in Tenth Avenue. We will be sitting there, smoking and talking, with dim lights. I will complain about my eyes, so he will lower the lights. I will still be politely incredulous of his theory of murder. In the midst of it I would like to have her walk in quietly, alone, and stand there looking at him."

"Leocadie?" Morel's voice betrayed a slight tremor.

"Herself"

"And then?"

"Nothing," said the man hunter. "Under no circumstances must she speak."

"You mean like a ghost?" blurted out Morel.

"A woman reinvoked from the dead," said Parr.

"If she refuses?"

A slight smile touched Parr's lips.

"She will not refuse," he said. "She is an actress. He is a superstitious man. If he is guilty he will be brought to the verge of confession. If he is innocent it will be a happy reunion. . . . You understand? Start out!"

Morel without a word turned to depart. But at the door he looked back and said:

"There is one thing; that is a factory building, where the studio is. There is a janitor and also an engineer. They are employed by Wolfbane."

"They will be removed by Pelts between the time of my arrival and yours," said Parr. "Pelts will be there to time her entrance to a *t*, so there will be no mistake."

Parr arrived alone a few minutes after nine at Wolfbane's and went up. He had previously telephoned, and the manager, smoking a short light cigar, awaited him at the elevator.

"You have quite an establishment here," said the deputy, looking around. "Would it trouble you to have a little less light? My eyes bother me."

"At heart," said Wolfbane, moving from lamp to lamp and pulling out clusters of lights, "I am a man of science. I spend twenty thousand dollars a year on my laboratory."

"Chemistry?" inquired Parr, sitting down in a gloomy spot and taking out a cigar.

"Physics and mechanics."

"Then probably you can give me some hint as to the mechanism employed by the murderer," said Parr.

"Merely a trigger of some sort. Even a stupid murderer could devise that."

"But this was not stupid," put in Parr. "It waited for its victim. There was no one at hand to touch it off at the right moment. We have satisfied ourselves as to that"

"It is fortunate for you that scientists, as a class, do not major in murder," said Wolfbane, with a dry smile. "They have so many facilities at hand which, though simple enough to them, are utterly incomprehensible to the average intelligence."

"The police, I suppose you mean," said Parr, smoking stolidly.

"Yes," agreed the scientist. "Here, for instance, is a potential murderer," he said, and he turned to his workbench. "A photo-electric cell. Every man of science is at present much interested in its possibilities. It is destined to take the place of millions of men in industry. The possibilities are infinite."

Parr took the contrivance in his hand and examined it. It resembled an ordinary radio vacuum tube. Parr thought of the wreckage in the murder apartment.

"I wonder," mused Parr to himself, "is he so sure of himself he can show me how he did it!" Aloud, he said, shortly, "How?"

"It discriminates," replied Wolfbane precisely.

"As to what?"

Parr's eyes explored the gloom of the lower end of the room behind Wolfbane. He thought he detected a movement of a shadow, but he could not be sure.

"Anything you choose," responded the glib Wolfbane. "It is merely a question of the intensity of a beam of light that falls on the target inside that bulb. See. Let me show you how it discriminates between, for instance, different shades of the same color. Green, let us say"

He pushed the bulb into a receptacle in a device that seemed to have been prepared for this demonstration. He held up several cards painted with different shades of green. He passed them one by one rapidly in front of a beam of light. For each one, a mechanical counter clicked audibly and registered. Always the same counter clicked for the same card. The tiny bulb never made an error. Wolfbane smoothed his beard, smiling.

"You follow?"

"It is connected electrically to those counting machines?" asked Parr.

"Yes. It could be connected, through a relay, to a stone crusher, a trip hammer, a blooming mill ——"

"Or a trigger that touched off a cornice "

"You get the idea," nodded the demonstrator.

"——when a woman dressed in Gulf Stream green passed under it?" Parr inquired.

Parr's breath was a little short. The shadow behind Wolfbane was Leocadie. She stood pressed against a pillar by the mantel, listening intently.

"Exactly!" said Wolfbane crisply. His look was so fixed that the pupils of his eyes seemed to have become pin points. "Mind, I do not say that is what did happen!" he cried. "I say that is what could happen. You see how helpless the police would be when pitted against a really learned murderer. The mechanism obliterates its own identity in the crash. Constructive murder," he said crisply, pointing at the mechanism, "is so much more interesting than emotional murder."

Parr sat up. One hand remained by his side. He could shoot accurately from any position.

"It could not go wrong, you say, Wolfbane?" he asked.

"It discriminates," reiterated the scientist patiently. "You have seen." He smiled on Parr, shrugged to excuse ignorance.

Parr leaned forward and said in a hard voice, "Wolfbane, what if the wrong woman wore that dress—that Gulf Stream green?"

Now suddenly he changed his plan of operations, on the very battlefield.

"Look behind you, Wolfbane," he said in a low, tense voice.

Wolfbane swung around in his swivel chair.

"'Cadie!" he gasped convulsively.

He grasped the arms of his chair. His eyes slowly shut. For ten seconds he did not move. Parr indicated to her, by dumb show, not to stir. Wolfbane, recovering himself with no outward evidence of the shock of revelation, excepting only for a pallor, swung back in his chair and faced his desk.

"That is true," he said in a panting voice. He shook his head. He picked up a little square of silk on the desk. "This is the green she wore," he said, and he held it up for Parr to see. At the same instant a terrible reverberating roar rent the stillness of the room. A heavy-calibered pistol had fired from some point in the shadows, and Wolfbane sank back in his chair, drilled through the head. Leocadie screamed. Oliver, Braxton, Morel and Pelts came rushing in.

"Take care!" shouted Parr warningly. "It's a trap! Wait!"

Parr secured his cane, and using the crook to catch a rung of Wolfbane's chair, laboriously worked it to one side out of range of the fiendish device. He picked up the piece of silk—Gulf Stream green—and held it out at arm's length at the end of his stick. As it approached the sensitive photo-electric bulb, the air of the room was shattered a second time by a terrific explosion, and a vicious bullet plowed through the workbench, directly over the spot where Wolfbane had sat.

"Up there in that ventilator, Morel!" cried Parr.

That was where they found a heavy army pistol cleverly hidden and held in a vise; its trigger was operated by a secret electric connection with that cell on the workbench—the cell that discriminated. To the casual eye, the mechanism on the bench looked merely like another radio set. Had Wolfbane been found that way, with no witnesses, it would have looked like another murder.

"He planned to join her, I think," said Oliver.

"He anticipated everything," said Cuyler.

"Except the wrong woman," said Leocadie, drawing a deep breath. "Now she is avenged."

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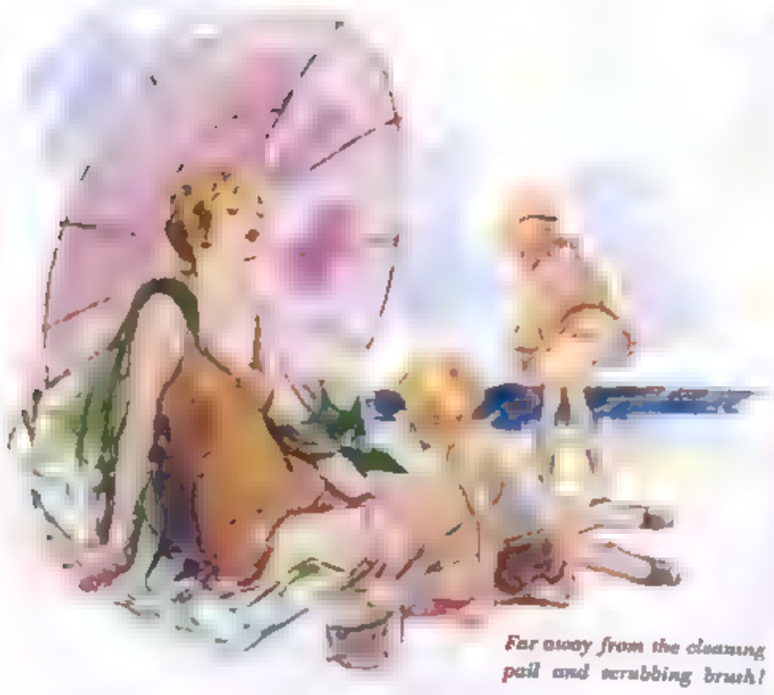

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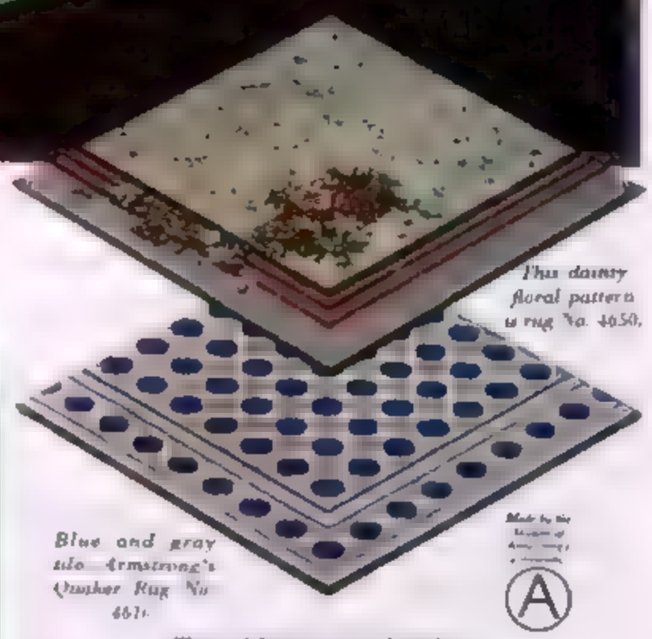

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MR. HUFF OF DETROIT

Continued from Page 25

"Of course you can't, but I am going to tell you. Lord Strathmaine is carrying on a low and vulgar intrigue with our housemaid and has dragged you into it so that he may hide behind you if ever he finds it necessary."

"Nothing of the kind," Arthur replied indignantly. "There is no intrigue at all, and it wasn't Strathmaine who asked Mary to go to the theater. I asked her."

"And how did you become sufficiently familiar with her to ask her to go out with you?"

"I did; so the way doesn't matter."

"And you want me to believe that you are having the affair with the girl?"

"There isn't any affair."

"If the son of the house or a guest is surreptitiously going about with one of the maids and it isn't either an intrigue or an affair, will you kindly tell me what it is?"

"You don't understand, I tell you."

"And I say that I am perfectly willing to be enlightened. The trouble is you don't try to make it clear."

"In any case, I won't have Strathmaine blamed. He didn't ask Mary to go with him. I asked her to go with me."

"I give you credit for your loyalty, Arthur."

"Then you don't believe what I'm telling you?"

"Of course I don't. You are simply standing by your friend."

"I am telling you the truth."

"That's impossible. You couldn't do such a thing. You couldn't place the girl in that position."

"What position?"

"Don't you realize if it became known Mary was going out with Strathmaine or with you, that her character would be gone; that she could never get another situation; that she would be ruined? How long do you think mother would keep her?"

"You're not going to tell mother, are you?"

"Why shouldn't I tell her?"

"Because, if you did ——"

"Yes?"

Margaret waited for Arthur to reply, but as he did not speak, she added "You see." Again there was a short silence, after which Margaret continued, "I really think I should tell mother. A maid who would do such a thing isn't the right kind of girl to have in the house."

"You don't know what you're talking about. She's just about the nicest girl that ever lived."

Margaret looked steadily at Arthur for a moment and then said, "If I thought for one minute that it is you and not Strathmaine who is interested in her, I shouldn't tell mother; I should tell father. But I don't believe it, and so I will say nothing to anyone on two conditions."

"What conditions?"

"The first is that you give me your word of honor you will not let Strathmaine inveigle you into going out again with him and Mary; and the second is that you will tell him I saw you this afternoon, and if such a thing occurs again to my knowledge, Mary will be discharged without a character."

"Without a character! That is certainly good!" Arthur retorted, and laughed.

"That appears to be funny to you," Margaret said.

"It is," Arthur declared.

"It wouldn't be at all funny for Mary," Margaret asserted, to which Arthur rejoined, "And some day it won't be funny for you."

"Well, do you accept the conditions?" Margaret asked, and when Arthur started to protest, she added, "There's no use in arguing; you agree or you don't, and that's all there is to it."

"All right," Arthur said, "I agree. But I warn you, one of these days you'll realize how darned ridiculous you have been."

When Arthur explained to Strathmaine what had transpired between Margaret and himself, Strathmaine was deeply perturbed. He protested that it not only greatly prejudiced Margaret against him, which was the last thing he would want to happen, but that it made him appear the worst kind of a cad. Seeing no way out of the impasse, they called Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor into consultation. They discussed the situation from every viewpoint, but there always remained the unescapable fact that if the truth were told all their friends would have to find other situations. In consequence of this they decided that, for the present at least, it was best to say nothing, a decision which left Strathmaine in a most uncomfortable and awkward position, but one which, so far as he could see, there was no way of avoiding.

"This, With You, is Nothing. It is All Between My Fiancée and Me"

Margaret, to underscore her disapproval of Strathmaine, began to accept, in a seemingly more friendly spirit, the advances of Miraumont. It was purely a defensive measure. She had not overcome her antipathy toward him, but she thought an apparently open acceptance of his attentions would make clear to Strathmaine her opinion of his behavior and would erect a barrier between them which he would be unable to cross. In this she was entirely successful, and Strathmaine, writhing under a sense of injustice and knowing that he had done nothing to deserve Margaret's contempt, but that he was unable to place matters before her in their true light, was resentful and unhappy. He suggested to Arthur that he be allowed to cut short his visit, but to this Arthur would not agree.

Margaret's avoidance of Strathmaine was so direct that Lady Agatha commented on it and Arthur protested vigorously. In the course of his objections he referred to Miraumont as viscid and slimy, and he asked indignantly what Margaret could see in a fellow like him. To this Margaret retorted by stating the specific charges she had against Strathmaine, and asked Arthur to be explicit and definite in his accusations against Miraumont.

When Arthur was compelled to admit that his aversion to Miraumont was based on impressions and not on facts, Margaret said that it was cowardly to make unsupported attacks on a man's character, and declared she refused to discuss the matter further till Arthur came with definite and supportable charges.

Lady Agatha's championing of Strathmaine and her attacks on Miraumont were even more forcible than Arthur's. No word of laudation was too high for the Englishman and no word of contempt too strong for the Frenchman. She tried, in every way that she could, to prevent Margaret from going about with Miraumont, but spurred by jealousy and with the desperate stubbornness of the weak, Margaret for once refused to be led by her friend and insisted on going her own way.

Huff also joined in the opposition. He said he was against Miraumont from fender to tail-light and that took in the upholstery as well. In fact, he stated, Miraumont was as popular with him as a bottle of glue spilled in the week's wash.

XI

FOR the Saturday following Margaret's adventure at the theater, Mrs. Huff, much to her gratification, had received an invitation to a reception given by Lady Chizzlington at her home, Drinkwater House. This Mrs. Huff considered a great step forward toward the goal of social distinction which she was determined to reach. The great lady present was the Duchess of Uffington, and Mrs. Huff was greatly exhilarated by the knowledge that she was actually under the same roof with so distinguished a personage. Having been introduced to the duchess, who had graciously bowed and said "How do you do?" Mrs. Huff was almost stunned when, a little later, she saw the duchess chatting and laughing in the friendliest manner with Bugden. At least it looked like Bugden, and if it wasn't Bugden, it certainly was, or at least ought to be, his twin. And still, it could not be Bugden, for how could a butler be on such terms of easy familiarity with the Duchess of Uffington and be included among the guests at such a reception?

The man evidently was a guest, for not only had he the manner of one but he was dressed with meticulous correctness. Besides, he wore a monocle, which proved that he belonged to the aristocracy; for, though many Englishmen have ophthalmic trouble, by some curious phenomenon of Nature an Englishman of the lower class is always afflicted in both eyes and wears spectacles, while a member of the upper class is always troubled in one eye only and wears a monocle.

Mrs. Huff, greatly puzzled by the striking resemblance, made her way to Lady Chizzlington and asked who the gentleman was.

Lady Chizzlington replied, "Don't you know him? Really? That is Mr. Southerdown, the nephew of Lord Dundee. A most amusing man, so witty and full of chaff. You must meet him, really you must." When the propitious moment came, Mr. Southerdown was duly introduced. He was charmed to meet Mrs. Huff; in fact, he was delighted. Was she by any chance related to the Mr. Huff who made such wonderful cars, and who, he had read, had recently come to reside in London? His wife! Really most extraordinary! Not extraordinary that he should have a wife, of course, but that they should meet instantaneously after he had just asked about him. Quite a coincidence, what?

Mrs. Huff, at that moment, was not interested in the slightest in the car that bore her husband's name, but she was greatly interested in the resemblance between the man to whom she was talking and the man who was her butler, and when the opportunity came she said, "By the way, Mr. Southerdown, did you ever hear of a man named Bugden?"

"The butler chap?"

"Yes."

"I should say I have heard about him. Have you any idea where the fellow is?"

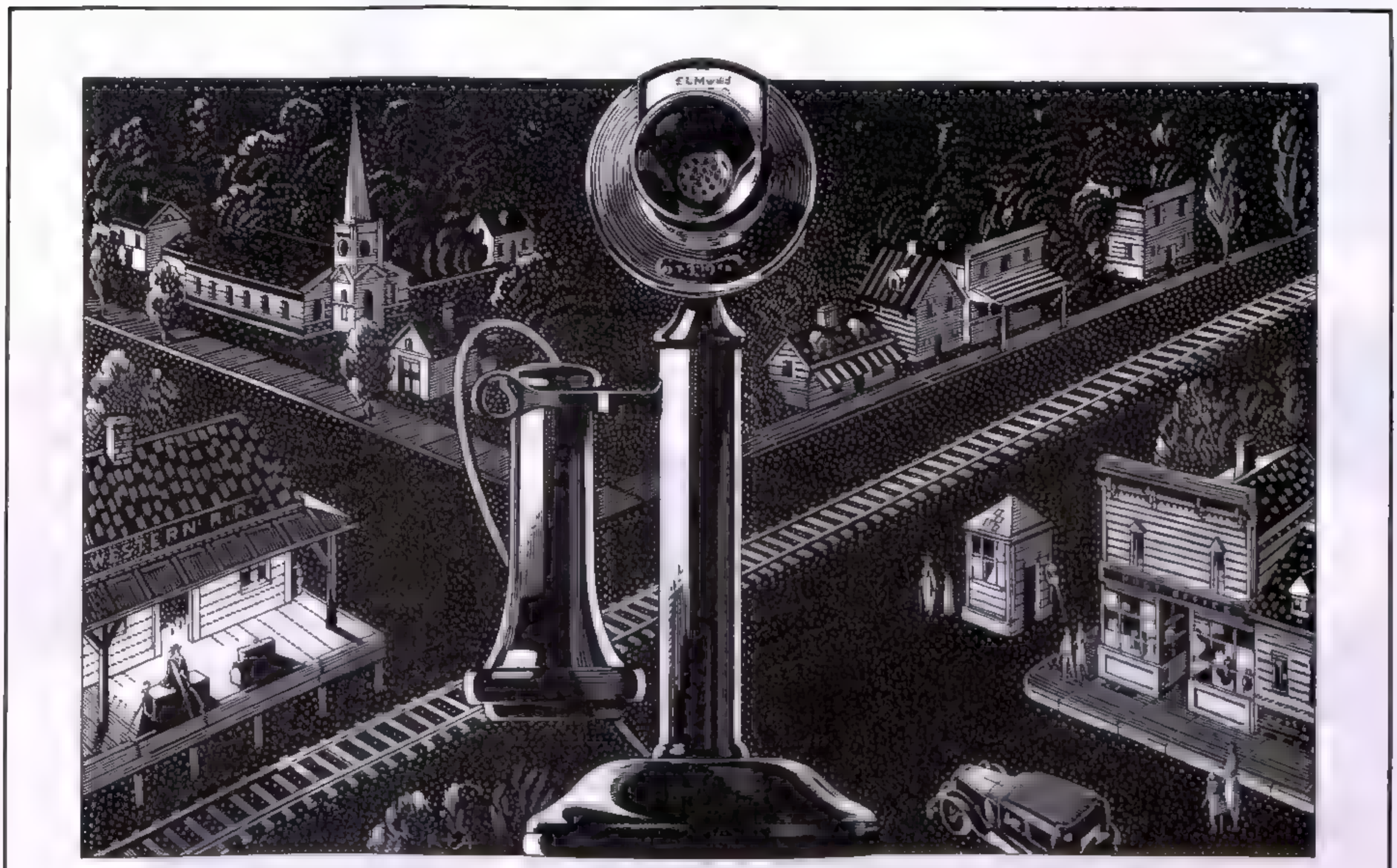
"He is working for me."

"Working for you! How extraordinary! Another coincidence, what? Tell me, my dear Mrs. Huff, does the man really look as much like me as my friends say that he does? A great pal of mine said that he couldn't tell us apart except for the monocle and that I part my hair on the right and this Bugden fellow parts his on the left."

"The resemblance is extraordinary, Mr. Southerdown."

(Continued on Page 78)

Stranded in a Small town . . . He kept both Engagements by Telephone



A PLANT superintendent of a large tire company was on a business trip in Canada. He missed his connection and was stranded in a town with one train a day. Two important engagements loomed ahead—one in Toronto, the other in New York. He thought of the telephone. He called the two cities. He completed his business so satisfactorily in both places that neither of the trips was necessary.

The telephone is always ready to put important things through. A man in St. Louis was too busy to go to Memphis and back. He made the round trip by telephone. It resulted in $1400 worth of business.

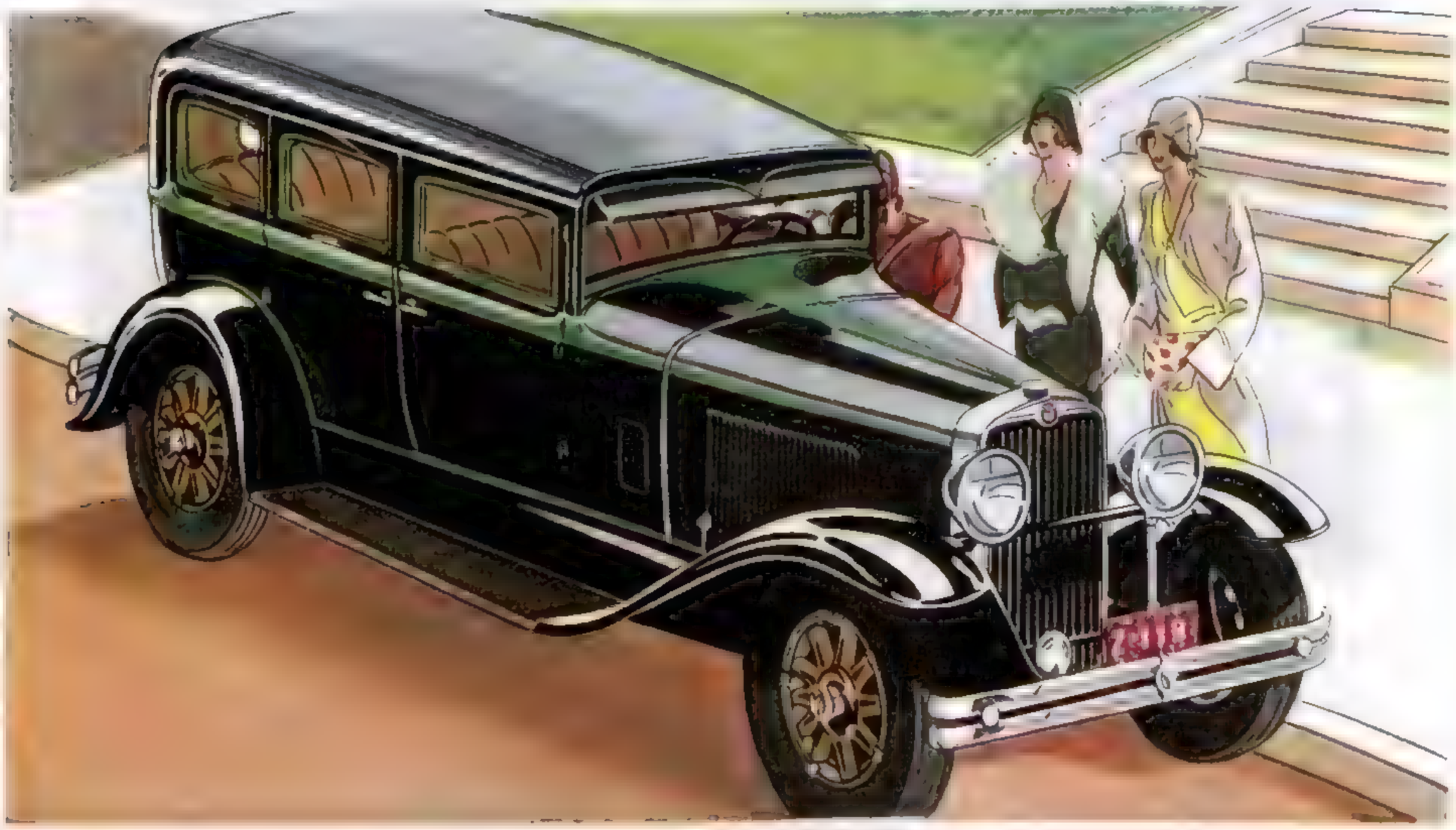
A Seattle lumber company received a carload order on condition that it could be shipped in five days. Special items had to be cut. A telephone call to Portland, costing $1.15, found a mill that could do the work. The car was shipped in time. A Minnesota commission house invested $43.60 in nine telephone calls to five cities and sold 60 carloads—$24,840 worth—of potatoes.

What delay, worry or expense could you save today? Is there a misunderstanding to be adjusted, an important sale or purchase hanging fire? Calls are cheap. Typical station to station day rates: Chicago to South Bend, 60c. Peoria to St. Louis, 90c. Cleveland to Philadelphia, $1.60. Pittsburgh to St. Louis, $2.35. Boston to Chicago, $3.25.

Out of town calling is quick and calling by number takes even less time. Bell Telephone Service . . . *Quick* . . . *Inexpensive* . . . *Universal.*

Beauty and Grace Achieved Through Tailored Lines

in the 90° V-Eight at Medium Price



VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

In creating the new Viking V-type eight, the designers sought distinction along the most difficult path—the achievement of beauty, grace, and elegance through tailored lines.

The result more than justifies their diligence, for although it was introduced only a few weeks ago, the public has already appraised the Viking as a car of exceptional beauty.

The Viking is a low-swung, trimly-tailored car of generous size. Sweeping full-crown fenders, graceful hood, and handsome body contours all blend into a pleasing, beautifully proportioned whole—at once fleet in appearance and dignified in character.

The same richness and harmony of design that bring such distinguished style have been carried out to the last detail in the interior. The entire interior decoration effect is one of luxury. The upholstery materials are soft to the touch, neutral in color, fine in quality. Seats are deep-cushioned, and incline at just the right angle to provide armchair comfort. Appointments, panelings, and hardware have been selected with discriminating taste.

The riding qualities of the car bear out this luxurious comfort. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, synchronized with the springs, smooth out road irregularities and assure restful riding ease. The low center of gravity, long wheelbase, and balanced weight of the Viking chassis also contribute to riding comfort by providing matchless roadability.

Combined with all this are the smoothness, quietness, and perfection of performance of the ninety-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine. The new Viking will deliver far greater speed than the average motorist requires—easy, effortless speed that may be sustained hour after hour. Response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds. And there is mighty power for steep hills, long grades, and hard pulling.

In the new Viking engine, the ninety-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder principle—characteristic of high-priced cars—reaches a high stage of development. Among the outstanding advantages of this new engine are its simplicity, rigidity, accessibility, and compactness. The valve mechanism is entirely new in design and is more accessible than in the conventional automobile engine. Fuel distribution is through down-draft manifolds, providing all cylinders with a uniform fuel mixture. Lubrication and cooling are both remarkably efficient. There is an exclusive new precipitating-trap system of oil cleaning. And thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters are standard equipment.

The new Viking provides appearance, performance, comfort, and luxury of a type formerly associated with expensive cars—and it is priced within the means of the American family.

$1595

f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich. Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

See the great new Viking V-type eight in the showroom of the nearest Oldsmobile-Viking dealer. Examine its many new engineering features. Take it for a trial drive. Then compare the Viking, point by point, with other cars of medium price and know how much more it offers in value.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Viking delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

SEE AMERICA'S NEWEST NATIONAL PARK

GRAND TETON

Lake Artist Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone Park

and

YELLOWSTONE

in One Low Cost Trip

The Teton Mountains! No one who has ever seen their majestic snowy heads, rising steeply above the mirror-like waters of Jackson Lake, has ever forgotten their beauty! Among the greatest of America's mountains, they remained almost inaccessible for many years.

You can see Grand Teton National Park this summer, and include it with Yellowstone Park in one trip at amazingly low cost. Plan now to see *both* of these wonderlands—Yellowstone with its geysers, canyons and cataracts—Grand Teton with its mighty glacier-topped peaks; its lakes and romantic dude-ranch country!

Mail Coupon below for Full Information

G. J. Collins, G. P. A., Dept. 588
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost and booklet on Grand Teton Yellowstone National Parks trip. I am also interested in Zion-Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National Parks Pacific Northwest-Alaska Colorado Hawaii Escorted All-Expense Tours California

Name

Address

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

(Continued from Page 72)

"So I have been told, you know, and to have it confirmed by you, Mrs. Huff, who have had so great an opportunity to study the fellow at close range—well, that certainly screws the lid on it, doesn't it? Of course it does. It certainly does. Well! Well! Well!"

"Has the resemblance ever caused you any annoyance?"

"Annoyance. At times it has annoyed me to exasperation. It certainly has. But Bugden must have had his share of irritation, too, for he once wrote to me intimating his displeasure at my daring to resemble him so closely and asking me, in effect, what I intended to do about it. My reply was, I think, one of the best things I have ever done; witty, and all that, without any incivility on my part. If he has kept it—and men like that do treasure such things from people like us, you know—might I suggest that you read it, for I think you would find it rather amusing. I do really."

When Mrs. Huff saw Bugden next morning she noticed quickly that his hair was parted on the left. There was about him, too, a momentousness of manner and a ponderosity of speech which set the poles between him and the man to whom she had spoken the previous night. The two men could not be the same; of that she was certain; and yet she felt vaguely puzzled, though about what she could not possibly have told.

She watched Bugden for a time doing his work with his usual and unruffled heaviness of manner, and then she asked sharply, "Bugden, have you ever heard of a Mr. Southerdown?"

Bugden turned to Mrs. Huff in evident surprise, but the movement lacked the quickness of the other man, just as the face and speech were wanting in the other man's vivacity.

He said, "Yes, madam, I have."

"What have you heard?"

"I have heard, madam, that we look like each other."

"Have you ever been mistaken for him?"

"Twice that I remember, madam. On one occasion a gentleman came up to me in Regent Street and wanted to know why I didn't answer his letter about some money he wanted to borrow. On the other occasion a gentleman, in spite of my protests, insisted on giving me an umbrella which he said was mine and which he assured me he had taken by mistake. He left in a great hurry and when he had gone I found Mr. Southerdown's initials on the handle."

"What did you do with it?"

"I left it for Mr. Southerdown at his club, madam."

"Then you knew which his club was?"

"Yes, madam. It was the Bath Club, madam. Mr. Southerdown had written me from there."

"Did Mr. Southerdown acknowledge receiving the umbrella?"

"No, madam. I asked the sergeant if Mr. Southerdown was in town and he told me he was at the club every day. The sergeant said he would be most particular about calling Mr. Southerdown's attention to the umbrella, and under those circumstances I did not think it was necessary to leave either my name or my address."

"I see. Did you keep Mr. Southerdown's letter?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you still have it?"

"I think so, madam."

"Would you mind my seeing it?"

"Not at all, madam."

When Bugden had returned and had handed the letter, which was written on the Bath Club paper, to Mrs. Huff, she read:

You precious Bugden: Your letter was priceless.

In spite of the fact that I am supposed to resemble you, I have grown to be content with the face and figure that Nature gave me, and so if there is anything to be done that we may be known apart, you will have to do it.

I therefore suggest that you wear [illegible] clothes in the daytime, and racing garb, including field glasses, at night. Grow a beard. Dye your hair red. Wear blue spectacles. Walk with a limp and speak with a stutter.

If you will follow the above suggestions I am sure you will never again have the humiliation to be mistaken for

Yours chokingly,
A. G. B. SOUTHERDOWN.

Mrs. Huff scrutinized the letter carefully, noted the writing, which in no way resembled Bugden's, and remarked both the date, which was some two years previous, and the ink, which evidenced the letter had been written some time before. Then she said "Thank you," and returned it to him without comment.

When Bugden came home on the following Saturday from his evening off, he showed Mrs. Harley a note he had found awaiting him at the Bath Club, and which read:

Dear Mr. Southerdown: Bugden told me today that he, some time ago, left an umbrella for you at your club, but did not give his name and address. I am wondering if it reached you.

Yours sincerely,
EMILY HUFF.

Mrs. Harley whistled softly and remarked, "You told us you had absolutely convinced her."

Bugden said, "I certainly thought I had, but she is evidently a very skeptical and suspicious old hawk. Here's the reply—on the club paper, of course."

Dear Mrs. Huff: My delay in answering your note was due to my being out of town for a few days. Under these circumstances you will excuse me, I know.

The umbrella reached me safely, and from the sergeant's description of the bringer, I knew it was dear old Bugden. In spite of much thought I have never been able to discover how my rain protector came into his possession.

Would you do me a great favor and ask the precious old boy to write and let me know how he managed to get hold of it?

Yours sincerely,
A. G. B. SOUTHERDOWN.

"That ought to give her something to gnaw on," Bugden commented; and Mrs. Harley said, "You got old Charlie Dorset to write it, of course?"

"Naturally, just as I got him to write the other in case of emergency. Charlie is as safe as a steel vault and our writing isn't the least bit alike. And the note is dated Monday and it won't be posted till Monday."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want too many things to happen on my day off," Bugden replied.

XII

ARTHUR, realizing from the outset that his promise to Margaret not to let Strathmaine inveigle him into going out with Strathmaine and Mary did not invalidate his seeing Mary alone, saw her often, and the romance between them ran so smoothly that it gave the lie to the old and generally accepted adage about the course of true love. Not only was it warmly and unanimously approved by all the members of the servants' hall but it brought to Mrs. Harley and to Mrs. Beverleigh fragrant memories of the budding and flowering of their own love-making days and mating time. They lived in retrospect the sweetest and most exquisite hours of their lives, and in the many ways in which tactful and clever women can, they made the pathway of the two young lovers both pleasant and easy.

When Arthur regretted Mary had but one afternoon and evening off each week, Mrs. Harley said such things were in her department and that she could arrange for Mary to be free any evening she and Arthur desired. It is the adventurous that gives the spur to love, and danger is a soil that brings it to an early fruition. Although both Arthur and Mary would have denied indignantly that there was anything surreptitious about their conduct, the fact that neither Mr. Huff nor Mrs. Huff was aware of their romance gave it a fillip with which their open acceptance could not possibly have inspired it. Arthur had not yet proposed. It was that tremulous, wonderful hour when everything was understood, though nothing had been spoken, and when delay but added to the sweetness of the inevitability.

But one afternoon, while sitting in the park, having eyes and thoughts only for each other, enthralled by mere propinquity and engrossed in the airy momentousness of their personal equation, Arthur, as if impelled by some extraneous power, looked suddenly up and saw his father gravely regarding them. Following Arthur's action, Mary looked up as well. Both of the young people had known, subconsciously and for some time, that the moment must come when they would have to stand before the older man, but the unexpectedness of its arrival, together with their unpreparedness for it, came with such a shock that for a moment or so neither of them could either speak or move. Then Arthur galvanically got to his feet, his action again followed, this time impulsively, by that of Mary, and said "Hello, dad."

"Hello, son," Huff replied, and then, having waited for a moment, he added, "I know this young lady, don't I?"

"Yes, father," Arthur rejoined. "This is Miss Norton."

Again there was a silence, and again it was broken by Huff, who asked quietly, "Don't we know her as Mary?"

"Yes, father," Arthur assented.

In Huff's attitude there was nothing indicative of the outraged parent, in spite of the fact that here was his only son sitting in the park with his head housemaid and that there was no mistaking the manner in which he had been regarding her. Huff had barely noticed the girl before, but now he remarked her scrutinously. That she was attractive was beyond question; she was also nicely dressed, but Huff was unable to distinguish whether her clothes were the expensive models worn by his wife and daughter or only clever imitations. Moreover, there was about her the indefinable but unmistakable air of good breeding. It slowly began to seep into Huff's consciousness that there was something strangely above their class in all of his domestics with whom he came in contact, and he was not only puzzled but he was vaguely bewildered. He realized that if he had met this girl without knowing who and what she was he would have been disposed to like her very much and that he would unquestioningly have accepted her as a lady. And yet she was a servant in his house. From that fact there was no escaping.

"I think there's something we ought to talk over," Huff proceeded, "and I don't know any better place than this. So let's sit down and find out what it's about." And when they were seated he asked "Well?"

"I love Mary," Arthur explained somewhat breathlessly—"I love her and I'm going to marry her."

Huff paused for a second before replying, and then he said, "That's to the point, straight enough." Then he inquired of Mary "What about you?"

"She loves me. I know she does," Arthur interposed ardently; and Mary admitted gently, "Yes, Mr. Huff, I do love him. But I have never told him so. And till now he has never said that he loved me."

"Then he hasn't asked you to marry him?" Huff questioned; and Mary answered "No."

Huff breathed a sigh of relief, but Arthur exclaimed, "That makes no difference. I intended to ask her and she knew it. Mary, darling, you've said you love me, and you will marry me, won't you?"

Mary made no haste to reply, and Huff regarded her keenly. It was for them all a moment pregnant with potentiality, and the hesitancy of the girl and the look in her face warmed Huff strongly toward her.

"You will, won't you, Mary?" Arthur begged; and after another silence Mary confided "Yes, dear, I will."

"You darling!" Arthur exclaimed joyously, and then to his father he said, "You heard, dad. Well, that's that."

"I don't think that is all of it, my boy. Do you, Mary?" Huff asked gently.

Mary replied, "No, Mr. Huff, it isn't. I love Arthur with all my heart, but I won't marry him till you understand."

(Continued on Page 81)

ATWATER KENT

SCREEN-GRID RADIO SCREEN-GRID

HERE IS the factory that stands behind Atwater Kent Radio. Already the largest radio factory in the world, now it is doubled in size, *doubly* the largest, because the public asked for more—and more—and more—of the radio that keeps on working.

It covers more floor space than 28 football fields, than 3 Yankee Stadiums, than 2 Yale Bowls, than 17 Madison Square Gardens, than 15 Leviathans, than 9 Capitols at Washington.

32 acres of radio! Half a mile from end to end. Walk around it—walk more than a mile and a half. Go into it—you see each Atwater Kent Radio being constructed and tested with

World's largest radio factory *doubles again!*

On the air—every Sunday night—
Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

as much care as if every little detail were the biggest thing in the world.

Atwater Kent Radio is nearly seven years old. For twenty years before radio came we were making electrical instruments by methods of precision. Today every Atwater Kent set and speaker is the product of long experience in making things that are *right*.

Your preference for such things built this plant. More than 2,350,000 families—900,000 in the past year—have chosen Atwater Kents and found the choice justified in the performance. Now, with twice as much room as before, we can make not only more but still better radio.

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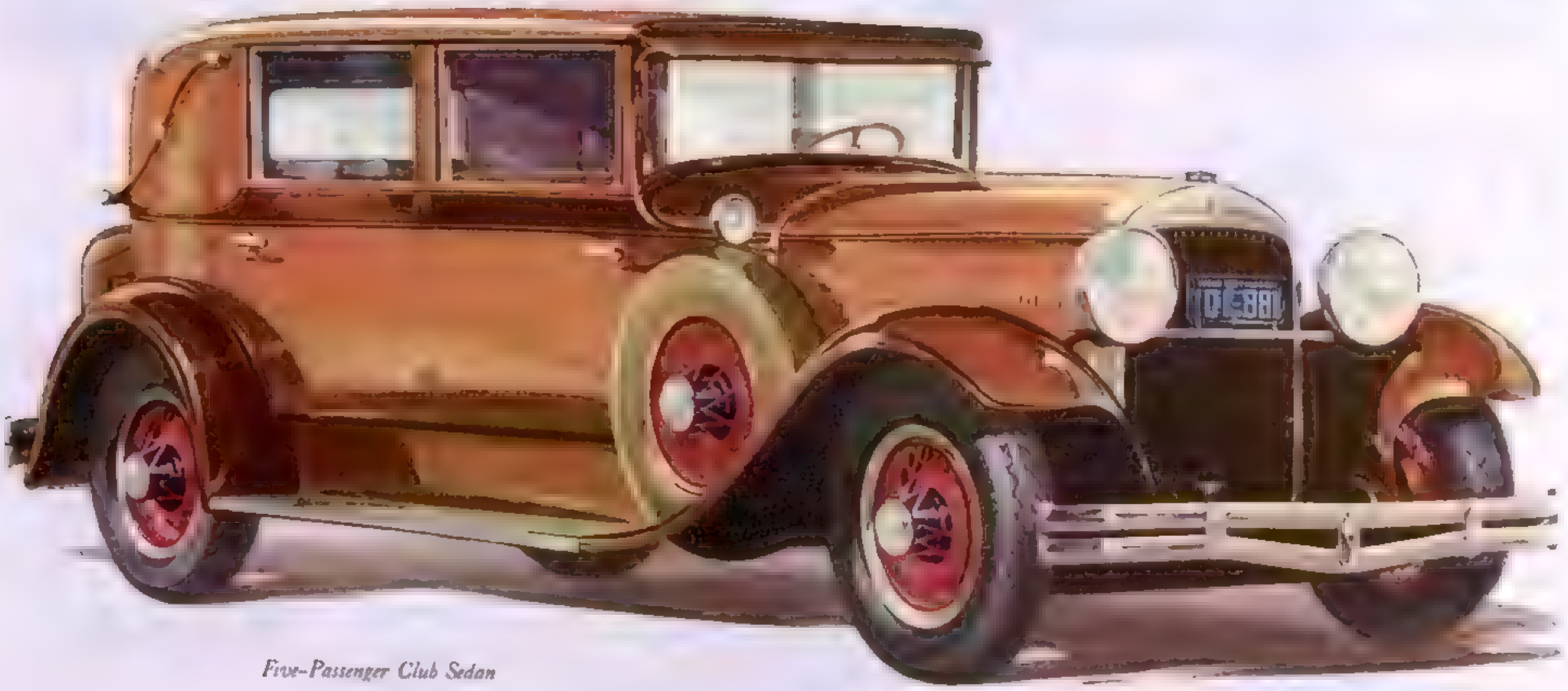
THE GREATER



Five-Passenger Club Sedan

HUDSON

Wide Choice of Color at No Extra Cost

The Variety is So Great you have Almost Individual Selection

Personal choice of color, which has been a limited and costly luxury in car ownership, is now available, at no extra cost, in the 14 distinguished models of the Greater Hudson.

It gives to Hudson ownership the delight and privacy we have in self-chosen things, and the identity that makes your car your own. In the many thousands of Hudsons you see and pass countlessly, observe there is no monotony, but the refreshing interest of individual color expression.

It is a finishing detail in the brilliant program of value-giving, which has successively established—Performance Leadership, not excelled by costliest cars—Value Leadership with custom qualities produced in volume—and Style Leadership which is the pattern of the industry.

It is a factor, too, in making this the greatest year of Hudson's long and successful history—and in increasing ownership among women by tens of thousands.

Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gauge for gas and oil—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—glare-proof rear-view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

$1095 AND UP... AT FACTORY

Charles P. Logg

is wearing #1711

You'll like the way this sturdy Fancy Worsted fabric No. 1711 holds a crease. You'll like the unusual pattern, too. Gray in tone, with alternating stripes of unobtrusive maroon and blue. One of the most popular of the 307 Nash patterns.

Mr. Charles P. Logg is coach of the Princeton Crew and, as such, leads an extremely active life.

He makes more than average demands on his clothes both in the matter of wear and looks, and he finds every demand more than met in Nash suits and overcoats.

The Admiral of the Nassau Navy is one of many hundreds of athletic directors who are regular and valued patrons of Nash.

WHEN a man coaches the Tiger Crew, his clothes must needs combine sturdiness and style to the highest possible degree. And so, Mr. Logg naturally wears Nash clothes.

You can see him any day now down at Carnegie Lake in a knicker suit of Pattern No. 1711 that has the stamina of the huskiest lad that ever pulled stroke in the Nassau shell and the smartness of the best dressed man in '29.

When off duty, Mr. Logg wears long trousers of this same material which, by the way, was also selected by no less than 240 men during the past month.

Indeed, the nearest Nash representative (one of more than 1800 in cities all over America) should have his hands full now that the student body of Princeton has had a chance to see this exceedingly attractive gray worsted made up for sport and street wear! The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

©1929, The A. N. C.

(Continued from Page 76)

"Understand what?"

"I can't tell you yet. There are others involved."

"I know all about it," Arthur declared. "I've known from the beginning. And you can take my word for it, dad, that there's nothing wrong."

"I'm sure there's nothing wrong so far as Mary is concerned," was Huff's comment; and Mary rejoined, "Thank you, Mr. Huff."

"But," Huff continued, "the marriage of a man's son is a very important matter to both of them, and naturally the father wants to know something about his future daughter. And you see, I know nothing about you except that you are a servant in my house."

"You can't hold that against her," Arthur urged. "An aristocrat might, but you're a democrat and you're of the people yourself."

"Yes, I'm of the people," Huff admitted. "And the fact that Mary is a housemaid won't be held against her so far as I'm concerned, although I admit I had different ideas and hopes. And you're of age and I can't prevent you from marrying any girl you want to. But there are just two things I should like to know about the girl my boy wants to marry. The first is: Does he love her? You have answered that. The second is: Is she the right kind of girl for him to marry?"

"And Mary is," Arthur protested. "Of course she is. Can't you tell that simply by talking to her?"

"I haven't a doubt in the world that Mary is what is called a nice girl, a good girl," Huff replied; and Arthur interjected hotly "I should hope not."

"And such being the case," Huff proceeded, "I don't see how she can object to telling me something about herself and her folks. Where were you born, Mary?"

"London."

"What does your father do?"

"My father and my mother are dead."

"What business was he in?"

"None."

"Profession?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Please don't ask any more questions," Mary begged. "I don't want to refuse to answer them, and if I do answer them I shall get very dear friends of mine into trouble. So please don't question me any more. Please!"

Huff waited a moment before he said, "Arthur wants to make you my daughter, so don't you think it's perfectly natural I should like to know something about you, my dear?"

"I know it is," Mary declared. "I don't blame you at all, Mr. Huff. But just now I don't want to tell you."

"Take it from me, dad, Mary is absolutely all right. I know it. And when you know what I know, you'll be the first to admit it."

"But why shouldn't I know it now?" Huff remonstrated. "What earthly reason can there be for her not telling me what profession her father was in—that is," he said with intention, "unless in some way he disgraced it."

"He didn't," Mary declared indignantly, "and you shan't even think such a thing. My father was a soldier."

"Officer?"

"Yes."

"What rank?"

Mary, seeing the trap which Huff had set for her and into which she had nearly walked, refused to make any reply, and in this decision Arthur warmly supported her.

"I wish you would both understand that I want to be your friend and not your enemy," Huff assured them; and then he added: "And that I would much rather have another daughter than lose my son."

"Dad!" Arthur exclaimed; and Mary cried, "Oh, don't say that, Mr. Huff. Please don't say that. I know how much Arthur loves you and how you love him. And I love him too. But I'd give him up now—this minute—and never see him again, rather than come between you in any way."

Huff rejoined very gently, "I'm not opposing Arthur's marrying you, my dear. But as his father, I can't agree to it until I know something about you. And that there is something to know you've already admitted."

"And I've told you I know what it is," Arthur declared, "and that it's nothing to be ashamed of; in fact, it's just the opposite. And if I'm satisfied, that's all that's necessary."

"If you're determined to take that position, Arthur, I don't see there's anything more for me to say," was Huff's reply, and he rose as if to go. But Mary stopped him and said, "If you left like this I should never forgive myself—never. You are in the right and I am in the wrong. I shouldn't have gone out with Arthur at all, and I promise you I won't see or speak with him again until you give me permission."

"No," Arthur cried, "I won't agree to that."

And Huff reminded him that he had nothing to say about it, that it was a proposition entirely between the girl and himself. "And," he continued sternly, "there's a mystery here, and I don't like mysteries. Mary is a lady. Why is she masquerading as a servant?"

When Arthur had assured his father that he was mistaken and Mary had protested that she was not masquerading, Huff proceeded, "Everything about her says that she's a lady, even the way she walks and carries herself. And then, look at her clothes and the way she wears them. Notice her gloves and her shoes. And above all, listen to her voice. There's one thing, anyway, the lower-class Englishman can't imitate, and that's the tone and speech of the upper class. He may get rich and have his clothes made by the same tailor; he may wear a monocle; and he may buy a place in the country and hunt; and he may even change his laugh. But he can't entirely change his speech and the tones of his voice. After years of practice he may have something like the other man's way of talking, but it's never the genuine article. And it's the same with a woman. Now, Mary's way of speaking is the real thing. She might be Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor's daughter or sister. So what's the answer? And don't say it's because she's lived so long in the best families, because Bugden has already pulled that one."

The young people looked at each other in silence, and after a moment Huff continued, "And it's the same way with Vespers and Bugden. Vespers talks like a college professor and Bugden slips into the same speed more often than he thinks. I must have been asleep, but I'm not asleep now. Mary, Bugden and Vespers, and probably some of the others, are not what they seem to be, that's sure. Then who are they and what's the game? And you might as well tell me, for one way or another I'm going to find out."

After hesitant glances had passed between them, Arthur said to Mary, "He'll certainly do it, now he's on the trail," and Huff asserted, "Nothing could be more certain, and so, what is it all about?"

Again inquiring and half-frightened glances were exchanged between the boy and the girl, and then Arthur explained, "I'd like to speak to Mary for a minute or two before I say anything," to which Huff declared, "That's all right with me. Go into conference if you want to."

When Mary and Arthur had spoken very earnestly together Arthur said to his father, "There is a secret, but it isn't only ours. However, we feel sure that under the circumstances the others wouldn't object to our telling it to you, and we'll do it if you'll promise to say nothing to mother about it."

"There seems to be a conspiracy to make me keep secrets from your mother," Huff rejoined, "and so I won't promise what you want. But why don't you two understand that I'm your friend? If everything is all right—and I feel sure it is—then I'm for you, not against you. I won't make the road rough; I'll make it smooth. But it won't pay you to hide anything. You've got to come clean. If you're willing to do that, take my advice—go ahead and tell."

They told.

When the two young people had finished the story and Huff realized that it was the truth, he held out his hand to the girl and added, "You're a thoroughbred, Mary. If we weren't in a public park I'd kiss you."

"Take your turn," Arthur urged. "Remember, I haven't kissed her yet."

To this Huff replied, "Then your love account starts with a debit on my books"; and Arthur retorted, "Don't let it worry you, dad. By this time tomorrow I'll have a credit balance that will satisfy even you."

"You won't let it interfere with the others keeping their positions, will you?" Mary pleaded.

Huff's answer was: "I should say not, and as for the promise you wanted ——" Huff stopped; a smile came to his face and quickly developed into a grin; he chuckled and then he laughed hilariously, and when he had recovered his breath he gasped: "Oh, what a joke on your mother! Imagine her feelings when she finds an honorable is her housemaid, my valet belongs to one of the oldest families in England, her soup has been passed to her by the nephew of a lord, and her housekeeper is actually descended from a king!"

XIII

"THIS isn't as master and servant," Huff said, as he offered his hand to Bugden the next time they met. "This is as man to man."

"I don't think I understand you, sir," Bugden demurred.

"You understand me all right. Arthur must have told you he had to let me in on the secret or be bumped into the ditch. And I want to tell you I admire a real man when I meet one, and that's just what you are, and Vespers as well. And so, as I said before"—and again Huff extended his hand—"as man to man."

"Since you put it that way, Mr. Huff, certainly," Bugden declared, and he took the proffered hand in a hearty grasp. Then he added: "But I'm afraid you exaggerate what we are doing. We all have to carry on, you know."

"I don't exaggerate the least bit in the world. Only a brave man can conquer his pride."

"But it wasn't a question of that at all. Circumstances had to be met and we met them. We're exactly the same persons that we were before. The only way our pride has been involved has been in the matter of giving value received. And we have all tried to do that. It has really been a point of honor with us."

"You have certainly succeeded."

"The staff will all be glad to hear that—very glad indeed. And on our behalf I want to say that we have all been treated splendidly. No one belowstairs could possibly expect more consideration than has been shown to us in every way."

"That's good news too."

"I infer that we are all to continue as usual?"

"So far as I'm concerned you can continue just as long as you please, and if there should be any trouble from any quarter, before you decide on anything definite, put the matter up to me."

"I shall be very glad to do it."

"And you don't have to be the perfect butler and pretend not to get my jokes any more."

"I got myself into that position. It was entirely my own fault."

"And there's another thing: I enjoy my morning chat with Vespers. Don't you think you could manage to drop in once in a while? There'd be an easy-chair for you, and a cigar if you wanted it."

"Does Vespers have the chair and the cigar?"

"No."

"No more could I. While we are working for you we are your servants and nothing more. I appreciate the spirit in which you made the offer, but it wouldn't work."

"But when you've finished for the day—what about that?"

"It couldn't be done. A man simply can't be another man's equal one part of the day and his servant the other. And I am your servant, Mr. Huff, and we can't get away from it. It has been very pleasant to meet you, even for so short a time, as man to man, as you put it, but now I'm afraid the interlude is over."

"I'm sorry."

"Not at all." Then, dropping once more into the rôle of the butler, Bugden asked, "Anything else, sir?"

"Yes. I got a letter this morning, signed Askerton. That's Lord Askerton, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know anything about him?"

"Yes, sir. Lord Askerton is a Canadian who reversed the usual order of things and left the land of promise and came to England to make his fortune, and did it."

"Self-made?"

"Absolutely, sir. And he's a power in England today, and deservedly, sir, both politically and commercially—especially commercially."

"What is his real business?"

"The formation and management of enormous commercial enterprises, sir, in which he has been wonderfully successful. Lord Askerton's name on any prospectus means that the stock is sure to be tremendously oversubscribed. The people trust Lord Askerton, sir. He has never let them down."

"The people trusted him and he never let them down," Huff said slowly, and then he added: "What an epitaph that would be for a man!"

"Indeed it would, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Not just now."

"Thank you, sir."

When Huff called up the number Askerton had given him, and which was not in the telephone book, the operator said: "Just a moment, Mr. Huff. I have instructions to put you through the instant you called, sir."

Almost immediately a voice, vibrant and authoritative, said, "Hello. Is this Mr. Huff?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Henry W. Huff?"

"Yes."

"This is Askerton speaking."

"How do you do?"

"How do you do? I would like to arrange a meeting at the earliest possible moment that you can manage it, Mr. Huff, on a matter of great importance. I can meet you at any time you say. I will come to see you, or you can come to see me, or we'll meet for lunch at any place you wish. I leave the choice to you."

"You're sure there's no mistake?"

"Not if you're Henry W. Huff."

"There's no mistake about that."

"Then let us make an engagement now. The only condition I would like to attach is that we will have a chance to talk privately."

"I have no office and I don't know much about private luncheon places."

"Then may I suggest that you come and lunch with me here? I have a cozy little dining room, and a kitchen on the floor in the tower above me, and a cook I can honestly recommend. There we can lunch in absolute privacy and without any fear of being interrupted."

"If you're sure I'm the man you want."

"And I am."

"Then very well."

"Tomorrow at one?"

"Yes."

"Thank you very much. I'm delighted that we're to meet so soon. Good-by, Mr. Huff."

"Good-by, Lord Askerton."

The more Huff considered the engagement he had made the more he was puzzled. Askerton's name and reputation were known to him in a sense, but inquiries he directed that day astonished him in their revelation

(Continued on Page 84)

Economical Transportation *for* *All The People*

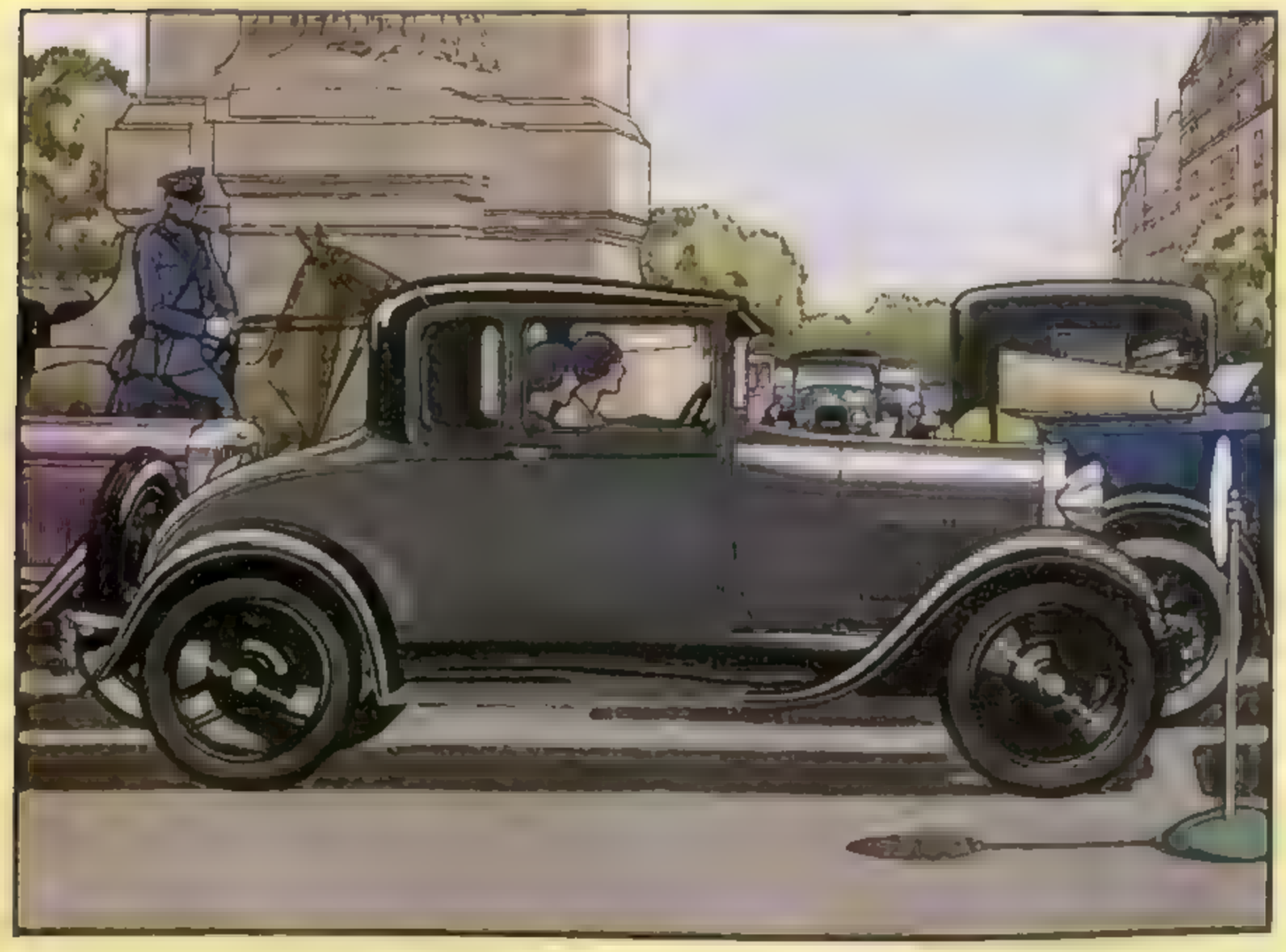
TWENTY-ONE years ago, when the Model T was first made, and again in December, 1927, when the new Ford was introduced, the policy of the Ford Motor Company was announced in these words—

"We will build a motor car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one."

Nearly seventeen million Ford automobiles have been made since this announcement was first printed. The passing years have brought many changes—in appearance—in performance—in manner of manufacture. But there is one thing that has never changed—the fundamental idea behind the Ford car.

The Ford Motor Company was formed, and exists today, not merely to make automobiles—not primarily for sales or profits—but to provide economical transportation for all the people. Far more important than the car itself is the part it plays in the lives, the happiness, and the prosperity of millions of people.

Before the Ford was introduced the automobile was considered more or less as an expensive toy, for only the wealthy to drive. There was no conception of its uses and possibilities as we know them today. It was accepted in much the same manner that the airplane was accepted five years



The Ford Coupe, like all the new Ford cars, has a Triplex glass windshield. This is so made that it will not fly or shatter under the hardest impact. It is a particularly important safety feature in heavy traffic

The new Ford Town Sedan. Richly upholstered and appointed in the manner of a custom-built car. Driver's seat is adjustable. Rear compartment has bow light, silk curtains at rear and rear quarter windows and flexible robe rail. Deeply cushioned rear seat has the new center arm rest and arm rests at each side

ago. Great emphasis was placed upon its racing speed and very little upon its practical utility.

With the coming of the Ford, however, it became possible for men in all walks of life to enjoy the benefits of transportation that formerly had been limited to a fortunate few.

A great change came over the country and with it a new prosperity. By freeing the movements of men, the Ford also freed their thoughts and created new opportunities. The barriers of time and distance were broken down. Good roads followed close behind the automobile and the isolation of country districts disappeared. The nation grew as people learned to use this newly developed horse-power and fit it to their needs.

Into the hands of men of moderate means—to the workers in factories—to the toilers on the farm—was given a means to increase their income and enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring. The working day became shorter because men could do in eight hours the tasks that previously had taken ten or twelve—and do them better. Always it should be remembered that we do not have automobiles because we are prosperous. We are prosperous because we have them.

FEATURES
OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Silent, fully enclosed six-brake system

Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers

Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield

Eleven body types and choice of a number of colors in every passenger body type

Quick acceleration

55 to 65 miles an hour

Vibration-absorbing engine support

Smoothness at all speeds

Alemite chassis lubrication

Tilting beam headlamps

Reliability and economy

Today, with all its improvements—with all its new beauty of line and color—with all the betterments and changes that have been made during the past twenty-one years—the Ford is still "a motor car for the great multitude."

It is not just a new automobile—not just so many mechanical parts carefully put together to run on wheels—but Progress—Achievement—a part of the very life and fabric of the nation.

Business of every kind moves forward at a faster pace because of it. To countless homes it brings the rewards of widening opportunity, happiness, and priceless hours of relaxation in the open air.

All of this not merely because of its safety, its comfort, its reliability, its speed, its acceleration, its ease of control, but because of a fundamental purpose that is greater than all of these. Because, in larger degree than ever, it provides economical transportation for all the people.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

WHAT You See: A speed boat tearing along at thirty-five miles an hour, throwing up a "Smoke Screen" of foam.

What You Don't See: Before the tryout, a mechanic cleaning the electrical contacts with the help of a Nicholson File.

Cleaning electrical contacts on boats of all speeds and dimensions is only one instance of the thousands of jobs which can best be done with Nicholson Files.

There are Nicholson Files in shapes and sizes for every filing need. Your hardware dealer can supply you. Folder "Files all over the World" sent to you free upon request.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON FILES

A File for Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 81)

of his far-reaching influences and tremendous financial strength, coupled with an unblemished reputation and untarnished integrity.

He was indeed a power in the land, for he had in him that combination of forces which gives only one man in ten millions the true Midas touch. In consequence, it was with interest mingled with curiosity that Huff kept the appointment.

The mention of his name caused a young man to step forward and say, "How do you do, Mr. Huff? I am one of Lord Askerton's secretaries and he instructed me to wait for you and take you to him. Will you please be so kind as to come this way to the private lift?"

When the secretary had piloted Huff to the door of Askerton's office he knocked, a voice called "Come in," and Huff was ushered in by the secretary, who promptly disappeared.

The man whom Huff saw was a tall man, broad-shouldered, of great bulk without being fat, and with a large head covered with a leonine shock of hair now rapidly turning to gray.

He was on his feet and with hand outstretched when Huff entered the room, and when Huff had taken his hand he said, "Naturally you are mystified as to why I asked for this meeting, Mr. Huff. I will say at once that it is a matter of business, but I am going to suggest that we do not discuss it until after our luncheon. I am as hungry as the proverbial shark and I hope you are the same."

Huff having assented to the proposition about the luncheon, Askerton offered him a cigar, which Huff declined, saying that he never smoked before a meal. Askerton complimented him on his wisdom and discretion, but said that he himself lacked both qualities, as he smoked all the time, to the disapproval of his doctor, who had tried hard but unsuccessfully to cut down his supply.

Then the secretary appeared through a door which Huff had not observed, and said that luncheon was served, and Huff, preceded by the secretary and followed by Lord Askerton, ascended a narrow flight of spiral stairs and found himself in a dark-paneled room in which was a table set for two.

Again the secretary disappeared and Askerton said, "I had no chance to ask you what you would like, and so I have taken the liberty of ordering for us both, hoping there would be at least one or two things that would meet with your approval."

It was a man's luncheon, ordered by a man who knew just what such a luncheon should be, cooked exactly as it should be cooked, and served perfectly. During it Askerton talked with easy brilliance and enveloping charm, and when the liqueurs had been drunk he opened a door which led to a small sitting room in which were big, comfortable chairs and a gracious coal fire. This time Huff did not refuse the cigar, and when he had puffed away at it silently for a minute or two, Askerton said, "Naturally, Mr. Huff, anything that passes between us here is confidential," and to this Huff gave his assent.

Then, after a puff or two, Askerton put down his cigar and said, "Mr. Huff, I have in hand the biggest thing I have ever undertaken. It is the amalgamation of the best of the British motor cars, from the most expensive to the cheapest, one car in each class. I have the plan worked out in detail, all arrangements made and the financing arranged for. There can be nothing wrong there. But I am entirely ignorant as regards the manufacture of motor cars and you know everything about it.

"If you will come in with us, you shall have absolute, supreme and unquestioned authority in all engineering and manufacturing plants. The making of the cars will be your job, just as the financing will be mine, and your word will be law in your department. You can choose your own position on our board of directors; you can set your own compensation; and you can have a contract for five, seven or ten years, as you see fit.

"And don't think I am making this proposition rashly. Everyone knows your genius as an engineer, as an advertiser and as a marketer of your product. But I know another thing about you which is to me as much as all of those combined. During the past month I have had thirty of the cars, made while you were at the head of your organization, taken to pieces and subjected to every possible test. I have had them tried by fire and by acid; I have had them cut to pieces and broken to pieces; and I failed to find one that did not meet its trial triumphantly. They were sound and honest in every detail and every particular; there was no skimping and no avoidance; they were true to the core and of unquestionable integrity. In all of that they reflected the character of their maker, and when I find a man of genius combined with character, I not only want him as a coworker, I want him as a friend. Come in, Mr. Huff, and there'll be nothing in this world too big for us to do."

Huff understood the magnitude of Askerton's undertaking and the magnificence of the offer which he had made him, and for a moment the realization left him dazed. Its acceptance would greatly increase his reputation and would make of him a world figure of international importance. The testimonial to his skill as an engineer warmed his heart, but it was the tribute paid to his car that made the blood race through his veins. To have one such man as Lord Askerton understand and appreciate proved that it paid to do good work, that it paid to be honest and sincere and that it paid to keep faith.

The panorama of the possibilities implied by the offer unrolled itself alluringly before him, but after a minute or two of silence he shook his head slowly and said, "Please don't think I don't realize the honor you have paid me. I do. But I'm sorry to say it can't be done."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, when I sold out I not only sold the factory and the trade-mark but I agreed I wouldn't go into the automotive industry again for twenty years."

"Was that agreement for America only, or did it cover the world?"

"It was meant to cover the world."

"But does it state so?"

"I couldn't say definitely."

"Have you a copy of the agreement in London?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me have it in the morning? I'll have our solicitors look it over. If there's a flaw in it they'll find it, and there generally is a flaw somewhere. And besides, more than one thing that is legal in America isn't legal here, and our courts don't always agree with the decision of yours."

"No matter what your solicitors found, it wouldn't make any difference. Our understanding was that I shouldn't go into the trade anywhere for twenty years. And there's another thing—the really important one: People bought stock in the Huff Motor Car Company because of my reputation. If I accepted your proposition I should be competing against them; every improvement I made in your product would lessen the value of their holdings, for of course you will manufacture a car of the same grade as the Huff, hoping to undersell it or to give bigger value for the money."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then, in addition to the stockholders and the bondholders of the company losing on their investment, my name will be on an inferior car which people will be buying because of my reputation. It doesn't need any agreement to show that I couldn't be a party to that."

"But, my dear Mr. Huff—and I hope you'll pardon my saying it—the very things you have mentioned are happening at this minute. Practically every other car of importance in America increased its sales last year, but the Huff, instead of increasing, actually decreased 11 per cent. The stock, which at one time sold above par, is now quoted at eighty-seven, and—you must pardon me again—the car they are selling is an inferior one compared to the car you made."

Huff nodded in slow assent and then said gravely, "That's quite true. Nobody knows it better than I do. And I've been figuring on a way to stop it."

"Have you?"

"Yes. This is in confidence as well?"

"Certainly."

"I've been trying to figure out a scheme to buy the business back."

"Have you done it?"

"Not yet. But I will. The trouble is, once my name is connected with it, they'll boost the price higher than Pike's Peak."

There was silence for a while, and then Askerton said, "There's no secret about it, I know. What price did you sell for, Mr. Huff?"

"Thirty-seven million dollars."

Askerton figured rapidly on a pad, and then said, "That's about thirty-two million two hundred thousand dollars at the market, or roughly, about six million, four hundred thousand pounds."

"Just about, I should say."

Askerton looked keenly at Huff, and then inquired, "Do you want to buy back for sentimental reasons, Mr. Huff?"

"Mostly."

"But would it be a good business proposition?"

"Splendid."

"You think you could make it pay 10 per cent net?"

"I'm sure of it—easily."

"Then everything is simple. The British Consolidated Motor Company will buy it."

"You mean that?"

"It's one of the best business propositions I ever heard of. Once it is announced that you are again in control and that you, personally, are once more responsible for the merits of the car bearing your name, the stock will be at par within a month. Honesty pays in business. A good reputation extending over a period of years is the greatest asset in the business world."

"You would finance the deal?"

"Nothing more easy. With your name and mine on the prospectus, I will guarantee to have the whole amount underwritten in three days."

"But I've always worked alone. I've done what I pleased, when I pleased. I've never had to consider a bank or a board of directors."

"And you won't in this instance, so far as the Huff is concerned. We'll sell you 51 per cent of the stock at the exact price that it costs us. That will give you absolute control. There is but one condition."

"What?"

"That you join our board of directors in the capacity I have already mentioned and that you agree to spend at least three months in England each year. We want you, Mr. Huff. What do you say?"

"It's a wonderful proposition and it suits me down to the ground."

"You'll take it?"

"Yes, I'll take it."

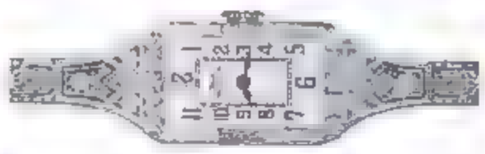
"Splendid."

The men shook hands. Askerton was buoyant and exuberant, but Huff was quiet and a little awed. The thing he had hoped for had come to pass so suddenly and unexpectedly that he could hardly realize it. He would be going back home to his friends and to his beloved car. It had been maltreated and hurt, but under his loving care it would soon be nursed back to the joyous thing he had made it. Above all, he was going back to work.

The younger man went to the older, put his arm about his shoulder almost protectingly, and said, "We'll show 'em. We'll show 'em. And what a publicity stunt it will be. 'Henry W. Huff regains control of the Huff car and joins the British Consolidated Motors as director and head of the engineering department.' Can you see the headings? The advertising alone will be worth a fortune."

"It'll be front-page stuff all right, especially in Detroit."

(Continued on Page 88)



Gruen Mode du Bijou *Watches*

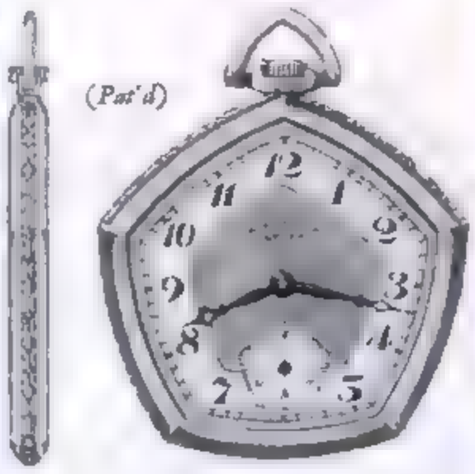
A series of exquisite diamond-set wristlets in the modern mode! Conceived in Paris and on Fifth Avenue—style centers of the world where all our notions of design are being remade. The Gruen workshops in Europe and America united to produce these masterpieces.

Mode du Bijou Watches, like all Gruen creations, express the Guild ideal which aims to give you, in each price range, the greatest value for every dollar you invest

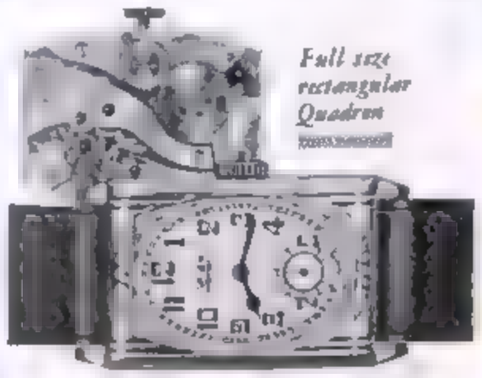
The above design in 14-*kt. solid gold,* with* 18 *diamonds set in platinum and flexible, platinum overlay bracelet,* 17-*jewel* PRECISION *movement, as priced at* $285

Another Gruen Mode du Bijou design with 32 *diamonds set in platinum. Solid gold case* and mesh band,* 17 *jewel* PRECISION *movement,* $375. *Other diamond-set designs,* $10,000 *to* $60

Gruen Cartouche, 14-*kt. solid gold case* band engraved,* 15-*jewel movement,* $45 *Other designs,* $250 *to* $35



Gruen Ultra VeriThin Pentagon, $100 *The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement*
Other pocket watches, $500 *to* $27.50



Full size rectangular Quadron movement

Gruen Quadron, 17-*jewel* PRECISION *movement,* $65. *Other strap watches,* $250 *to* $27.50

* *For that finest gift, choose a Gruen in a solid gold case*

A masterpiece of guild art was the ring watch made for Pompadour

For Pompadour, leader of fashion, *did "Figaro" create a unique guild watch*

A watch for Madame de Pompadour, of Louis XV's luxurious court! It must be more than a watch in fashion. It must set a *new* fashion of its own

So the great Beaumarchais, master of the Paris watchmakers' guild, is assigned the task.

A man of remarkable versatility, whose gay comedies, "*The Barber of Seville*" and "*The Marriage of Figaro*," set to music by Rossini and Mozart, still captivate a world of opera-goers.

Marvelous, for its era, is the watch this master guildsman creates for Pompadour. Almost incredibly small, it fits into a ring and is one of the first watches ever wound without a key!

Into its making has gone all the guildsman's traditional passion for expressing the most advanced mode of his time.

And today, as in the day of Beaumarchais, guild watches continue to lead the fashion!

You will see them wherever smart people gather—wherever taste and discrimination dictate the choice of a timepiece. And you will know them by the name "Gruen" on their dials

For the Gruen Watch Makers Guild has been formed expressly to restore in modern times the guild traditions of beauty, accuracy, and style leadership

The Gruen Mode du Bijou diamond watches, the distinctive Pentagon pocket watch and Quadron strap watch for men—these are but a few outstanding examples of the guild spirit expressed in modern timepieces

Your Gruen jeweler—one of the best in your community—can show you the Guild watches pictured here, among many others to suit every member of the family. Prices $35.00 to $27.50. His window is marked by the Gruen Service emblem at the left.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish—none less than $50. Made only in the Precision Workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Guild Watches

THIS SERVICE GIVES YOU FULL PROTECTION EVERYWHERE

Cadillac-La Salle authorized stations—operated under factory-directed standardized plan and policy—are beacons that point the way to uninterrupted enjoyment of built-in superiorities

THE Cadillac Motor Car Company believes that to build the best car that long experience, engineering skill and great resources can produce is only the beginning of its obligation to the public.

It is keenly aware of the fact that the right kind of service is just as important as the right kind of automobile.

The owner is entitled to a mode of transportation which will at all times prove dependable, comfortable, luxurious and free from annoying trouble.

But "service" has become a sadly abused term and owners all too frequently learn that it is a vague, indefinite something that means little.

Cadillac, therefore, in accepting its obligation, has adopted and its dealers operate under a service Plan and Policy which are clearly defined and strictly maintained.

It is nation-wide, factory-planned, factory-supervised and completely standardized in character and quality and assures owners courteous, prompt, efficient, high-grade service at uniformly fair prices.

To give satisfaction, service must be conveniently available. Today authorized Cadillac service stations blanket the country. Cadillac and La Salle owners are never far from the kind of service to which they are entitled.

To give satisfaction, service must also be rendered by men who are more than good motor car mechanics. They must know the car they serve and the standards that govern its manufacture.

The men who man Cadillac-La Salle service stations are all carefully trained by representatives of the Cadillac factory and by the factory's service education plan.

Special tools, designed to perform service-work better and in less time, are part of their equipment. More accurate workmanship—faster work—better work results.

Nor is this all. A special crew of factory service men is constantly in the field, traveling from station to station to inspect, instruct and advise.

Thus the Cadillac or La Salle owner, by simply presenting the Service Card given him by the factory on purchase of his car, receives the same efficient service under factory regulation and at prices limited by the factory, wherever he may be. *What is the result?*

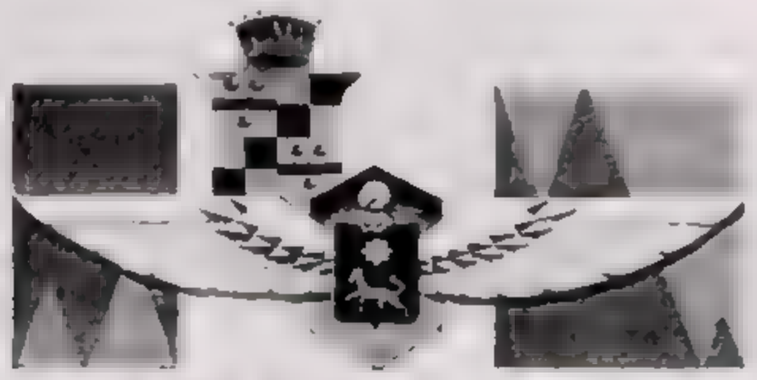
More than 60 per cent of the Cadillacs sold each year are sold to Cadillac owners. Approximately another 20 per cent are delivered to friends of owners through their personal recommendation.

Obviously the answer to this is: Cadillac-La Salle service makes satisfied owners.

In addition to twenty-three refreshingly beautiful Fisher Bodies for the new Cadillac and the new La Salle there are fifteen exclusive and exquisite custom models, Fleetwood designed and Fleetwood built.

+

La Salle prices $2295 to $2875; Cadillac, $3295 to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on the General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.



CADILLAC

· LA SALLE · FLEETWOOD

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors
Detroit, Michigan Oshawa, Canada

Laugh at Fleas!

THERE are two sure ways to rid your dog of fleas—use Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Sergeant's Skip Flea Powder. A good bath with the Soap will kill every flea. A little of the powder dusted on your dog's coat will keep them away.

Fleas make your dog's life a torment. Moreover, they are sure to bring on serious skin troubles unless stopped. Your dog is worthy of your care. It is an easy matter to keep a dog healthy and happy if you have Polk Miller's Dog Book.

Famous Dog Book *Free*

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book. In clear, everyday language it tells how to raise and care for dogs. It gives the symptoms of all dog ailments and the best treatments for each. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Commander Byrd *chose* Sergeant's

After exhaustive tests, the Byrd Antarctic Expedition chose Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food to be used exclusively in caring for their dogs. There could be no finer tribute to the efficacy of Sergeant's products. The same Dog Medicines and Dog Food chosen for Byrd's "Huskies" are on sale at your dealer. Ask about them.

Expert Advice *Free*

Our expert veterinarian cared for Byrd's dog-teams before their departure. He will answer, without charge, questions about *your* dog's health. Write fully. Sergeant's Dog Food and tested Sergeant's Dog Medicines for every dog ailment are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct.

— —*Mail This Coupon!*— —

Polk Miller Products Corp.,
1081 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Please send me Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

(Continued from Page 84)

"But we must go about things very quietly, you know. Not a word must be breathed till the Huff is purchased and all details completed."

"Then we'll spring it. And what a noise it will make. When the bomb explodes in Detroit the windows of many a factory will be smashed by the concussion."

"We must meet and talk things over from time to time and yet we mustn't be seen too much together, especially by the reporters. We'll have to find some convenient spot. Meanwhile, can you come to Millenham Court—my place in Surrey—for the week-end? It's a small party and we can get into my sitting room without attracting attention. What do you say?"

"I'll talk to my wife."

"Your wife's included, of course. I'll get my missus to write and ask her. I hope you'll be able to make it."

"I think we can."

"Good man. We'll try to make it pleasant for you. Well, good-by for the present. And I don't mind saying I consider this one of the best day's work I have ever done."

That evening, when Huff casually mentioned to his wife that he had met Lord Askerton, Mrs. Huff was tremendously thrilled and demanded full particulars, but all Huff could confide was that they had become acquainted at luncheon and that Askerton appeared to be a fine man. Being pressed, he admitted they seemed to get along all right, but pressed harder, he equivocated and said that the meeting was accidental and he had no idea when, if ever, they would meet again. This proved greatly disappointing to Mrs. Huff, especially as her husband failed to respond to her intimation that he might manage in some way to renew the acquaintance.

Mrs. Huff's thrill at hearing the news that Huff had met Lord Askerton was as nothing to the one she received when there arrived a note to her from Lady Askerton saying that, at the request of Lord Askerton, who had met Mr. Huff, she was very happy to ask Mr. and Mrs. Huff if they could find it convenient to visit them at Millenham Court from Friday to Monday. Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor also was tremendously impressed. She said that Millenham Court was one of England's most magnificent homes; that to be received there was in itself an evidence of social standing, as, in addition to the power and influence of Lord Askerton, his wife was the only daughter of Lord Inkerborough and moved in a very exalted circle, that Huff must have made a tremendous impression on Askerton to have him induce his wife to send the invitation, and that it was really remarkable that the first real lord Mrs. Huff had received should come through her husband. All of which caused Mrs. Huff to regard Huff with a new and expanding interest, which increased in intensity when she found with what appreciation and cordiality he was received by the distinguished men whom they met at Millenham Court.

Mrs. Huff noted Lord Askerton's especially warm cordiality toward her husband. Seeing them together, one would have thought they had known each other for years. Each man seemed a complement of the other. Each was undoubtedly a personage, and yet, when together, they appeared, in a sense, to fuse. Mrs. Huff also marked that Askerton, in addressing Huff, soon was dropping the mister, and that Huff reciprocated by eliminating the lord, to which Askerton gave not the slightest sign of disapproval.

And finally, to her great surprise and bewilderment, it percolated to Mrs. Huff's mind that if she ever were to reach the heights to which she aspired, her husband would, in all likelihood, be the stepping-stone.

XIV

MIRAUMONT was getting impatient and Margaret was becoming apprehensive. He was now constantly telling her that he loved her, and begging her to agree to marry him. Hitherto she had been able to procrastinate and to avoid the definite issue. She had no intention of marrying him, but—and especially when she was with him—she was afraid to give him an answer that was actually declinatory. There was no doubt, however, that the climactic moment was imminent, and her hope was to keep on postponing it until she found some propitious way of meeting it.

The moment Margaret dreaded came even sooner than she had anticipated. On their way home from the theater one night in Miraumont's car, he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her, in spite of her struggles and protestations. He demanded an unequivocal answer, and so impassioned were his declarations, so vigorous his avowals of affection and so vehement his announcement that she could play with him no longer, that Margaret was actually frightened. She thought for a moment of giving the chauffeur the signal to stop, but she realized that he was Miraumont's driver and that perhaps he had received some previous instructions from his employer. And should he stop, what could she do? She realized that Miraumont, of his own volition, would not allow her to leave the car, and if she insisted, the result would be a quarrel, with the possibility of a crowd gathering and even of a policeman coming to take their names.

Such a thing was unthinkable, and so, to calm and pacify Miraumont, and as the easiest way out of the situation, she gave her consent. Miraumont wished to tell Huff of Margaret's decision immediately on their arrival at her home, but Margaret said it was impossible, as her father was certain to be abed. Miraumont then declared he would come early the following afternoon and would make his formal proposal for her hand at that time.

Margaret passed a restless night, and her nervousness was by no means diminished when, in the morning, she received a most impassioned note from Miraumont mentioning the hour at which he would come and stating that he would be bringing, for the sign and seal of their engagement, a ring which had been in his family for generations. As the day passed and the hour of Miraumont's coming approached, Margaret grew more and more fearful. Having gone about with Miraumont in face of the opposition of the entire household, she felt there was no one in whom she could confide, especially as she could not deny, even to herself, that she alone was responsible for the predicament in which she found herself.

When Miraumont came Margaret was panicky. He realized fully that she had accepted him under duress, and that the way to consummate her surrender was by assault and not by siege, and so he went quickly toward her, with the object of taking her in his arms. She evaded him, but he, knowing that a repulse would most likely eventuate in a defeat, refused to deviate from his plan of campaign. He followed her with many fervid declarations of undying passion, put his arms about her and tried to kiss her, at which she cried sharply, "Please don't! Please!"

Margaret's cry may have been somewhat louder than she anticipated, and it may have carried a tone of appeal, the fervency of which she did not realize, for it was immediately answered by the appearance of Strathmaine, who found her backed against a wall with her hand held against Miraumont in an evident effort to keep him from her. The unexpected coming of Strathmaine caused Miraumont to release Margaret, who stepped away from him, almost breathless.

"I think you called," Strathmaine said to Margaret, who replied, "Yes! Yes, I did!"

Miraumont faced Strathmaine and said excitedly, "This, with you, is nothing. It is all between my fiancée and me."

"Your fiancée?" Strathmaine exclaimed, and Miraumont retorted, "Yes. Last night she say that she would marry me. If you do not believe it, ask her."

Strathmaine looked at Margaret, the unspoken query in his eyes.

"Yes, I did," she admitted, "but only because he frightened me so."

"Then, as I understand it, you don't want the promise to stand?"

"No, I don't."

Strathmaine, addressing Miraumont, said, "That makes everything quite clear. Don't you think so?"

Miraumont protested vigorously that he thought nothing of the kind; that Margaret had agreed to be his wife; that he had already cabled the news to his family; that he refused to be made a fool of and that he would hold Margaret to her promise.

Unmoved, Strathmaine listened to the tirade, and when it had ended he said quietly, "You know, of course, that what you say is just foolishness. A man can't possibly force a girl to keep a promise of marriage which she does not wish to keep. And besides, Miss Huff says you frightened her into promising."

"Indeed he did," Margaret stated. "It was in the car and he was so violent I was afraid to say no. And I want him to go away and never come near me again."

"That makes everything even clearer, doesn't it?" was Strathmaine's comment to Miraumont, but Miraumont was not to be put aside so easily. He declared he had not frightened Margaret; that she had agreed of her own free will and had allowed him to kiss her; at which Strathmaine interposed that one never told of such things, that it really wasn't done.

At this, Miraumont, realizing that he was losing ground, became more violent, but Strathmaine, shedding some of the apparent mildness which had clothed his manner, checked him and asked him if it was his intention to brawl in Miss Huff's home, and added that she had expressed a wish for Miraumont to leave, and he suggested he do it without further words. Miraumont insisted he had no intention of leaving, to which Strathmaine replied that then there was but one thing to do, and he started toward the bell with the evident intention of ringing it; but before he could reach it Miraumont interposed himself.

For a moment or so there was neither sound nor movement, and then Strathmaine seized Miraumont by both arms, put him aside with unhurried swiftness and rang. Before Miraumont could make a recovery Bugden entered.

"I think Miss Huff has something to say to you," Strathmaine told Bugden, and Margaret said, "Yes, Bugden. Count Miraumont is going."

Bugden, without even an added gleam in his eye to betray that he noted anything unusual, replied according to formula, "Yes, miss. Certainly, miss."

Miraumont looked from one to the other, and realizing that he had lost, left without a word, Bugden following in his customary impassive manner.

Immediately on Miraumont's leaving, a reaction came to Margaret, and she sat down and began to cry. Strathmaine watched her for a moment or two and then said gently: "I wouldn't take it to heart if I were you. He is a bit of a swine, but I don't think he's quite as bad as he sounds. And besides, it's all over now."

"I'm to blame just as much as he is," was Margaret's tearful reply. "I shouldn't have gone about with him as I did."

"I wonder if you'd think I was very presumptuous if I asked you why you did it?"

Margaret, recalled quickly to herself, and putting out her first line of defense, said, "That, of course, is my concern."

To this, Strathmaine replied, "I'm sorry. You see, I was foolish enough to imagine that perhaps I was concerned in it a little, as well."

"You? How could you be?"

"I had an idea—probably quite unfounded—that you went with Miraumont to emphasize your dislike of me. For you do dislike me very much, don't you?"

With the question put to her with such unexpected frankness and knowing that her feeling was anything but dislike, Margaret hesitated in her reply, and Strathmaine continued: "If you don't dislike me why have you avoided me so constantly? Why have

Continued on Page 90)

Your car—*as gay as the Spring*

WITH the early violets, the green of the trees and the buttercup's sunny smile, there is Spring. Nature has recolored her possessions for our admiring gaze.

Help weave the colorful pattern. Now, in the Spring, when the open road is calling to you, make your car gay for other admiring eyes. See the Authorized Duco Refinisher in your community and have it recolored by the du Pont Process in a color combination of your own creation.

The finish of your car may be in such condition that new Duco colors can be applied directly over the present finish. In so doing the new combines perfectly with the old to give a durable, lustrous film of the new color. Your car comes back to you modern—new as ever.

The Authorized Duco Refinisher has the latest fashion information from both Europe and America. The colors he uses are the new color selections of leading manufacturers the world over.

What a Complete Duco Refinishing is—and the Duco "Touch-up"

If the car is weatherbeaten and dingy, the old finish should be removed. Complete Duco refinishing means an entirely new finish from the bare metal up. This is the same finish most fine cars get at the factory. The dingiest car comes back from the Authorized Duco Station like new.

Even if your car is new and in good condition, there may be little marred spots, perhaps a damaged fender or door. The Authorized Refinisher can quickly and inexpensively "touch-up" the marred spot to its original perfection.

Your safeguard—the du Pont Process

Whatever the finishing service you require, the Authorized Duco Refinisher follows the du Pont Process. Every operation was worked out for him by du Pont chemists in collaboration with leading automobile manufacturers. Only du Pont materials are used. The workmanship is subject to constant du Pont supervision.

The Duco applied by the Authorized Refinisher is the same famous finish depended upon by American industry wherever a lasting surface beauty is required. You can buy it today as a plus value on almost every object you use in your home.

Complete Refinishing Service

In addition to automobile refinishing, the Authorized Duco Station will give you an estimate on any refinishing service you require—for furniture, fixtures, equipment—almost anything that should be protected or beautified. Look up the Authorized Duco Refinisher in your community.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Incorporated, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is displayed by more than 2200 shops throughout the country. Only at these shops can you be sure that your work will be done by the du Pont Process and that you are getting genuine Duco materials and service.

Authorized DUCO REFINISHERS

Ease and comfort ... from first ride to last

Ball Bearing Spring Suspension

A NEW car cannot demonstrate its true riding quality. It must roll up a thousand miles before you can tell what the next fifty thousand will be like.

Ease and comfort for the last fifty thousand miles depend more on *design* than on *grease!*

Spring shackles are the cause of most of the trouble. They wear very quickly. Grease can't be kept where it is needed. Metal rubs against metal. Then riding comfort begins to go. And squeaks and rattles begin to come. Hard riding is a natural result.

But with Ball Bearing Spring Suspension original riding comfort is retained from first ride to last. Frictionless ball bearing shackles with a car lifetime of grease *sealed in* permit springs to flex freely and shock absorbers to function smoothly—for the life of the car. Shackle squeaks are impossible, shackle greasing is done away with.

New models of two famous makes of cars have Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles as standard equipment. Fafnirs are also available for replacement on most makes of cars. If your nearest service station cannot supply Fafnirs, write us for booklet and name of nearest distributor.

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FAFNIR

BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

OVER 100,000 MOTORISTS ARE RIDING ON FAFNIR BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

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you refused every advance I have made toward friendship?"

By this time Margaret had taken herself in hand, and she replied, though a bit unsteadily, "How could there be any friendship between us when I knew you were carrying on an intrigue with one of our maids?"

"If you really, and in your heart, imagine that of me, I don't think there is anything more for me to say."

"Do you deny that you went with one of our maids to the theater?"

"I certainly deny that I was carrying on an intrigue with her."

"A nobleman goes to the theater with a housemaid employed in his host's home and doesn't call it an intrigue. May I ask what you do call it?"

"I don't call it anything. But I assure you Mary is nothing to me—nothing—and never has been."

"You know her well enough to call her Mary"

"I do. And yet I give you my word of honor ——" Suddenly Strathmaine's reserve left him and he sat beside Margaret and said pleadingly, "Please, believe me. Please—please do. In a short time there will be an explanation which will clear away all the mystery and misunderstanding. But I want you to believe me without the explanation. I want to be sure, in spite of appearances being so much against me, that in your heart you know I am incapable of doing such a thing as you accuse me of. I couldn't do it, Margaret, and then come to you like this. Don't you know that I couldn't?"

The spell of Strathmaine's emotion and sincerity, together with her inclination toward him, was so strong that Margaret dared not trust herself to speak, and with a quick, tremulous indrawing of the breath she tried to rise, but Strathmaine caught both her hands in his and said, "I've been very miserable, Margaret; more miserable than you can imagine. From the first minute that I saw you I've loved you, and loving you as I do, do you think I could do anything mean or low or dishonorable? Look at me and tell me if you think I could."

Margaret looked into Strathmaine's eyes, and something she saw there must have convinced her of his sincerity, for the next minute she was in his arms.

The news of the engagement brought joy to the entire Huff household, and the fact that it was so unexpected, owing to Margaret's continual avoidance of Strathmaine, served to increase the rejoicing. Huff was frankly delighted, because of his sincere liking for the young Englishman; Arthur was elated because it made his friend a member of the family; and Mrs. Huff exulted because it made her the mother of a lady and the mother-in-law of a lord. She reveled in the idea of casual references to "My daughter, Lady Strathmaine," and she luxuriated in the knowledge of the envy it would bring to many of the women who previously had been lukewarm toward her.

Mrs. Huff radiated exultance when, a few days later, the following appeared in the official column of The Morning Post:

MARRIAGE
ANNOUNCEMENTS

LORD STRATHMAINE AND
MISS MARGARET HUFF

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place shortly, between Lord Strathmaine and Miss Margaret Huff, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Huff, of Crumberly Terrace.

Her joy, moreover, was greatly intensified when cables of congratulation began to arrive, for their coming assured her that the news of the betrothal had been received and appraised both by Margaret's friends and by her own.

The engagement of Margaret made it impossible for Arthur and Mary to keep their secret from her any longer. When the situation was explained she apologized humbly for her suspicions, and received in return kisses and embraces and words of endearment.

Arthur was most anxious that Mary should give up her work and assume her real position, and in this he was ardently supported by Margaret. Mary, however, refused to do anything that would embarrass her friends, but they realized that the equivocal situation could not continue much longer, and so a conference was held at which Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor was present, and it was decided Mrs. Huff must be told of the circumstances and the second engagement made known to her. Arthur, in a spirit of fun, wanted to tell his mother of his engagement to Mary before revealing her social position, but this was vetoed by both Huff and Mary. When Mrs. Huff really understood who and what her servants were, her reaction was precisely what Huff had anticipated. Astonishment was succeeded by chagrin, which in turn gave place to embarrassment, especially when she remembered how Bugden had overmatched her. Her impulse was to release them all. To this Huff objected strongly, and finally Mrs. Huff agreed to let matters remain in

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Arthur Was Most Anxious That Mary Should Give Up Her Work and Assume Her Real Position

THE GREATEST GOLF BALL RECORD EVER MADE

Judge Manning of Talladega, Alabama, plays a single Kro-flite Ball for 828 holes!

On November 15, 1928, Judge M. N. Manning went into the Henderson Drug Company in Talladega, Alabama, and bought the Kro-Flite Golf Ball pictured here.

On January 28, 1929, Judge Manning sank that Kro-Flite for the 828th time, completing 46 rounds of 18 holes each, for a total of 828 holes. This, so far as is known, is a world's record in golf ball durability. This is the greatest number of holes ever played with a single golf ball. The former record was 666 holes. It, too, was made with a Kro-Flite Ball.

LEFT: *This is the Kro-Flite after it had completed its 46th round, for a total of 828 holes and a new world's record*

BELOW: *Judge Manning*

The Kro-Flite with which Judge Manning made this amazing record is still in prime condition. True, practically all the paint is worn off the cover. But the ball itself is good for many more rounds. It is uncut and perfectly round, so that it rolled true to the cup even on its last putt, on the 828th green. It has been retired as undisputed champion, to take its place as the most prized of Judge Manning's souvenirs.

Hit 2000 times!

If this Kro-Flite had been pampered its excellent condition wouldn't be quite so miraculous. But it hasn't been. On the Talladega course, Judge Manning averages 82. And 82 can't be made with namby-pamby shots. 46 rounds at an average score of 82 is around 2000 healthy socks, exclusive of the putts. What a ball!

Judge Manning, like most of us, plays solely for the fun he gets out of the game. He is a member of the Talladega Country Club, where he plays with three of his friends almost daily. The entire foursome became vitally interested in the record attempt. Whenever the ball was lost, the game was forgotten while all hands turned to and looked for it. The match was held up on several occasions—but each time the ball was found.

A. G. Spalding & Bros. are, naturally, proud of this new Kro-Flite record—this newest proof that the Kro-Flite is the most durable golf ball the world produces.

Spalding compliments Judge Manning on his remarkable achievement—and thanks Dr. Ganey, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Dumas (the three other members of the foursome) for the help they gave.

In the Kro-Flite, the golfing world sees, for the first time, a ball that combines maximum durability with first-grade distance. It will, we feel sure, give you the greatest golf satisfaction you have ever known.

Try it!

Try the Kro-Flite the next time you play. Compare it for distance and for durability against any other ball the world produces. Your Professional will supply you. Or you can get the Kro-Flite at Spalding Stores and Spalding Dealers.

This is Judge Manning's foursome. Left to right: Judge Manning, Dr. Joe S. Ganey, J. Kelly Dixon and W. Lawrence Dumas

Photographs by the Talladega Studios, Talladega, Ala.

KRO-FLITE

made by Spalding

each 75 *cents*

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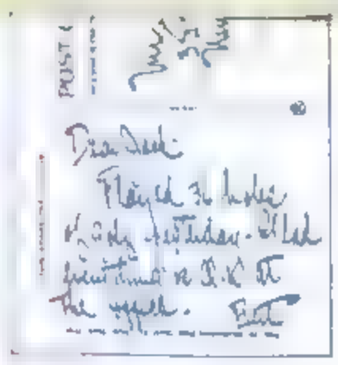


When you're on VACATION

. . . *that's when printed forms keep your desk from piling up*

ONE thing that spoils many a man's vacation is the work that piles up to greet him when he comes back.

The preventive, in your case, is a system of printed forms to carry on the details of your job.

As a matter of fact, successful organizations have so regulated the operations of all departments that business now runs largely on "paper tracks." Things to do, to write, to make, to ship, to bill, to record—all such instructions are carried forward swiftly, accurately and economically by printed forms.

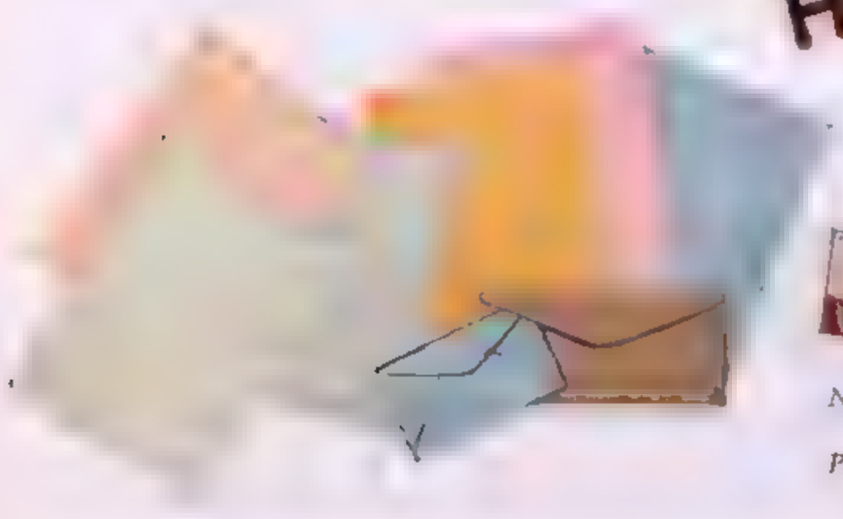
Thus, particularly during the vacation period, when your organization must function with a skeleton office force, confusion, errors and delays are reduced to the minimum.

Make sure now, that the details of *your* job will be handled by printed forms, while you're away from your desk. And for all such forms, standardize on Hammermill Bond. For executives have also learned that it saves money to print *all* their forms on this moderately priced paper.

Hammermill Bond is available everywhere and always in twelve standard colors and white—so that the movements of various jobs or departments can be signalized by color.

Then of course Hammermill Bond is uniform—its surface, colors, strength and enduring qualities are the accepted standard. In short, it is a printer's idea of good paper—and printers recommend it accordingly. Bond or ripple finish, with envelopes to match all colors and both finishes.

Send for new Working Kit . . . Business men find the new edition of the Hammermill Working Kit of Printed Forms extremely helpful. It is filled with specimen forms and samples of Hammermill Bond in its twelve colors and white. Included also is the necessary information for laying out and ordering forms in sizes and quantities that save money. For your Working Kit, attach the coupon to your business letterhead. Free to business executives anywhere in the United States. (Canada 50¢.) Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.



HAMMERMILL BOND

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK

It is our word of honor to the public

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me the new Hammermill Working Kit of Printed Forms

Name _____

Position _____

(Continued from Page 50

status quo, although, she added, things could never be exactly the same to her again.

Then the news of the second engagement was made known and was joyfully received by Mrs. Huff, who saw in it an instrument which could be of great service to her. Not only could it be used, if necessary, as a secondary ladder on which to reach the heights to which she aspired, but, she thought, if she handled things adroitly, she might, through it, manage to anchor Arthur in England instead of having him return to the United States.

More than one night Mrs. Huff sat in her room contemplating her roseate future. Her daughter was to be the wife of Lord Strathmaine, who bore one of the oldest and most honored titles in England; her future daughter-in-law was already firmly intrenched within the magic circle. With this in her favor, there was nothing too high for her aspirations, and the vista of the days to come was rose embowered and glorious with sunshine.

Then the blow fell.

XV

"I'VE some news for you, Emily," Huff said.

Mrs. Huff was reading The Morning Post, which by now had become her favorite newspaper. In the column next to the marriage announcements, there was, as always, the single-column picture of a young woman who was in the public attention, and generally so because she had recently become engaged. The picture in the issue Mrs. Huff was regarding was that of Margaret, and she was smilingly reading the text beneath it. She was so pleasurably absorbed that Huff's statement hardly registered on her consciousness, and she echoed vaguely, "News?"

"Yes," Huff replied, "important news."

"Really?" Mrs. Huff rejoined, still happily engaged with the picture and the print below it. "What news?"

"I'm going to America."

It seemed to Mrs. Huff, recalled somewhat to herself, that she could not possibly have heard aright, and she asked, "What did you say?"

"I said I was going to America."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Huff, now thoroughly alive, exclaimed

"I am telling you for the third time, my dear, that I am going to America."

"Going to America! When?"

"I'm sailing on Saturday."

Mrs. Huff looked at her husband as though she were afraid he might be losing his mind, but as she gazed at him, across her own mind there blew a slight, cold breeze of apprehension, which, however, quickly passed. "Don't be ridiculous. You're doing nothing of the kind," she declared.

"My passage is booked," Huff insisted. "See for yourself." He handed to his wife a ticket showing he had definitely engaged a cabin for the day he had named. A hasty glance at the ticket assured Mrs. Huff of the correctness of Huff's assertion, but she continued to read it slowly; not that she had any doubts as to its meaning but because she wished mentally to review the situation before she spoke. Here was something she did not understand, and she sensed it was much more important than the surface indicated. Why should her husband be sailing for the United States, and why had he determined on the plan not only without consulting her but without giving even a hint of his intentions?

Slowly Mrs. Huff's gaze traveled from the ticket to Huff's face, and she demanded sternly, "What's the meaning of this, Henry Huff?"

"It means just what it says. On Saturday I sail for New York."

"What for?"

"Because it's the quickest way to reach Detroit."

"Detroit! Do you mean to tell me you are going to Detroit?"

"I am."

"Are you mad?" Mrs. Huff cried shrilly.

"Not in the least," Huff calmly replied

Again Mrs. Huff regarded her husband inquisitorially. This was even deeper and more far-reaching than she had imagined. Here was something ominous, portentous. She must not lose her head. She must proceed slowly. These thoughts hammered at her mind even while she fought to keep control of herself, and before she said with apparent calmness, "And what do you think you are going to Detroit for?"

"To work."

"Work!" Mrs. Huff echoed sharply.

"Yes," Huff answered as calmly as before.

Again Mrs. Huff waited before resuming her questioning. Again she sought, and managed, to control herself, but this time it was even more difficult than before. She asked—and again with superficial calmness—"What work—aeroplanes?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Cars."

"You mean you are going to Detroit to manufacture automobiles?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Huff's sigh of relief was profound and deep. A smile came slowly to her lips. She had thought a pit had been dug for her and that perhaps she must fall into it. But the danger was safely passed and her feet were on firm ground.

She shook her head warningly at Huff and said, "I think you must be a little mad, Henry. You know as well as I do that the contract forbids you to engage in automotive work for the next twenty years."

"That's true enough," was Huff's reply, "but the contract doesn't forbid me buying control again. And that's what I've done."

Mrs. Huff's mind rejected the statement. It simply refused to accept it. It threw it aside as automatically as a machine for the testing of coins tosses out a spurious one.

"What did you say?" she asked dully.

"I said," Huff replied steadily, "that I've bought the whole thing back again and I'm sailing on Saturday to take charge."

Even then it took the statement some time to seep into Mrs. Huff's brain. But once having percolated, there was no dislodging it. It was true. Her husband was going back to Detroit to live there and manufacture his car.

Mrs. Huff's self-control snapped so violently it made her forget the tactics and strategy which she had used so triumphantly in former campaigns against her husband.

She sprang to her feet and cried: "You selfish beast! What am I to you, what are your children to you, compared to your car? I've schemed and planned and worked to get a position for us all, and just when I am getting it, when it is here waiting for us, for your own selfish ends you want to spoil it all! But you shan't. Do you hear that? You shan't! So you are sailing on Saturday, are you? Very well! Sail if you want to, but I shall stay here!"

Huff offered no arguments and gave no counter thrusts. He said simply, "I've reserved a cabin and a drawing-room for you, in case you change your mind."

"Change my mind!" Mrs. Huff exclaimed. "If you're counting on that, Henry Huff, let me tell you once and for all you're fooling yourself! I'm going to remain right in this house! And remember this, and remember it always: I'm not leaving you, you're leaving me!"

"I'm willing to take you with me."

"Well, I'm not willing to go! And if you desert me as you are threatening to, my advice is that you stay away a long time!"

When Mrs. Huff laid the situation before Arthur and Margaret she was surprised to receive but little comfort from them.

When she expatiated on Huff's conduct, Arthur said, "As I understand it, mother, you say father's desire to go back is prompted by selfishness. Isn't it selfishness that makes you want to stay here?"

"Selfishness—on my part? Certainly not"

"Then what is it?"

"It's a desire to do the best for all of us."

"You'll have to let me out of that, because I'm not going to remain over here. I'm going back."

"So you are going with your father? He's persuaded you into that, has he?"

"Father hasn't said a word to me about it—not a single word. But I shall go back with him just the same. You remember, I told you some time ago I was going home to work."

"You mean you intend to live there?"

"Yes."

"And what will Mary say to that? Aren't you taking a lot for granted?"

"No, mother. Long before this came up I discussed my plans with Mary and she agreed absolutely that what I wanted to do was the right thing."

"So I'm going to lose my son as well as my husband, am I?"

"If you do, it will be of your own choice. We'd both love to have you with us, and you know it. We'd love to. Why don't you be a sport and come along?"

Mrs. Huff ignored Arthur's pleading and turned to Margaret. "What does my daughter think about it?" she asked.

Margaret hesitated and Mrs. Huff exclaimed, "Are you against me too?"

"No, mother, I'm not against you. But you've always taught me that a wife's place is at her husband's side, and I'm sure if Donald lived in China and wanted me to go there with him, I shouldn't hesitate a minute. I should go."

"There isn't much change left out of that, is there, mother?" was Arthur's comment.

"But even if I wanted to go with your father, I couldn't," Mrs. Huff declared. "I've got to stay here and chaperon Margaret till her wedding."

"But I don't want to be married here. I want to be married at home," Margaret pleaded; and Arthur added, "And since it's your wedding, there's no reason why you can't be."

"And I'm to be robbed even of that," was Mrs. Huff's bitter comment.

"There's just one question I'd like to ask, and if you answer it I won't say another word," Arthur said. "The question is this: Here are you and father and Margaret and I. If one of us four is entitled to have his own way and be happy, which one do you think it is?"

When Arthur told his father he was sailing with him, and that, if he wished, he would work with him at least until the car was reestablished in public favor, Huff shook his hand without a word and then turned away to hide his feelings. Later he told Arthur he was taking Vespers with him as his secretary, that he had found a position for Bugden with Lord Askerton in London, and that he was buying a small annuity for Mrs. Harley and another for Mrs. Beverleigh, which would enable them to live decently no matter how things went.

The news about Margaret's wedding was very cheering, but in spite of it, life at Crumberly Terrace was gloomy and depressing, especially to Huff. Mrs. Huff had not spoken to him since he had told her of his plans—which had been on Tuesday—and it was now Thursday. There was tonight, and then tomorrow night, he contemplated, and then he would be off. If he had to sail without his wife, life would be very bitter

He knew, of course, he had only to tell her of his arrangement with Lord Askerton and things would assume a different aspect. But he was determined not to do this. He had made up his mind to discover if, after all the years of their living together, he really meant so little to her that she preferred living in London without him to living in America with him. If she did, it was well that he should know it.

Thursday and Thursday night passed without a word, and so did Friday. Friday night Huff was sitting in his own room, miserable and discouraged, and telling himself that in spite of his success, his life, after all, was only a failure, when the door opened suddenly, his wife came in, put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

THE END

Make performance your *yardst*

tick — and you'll choose a Buick!

The whole nation is buying motor cars today on the basis of performance . . . because men and women realize that the one big automotive development of the year is the thrilling new order of performance which Buick has brought to motoring!

The facts are plain, and easily provable: This spirited Buick revises all previous ideals of motor car travel—reveals complete mastery on city street and country highway—provides elements of getaway, swiftness, smoothness, stamina and riding comfort absolutely unequaled by other cars.

Motorists everywhere have been getting behind the wheel and getting these facts. And, instantly recognizing real performance-leadership, they have purchased more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200!

Follow the example of these discriminating motorists. *Make performance your yardstick.* Prove Buick supremacy in all phases of fine car behavior, by actual tests. Then you, too, will choose a Buick!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factory McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. — *Division of General Motors Corporation* — Builder of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

No other Cap will do all this!

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Because of its exclusive hinge feature with handy pull tab, the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP enables you to open the milk bottle without splashing of clothes or wasting good top cream.

Pour—

It makes pouring easier, too—controlling the flow so that the milk cannot gush out and spill all over.

Press!

Moreover, because this cap never leaves the bottle, it keeps the milk perfectly protected when not in use. *Very important*, because few foods lose flavor so quickly or are as easily affected by odors as milk, when left uncovered.

Finally, it provides a handy and sanitary way of drinking direct from bottle through straws. Schools, drug stores and restaurants find this a most practical advantage—as do mothers who want to make milk drinking "interesting" and safe for little folks!

No wonder thousands of dairymen and dealers now provide the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP on all milk and cream bottles. If yours doesn't, why not suggest it to him—*today!*

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP

A month's supply free

A month's supply free if you will mail the handy coupon below. Tear it out now before you forget it!

THE SMITH LEE CO. Inc. Oneida, New York
Please send me a complimentary supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.

Name

Address

City State

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARBOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

A PRAGMATIC ROMANTICIST

(Continued from Page 39)

"Certainly," Mark replied. "Absolutely! Haven't you ever heard people say: 'How in the world did she ever come to marry a man like that?'"

At the end of the week Mark returned to New York and there was a great airing of bedding and beating of rugs and cleaning of windows at the Wallace place.

Teddy missed his friend the more, in as much as Mark would sit up with him to all hours of the night or morning and talk divertingly. A good deal of the talk was of Kitty—at Teddy's instance. It transpired that Major Wilfred Jerningham Carrington had actually "popped over" to Paris and then popped a momentous question to Kitty, who had turned him down. Kitty hadn't mentioned that in her letter to Teddy. As to this other bird, Mark wasn't well informed. Well, it looked as if Kitty would be coming home heart-whole as far as foreign entanglements were concerned.

Mr. Onderdonk was getting more frequent reports from New York, if Teddy's surmise was correct. For several days he had indulged in none of the little pleasantries with which he had been wont to enliven the routine of business. It seemed to Teddy that he had grown older lately, that his hair was thinner and that he had lost something of his florid freshness; but that might have been imagination—especially as Phœbe's photograph was back again on the desk. Teddy himself had been often told that he looked several years more than his age and was losing flesh, but he couldn't see any difference and he knew that he was fairly fit. His tennis and boxing might have taken a few superfluous pounds off him, but that was all to the good. If he looked a little older, that was also to the good. Grave business men would naturally prefer to discuss their affairs with a man rather than a round-faced kid.

But Teddy was sorry for Mr. Onderdonk. At times he was tempted to ask him about these reports—if that was what they were. It might help, to talk things over. Still, as Mr. Onderdonk had once remarked, this was a bank and he—Teddy—was paid to work here, not to discuss private affairs. Especially unasked. Phœbe Onderdonk was no concern of his; she was going her own way. Kitty was coming home.

The full days went by. Kitty's boat had sailed according to the schedule, no doubt, and she would be now at Marseilles, now at Gibraltar, now at such or such a point on the Atlantic and, at last, there was the notice of her arrival in New York. It was not Teddy's idea to send a telegram of welcome to meet the Wallaces on their landing. That was Mrs. Dunne's suggestion but just the same, Teddy quite willingly adopted it. Then there came an evening when his mother met him at the door, flushed and excited with the announcement that the Wallaces had got back.

"Aren't you glad, dear?" she asked, squeezing his arm.

"Of course I am," Teddy answered; and he was, even if he had received the news with disappointing calmness.

"Do you want to run over there now, just to say hello, or will you eat your dinner first? I thought I'd get dinner a little earlier tonight. I suppose you'll want to smarten yourself up a little. Kitty's looking perfectly lovely—so improved, even in this little time. I don't imagine you think it's been a little time, though."

"I'll eat dinner first, dear," said Teddy, hanging up his hat. "I'll just go and wash my hands and put on a clean collar."

But he felt by no means unperturbed as he approached the Wallaces' house an hour later. Calm, yes, but he was eager to see Kitty, if not too impatient, for he was very fond of her. It might be, as Rodney suspected, that she was at least equally fond of him; and if that was the case, the eminently sensible thing to do would be to ask her to marry him. No man could ask for a better wife than she would make. There was no nonsense about her, and yet how tender and sweet she could be! What a beautiful thing her love would be, and how could he fail to return it and find it growing and still growing through the years that they would be together? No gush, no fevered madness, no doubts; and the torment of unrest, the everlasting fight for forgetfulness—there would be no more of that. A nice, kind, cheerful and warm-hearted girl.

She was something more than that, Teddy discovered. She ran to meet him, calling his name with a cry of joy that was mightily uplifting and giving him a quick, energetic hug. Only in the act of raising her face to his, she drew back.

"I was forgetting how you hated to be kissed," she laughed and, catching his hands, held him off, disregarding his almost plaintive "But I don't, Kitty," and then: "But this isn't you!"

Kitty laughed at his naïve astonishment as he looked at her. "It's the way I have my hair done, I guess," she said. "Or perhaps it's my dress."

Perhaps it was. Or it may have been the sparkle in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks and the smooth roundness of her arms that he had never before noticed. The new way that she wore her hair was decidedly becoming, even if it made her seem oddly sophisticated. Her dress might have helped to give that effect. Whatever it was, Teddy was looking at a new Kitty, and a very lovely one.

She was studying his face at the same time. "The same old Teddy," she said, but Teddy knew that the comment was not sincere. The quick knitting of her brows was familiar to him as her expression of worried perplexity. She led him by the hand to the library, and there he found Bob and Frances Hallet, Joe Lancaster and Gertrude Wells with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. Mr. Wallace shook hands with him with great heartiness and Mrs. Wallace kissed him. Their kindness and Kitty's welcome made Teddy feel happier than he had been in many months. There was a babel of animated chatter for an hour or more, new arrivals, departures, greetings, farewells, eager questioning, loud laughter, admiring or wondering exclamations at the exhibition of trophies of travel, and through it all Kitty the gay and animated center of interest. Teddy felt a sort of pride in her and almost exulted when she appealed to him, as she most frequently did, or smiled at him with implication of frank intimacy that he felt everybody must notice, and notice enviously.

He stuck them all out. Somehow he felt that Kitty wished him to, and after they had accompanied the last of the crowd to the porch steps she proposed remaining outside and led the way to the swinging seat.

"There!" sighed Kitty as she seated herself. "Now we can have a good heart-to-heart. Lovely, I got a great kick out of your wire. It was darling of you to send it."

"I wish I could have been there myself," said Teddy. "I suppose old Mark was on hand. Why did you stay so long in New York? I was expecting you a couple of days ago."

"You could hardly wait, could you?" she laughed.

"No kidding: I've missed you a lot, Kitty."

"You old dear!" She patted his hand. "Have you, honestly, Teddy? I don't believe it, or you'd have written oftener, and not such stingy little bits of letters: 'My dear Katherine: Yours of the eighteenth to hand and contents noted. In reply would say that I am well, but there is no other important news so, as I am rather busy, will conclude. Hoping you and your parents are well and that you are enjoying yourselves, I am yours very truly.' That's about what I got. Did you answer any of my questions? No! And me pouring out my heart to you!"

"Did you?" Teddy took the hand that had patted his and felt an unmistakable pressure. What next? Draw her to him. Here she was, close to him, and that would be all he had to do. Her beautiful round arms would encircle his neck; her fresh, warm lips would be pressed to his. They would be engaged, and presently they would go into the house together and stand before Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, smilingly, and Mr. Wallace would shake hands with him again and Mrs. Wallace would kiss him, and ——

"You know I did, or you would, if you had any sense."

"I guess I'm pretty dumb." Teddy made an amazing discovery—that he didn't want Kitty's fresh, warm lips against his; that he didn't even want to sit holding her hand—that is, it gave him no thrill. He wanted to talk to her; he liked to be with her; it was fine to see her again, and all that, but holding her hand seemed to have about as much point to it as holding Mark's hand would have. He pretended to search for his pipe. It wasn't in any of his pockets. "It doesn't matter," he said.

"Mark told me about Phœbe," Kitty said in a low, hesitating voice. "If she had been in New York ——"

"That's out," Teddy told her gruffly. He was trying to make up his mind what to do—decide quickly. "I'm all over that," he said more gently.

"It's terrible," Kitty faltered, "to care for somebody who cares for somebody else."

"I don't care any longer," Teddy assured her. He wasn't going to hurt Kitty, he decided.

"Lovely, I want you to tell me about Rodney Vilas and Ann Davis," said Kitty with sudden intenseness. "I wrote and wrote, asking you, and you never said one word. He wasn't here tonight. I suppose he was over at her house." She said that bitterly. "Still, after all this while, he might have at least —— Oh!"

A tall, dark shape loomed before them. "I can tell you all you want to know about Rodney Vilas," it said in Rodney's voice.

"I think I'll beat it," said Teddy after a moment or two, during which these two confronted each other. Teddy was not always dumb. But it was doubtful whether they heard him or his cheerful good night.

Mrs. Dunne was out of the living room and in the hall at the sound of her son's key turning the latch. At the sight of his smiling face she caught him by both arms.

"No, mother dear," said Teddy, shaking his head. "Nothing like that whatever. I just had a good time, and a few minutes ago I saw something rather amusing."

He chuckled at the recollection of what he had seen—when, at the bottom of Wallace's porch steps, he had looked back. Finding that his father was still up, he played a game of chess with him—and beat him—before he went to bed.

A grand and glorious thing to have a well-ordered mind under the absolute control of a strong will, to be able to direct it here or there, to this point or that, to recall or restrain it, checking its divagations, employing its utmost energies or relaxing it from tension, and always in predetermined channels or within certain boundaries. It was rather paradoxical that Teddy should have been gloating something after this manner on the catastrophic morning when the stars suddenly collided in their courses and the universe resolved into chaos—so to speak. Paradoxical, because if his mind had been under such perfect control that morning it would have been strictly confined to his work and he would not have tested himself by looking at Phœbe Onderdonk's photograph—something that he had not done since the day of her flight.

(Continued on Page 98)

...and of the BRAN Cereals

HERE'S THE FAVORITE!

As a cereal or in muffins millions prefer it because it is so effective . . . so good to eat

Post's Bran Flakes, the most popular bran cereal in all the world—how easy it is to understand why!

Here's the bran cereal so delicate in flavor, so tempting to the taste, that you'd want to enjoy it every day in the week, even if you knew nothing of its effectiveness. Richly mellowed with other nourishing parts of the wheat—here is bran in its most delicious form, toasted into tender flakes—crisp on the tongue—gentle, normal, natural in action. Little wonder that Post's Bran Flakes is the leader of them all! So effective—so good to eat!

For tomorrow's breakfast, which will you try first—the favorite bran cereal of the nation, served crisp from the package with milk or cream or piping hot bran muffins with all the full mellow flavor of the most popular bran cereal in the world?

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
3 teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes	3 tablespoons butter, *melted*

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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"To be safe," doctors say, "toilet tissue must be soft, absorbent, chemically pure"

"Even serious troubles sometimes result

from harsh, non-absorbent bathroom paper"

"Delicate membranes can be severely injured or inflamed by the use of too coarse a toilet tissue."

This is the warning of 580 doctors and 223 hospitals recently questioned on the subject.

"Elderly people and children," they said, "are especially susceptible."

Unaware of these facts, many housewives are innocently exposing themselves and their families to danger by buying inferior toilet paper. Paper that is utterly unfit for bathroom use.

It may be harsh, glazed, or even chemically impure—made from reclaimed waste materials.

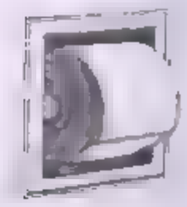
ScotTissue and Waldorf are two famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *absorbency—softness—purity*.

Each sheet is made up of millions of hygienically processed fibres. These specially treated fibres are extremely soft and cloth-like. Crumple a sheet in your hand. It feels as suave as old linen.

Dropped in water, it sinks almost instantly — proof of unusual absorbency. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott tissues. They are absolutely safe—neither acid nor alkaline. The sheets tear squarely at the perforations.

Why take chances—when it costs no more to buy these fine quality bathroom papers? Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



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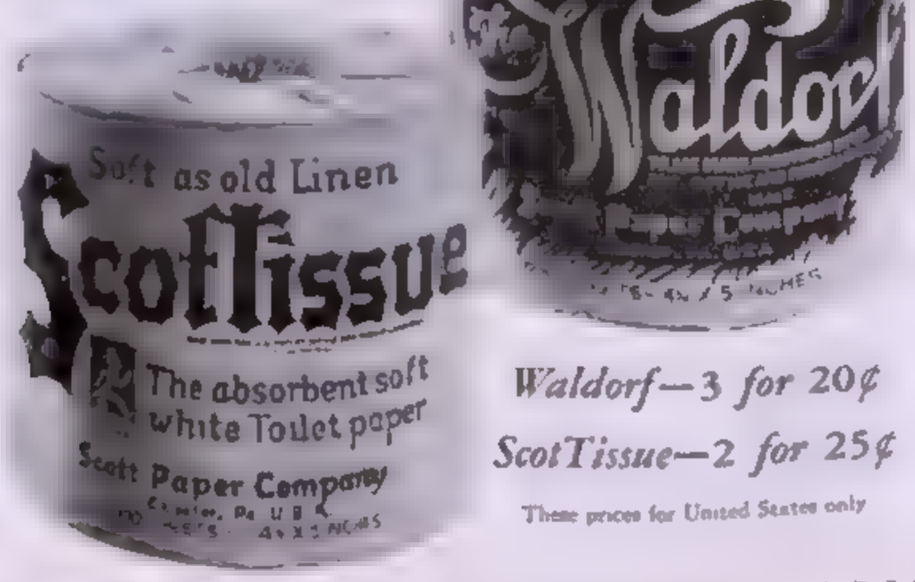

Waldorf—3 for 20¢

ScotTissue—2 for 25¢

These prices for United States only

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LARGEST SELLING BRANDS IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 96)

It is true that he looked at it with an expression of calm contempt, murmuring, "No, my dear; nothing doing. You've lost your power to bedevil me. I've got bravely over it, Miss Onderdonk. The old folks are right and I can look back on my foolishness and laugh." Which he did, but not uproariously.

And the old wound began to throb as he turned away from the vice president's desk and he had only a fleeting impression of seeing, topmost of the pile of Mr. Onderdonk's personal mail, the well-known envelope of the press-clipping bureau. He pulled himself together, rallying his merry mental men to tackle the problem presented by the New Hampshire bond issue and the D. & W. reorganization; quite successfully, too, so that he might have patted himself on the back again.

Mr. Onderdonk came in nearly half an hour late, which was rather unusual. Fresh as a pippin, brisk as a bee, groomed to a hair and with a clover bloom in his buttonhole—his customary decoration. He was in a good humor this morning—disposed to kid. "I suppose some day I'll come in here and catch you loafing on the job," he said to Teddy. "How is it that I haven't been able to, so far? Do you think it's quite respectful to me to grind along just the same, whether I'm here or not? My grandfather said that of all he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found, for it went all the time and had but one desire: At the close of each week to be wound. How are you winding yourself up these week-ends, Teddy?"

Teddy told him that he was playing a good deal of tennis. "I don't take the bank home with me so much as I used to," he said.

"But still some."

"In a way, yes. Reading—financial journals, and so on—a book or two—but only in my spare time, what little there is."

"Only twenty-four hours in a day. Too bad, isn't it? And you're still poking your nose into everything that's going on here—asking questions. So I'm told."

"The only way I know of getting information is to go after it," said Teddy. "I'm not intuitive, so I have to poke, more or less."

The vice president wagged his head. "You're hopeless," he said sorrowfully. He was leaning back in his chair, swung sideways, facing his secretary, looking as if he had nothing in the world to occupy him. He had not so much as glanced at his letters. "You remind me of your father in some respects," he went on after a contemplative pause. "You'll never be the man he is though."

"I should say not!" Teddy agreed, glowing at the appreciation.

"I've envied that father of yours ever since we were young men together," said Onderdonk. "He hadn't much time for me though. I used to think he didn't exactly approve of me, and I don't know that I blame him, but I admired him more than he guessed, and when I think of what he's done and the name he's made for himself, without any ballyhoo, without any pull, and among people who count—well, you can be proud of him, young feller me lad."

"Don't I know it!" cried Teddy.

"One thing I wanted to show you when you were out at the house was a little corner of his books," Onderdonk continued. "Not best sellers; but they'll be alive when we've been dust a hundred years or more. That's what I call real success. You and I are just moneygrubbers. Still, we have our uses. Get along with your grubbing, Teddy." He swung around to his desk, picked up the topmost letter and frowned as he opened it.

Teddy did not at once grub. This unexpected tribute to his father had thrown him off. He hadn't given H. B. O. credit for so much discernment. It was true that Professor Dunne was known and honored in every seat of learning in Europe and that there was a certain locked drawer in his study in Deepdene that contained quite an assortment of medals and decorations in gold and enamel that had been conferred upon him; but in his own country—oh, of course in the universities a few of the cognoscenti and the sprinkling of students of Arabic, of Sanskrit and Hebrew would find him in their bibliographies. The little gray man would be pleased when his son told him what H. B. O. had said.

But this was the bank, and that reminded Teddy of a message for the vice president. At the moment that this occurred to him the vice president exclaimed savagely and his desk resounded beneath his palm as he slammed down a clipping that he had taken from the envelope.

"Erckmann of New York called you about an hour ago, sir," said Teddy. "Bowling Green —— Said his business was personal and wanted me to ask you to call him back when you came in."

"What's that?" snapped Onderdonk, turning an angry face on the young man. "Why the devil didn't you tell me at once?" He snatched the telephone toward him. "Get me New York in a hurry," he told the operator. "Bowling Green ——"

Teddy supplied the number and Onderdonk repeated it to the operator and hung up. Teddy tried his best to get back to New Hampshire affairs and failed. The absurdly unjust reproof was nothing of itself. He realized that his chief's passionate outbreak had to do with the clipping that he had just read—something of an unusually disturbing nature, and concerning Phœbe. Onderdonk was swearing again, viciously, in a muffled undertone of repressed rage. There was a knock at the door and Mr. Denison entered.

"Get out of here!" Onderdonk exploded.

"Yes, sir, 'kyou; cert'nly, sir," said Mr. Denison pleasantly. He smiled, nodding to Teddy, and seated himself. "What's gone wrong, Harry?"

"I mean it," said Onderdonk shortly. "I can't talk to you now. Sorry."

Mr. Denison reddened, got up and walked out of the room without a word. Onderdonk's fingers beat a quick tattoo on his desk. Presently he took up the telephone again to ask the operator if she happened to remember that he had put in a call for New York about half an hour ago. Teddy, looking up, saw a new Onderdonk, wearing no poker face or the bland, slightly humorous expression of his familiarly conversational moments, but one lowering, dark and dangerous. His jaw was set rigidly and a tightly clenched fist—a formidable fist, too—pressed on the clippings he had been reading. It was hard to concentrate on New Hampshire under these circumstances, but Teddy was still making the effort when the telephone buzzed

"Yes? Onderdonk speaking. That you, Erckmann? . . . Yes? What is it?"

He listened intently, with an occasional "Yes, yes," or "Go on," and as he listened his face grew redder and redder, with an apoplectic tint of purple, and the veins at his temples swelled; his clipped mustache seemed to bristle and his lips parted in a wolfish snarl. "Yes, go on. Read me the whole thing." His voice was a mere croak at that last sentence and he cleared his throat: "I don't care if it takes all day! . . . The whole thing. Go on!"

Presently he said, "Well, is that all? Then listen: She can go where she likes, do what she likes and marry whom she pleases; it's nothing to me, and less than nothing. As far as I'm concerned, you can drop her this minute and send me your bill. If you continue to interest yourself in her affairs, that's a matter between you and her. They can print what they like about her—broadcast it from every station in the land. I'm not going to raise a finger to prevent it. She can marry the scavenger, if she chooses to do anything so conventional. What's that? . . . Oh, no, I won't. This is final. . . . I'm not interested in your opinion of me. That's all."

He jammed the receiver back on the hook. "I'm through with her—through!"

(Continued on Page 101)

MAKING A SOUND PICTURE
with Western Electric Equipment

SILENCE in the studio! The director discards his megaphone, cameras whir in sound-proof booths.

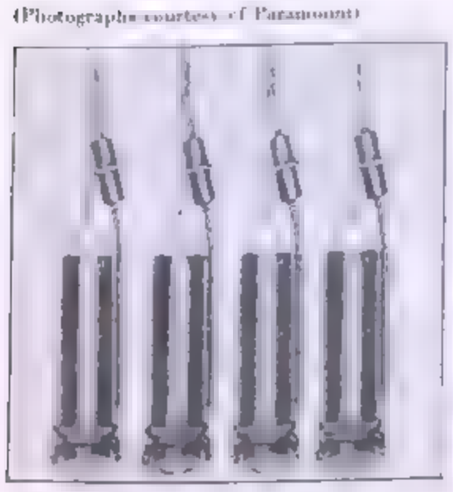
In the sound-proof "monitor room" a man at the control board regulates the volume and quality of sound recorded by Western Electric apparatus on a film or disc.

Hear Sound Pictures at their best—*go to a Western Electric equipped theatre*

Sound Pictures, made by the eleven great producers who have adopted the Western Electric system, are naturally best when reproduced in theatres with equipment from the same source.

That is why exhibitors everywhere, mindful of their patrons' satisfaction, either have installed or are now installing the Western Electric system—the sound equipment that assures clear and natural tone, that reflects a half century's experience in making telephones and other apparatus for reproducing sound.

(Photographs courtesy of Paramount)



Western Electric builds special microphones for studio requirements.

The "monitor" controls quality and volume of all sound recorded.

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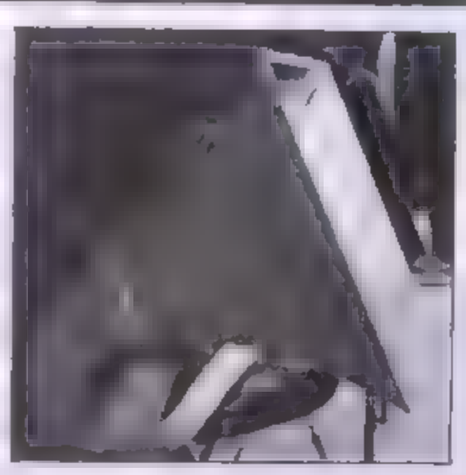
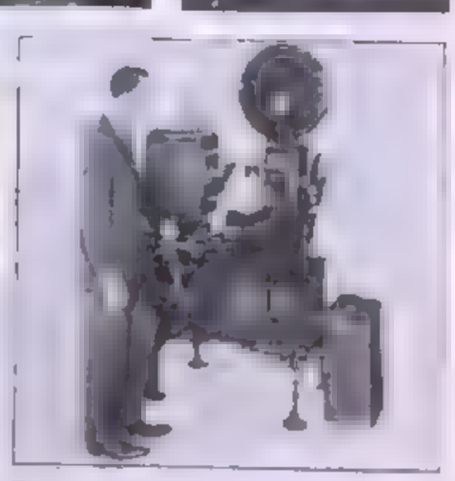


Theatre loud speakers, product of acoustical experts and craftsmen.



The projector which plays the sound picture in the theatre.

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SOUND SYSTEM
THE VOICE OF ACTION

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More Riverside Tires have been sold *direct* to users than any other tire in the World ! *

Guaranteed for 16,000 *miles*

COMMON sense knows but one tire-value standard: *miles of service.* And our experience proves there's no better basis for purchase than mileage that is *guaranteed.*

The RIVERSIDE is the only nationally known tire that protects every buyer with a *definite, specific guarantee of 16,000 miles!* It is built by well-known manufacturers who use only the finest materials, and are famous for their tire quality.

Largest volume of direct sales—longest continuous record for definitely guaranteed mileage, with quality constantly improved *for 18 years*—these are the soundest reasons why *you* should enjoy RIVERSIDE economy and performance in *your* driving ...and why you should compare Riversides only with the *highest quality tires* made.

As companions to the 16,000-mile RIVERSIDE we also supply the Super-Quality RIVERSIDE, a tire *de luxe,* guaranteed for 30,000 miles; and the Wardwear, a leader in its class, guaranteed for 10,000 miles. All three tires deliver a *decided* price-saving over comparable tires that carry *no definite mileage guarantee.*

The following prices indicate the exceptional value of RIVERSIDE Tires: 30,000-mile 29x4.40 Balloon, $10.75. 16,000-mile 29x4.40 Balloon, $5.98. 16,000-mile 30x3½ Oversize Clincher, $5.25. 10,000-mile 29x4.40 Wardwear Balloon, $5.20. 10,000-mile 30x3½ Wardwear Clincher, $4.59. *Other sizes to fit all cars, at proportionately large savings.*

The "Spirit of Progress," adapted from the statue surmounting the famous Ward Tower in Chicago, has long been associated with our name. It is our mark of quality and identifies our advertisements, our stores, and many of our exceptional merchandise offerings. Let it be your guide to quality and savings.

RIVERSIDE tires in any size may be ordered by mail from any of our branches listed below, or bought direct from any of our hundreds of retail stores. If you are not near one of our stores, simply mail us size and quality wanted, and we will ship your tires C. O. D. postpaid, immediately.

RIVERSIDE Tires are but one quality example out of more than 40,000 articles sold by Montgomery Ward & Co. Clothing, household and farm equipment, drygoods, electrical goods, hardware, auto accessories, furniture, jewelry, radio and musical instruments, paints and roofing, sporting goods—are but a few major lines from an infinite variety which enables Ward's to meet every need of the home and the family.

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Watch for further messages, each of which will give you definite examples of how our distribution methods result in economies that should cause you, when you think of quality or savings, to think *first* of WARD'S.

*Tires sold direct to the car owner—*not* supplied as "factory equipment."

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Also Hundreds of Retail Stores Throughout the Nation

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he cried. There was stark savagery in his voice and in the furious gesture he made with his clenched fist. He turned bloodshot eyes on Teddy, who was standing before him, white as he himself was red. "I'm through with her. This is the end of it. Do you hear?" he shouted. "I'm through with her! Phœbe Onderdonk, I'm talking about. My daughter that was." His look was now challenging, menacing, daring opposition. He seemed tense to spring, to strike and rend. A daunting figure, and few would have had the temerity to stand before him at that moment, as Teddy did now, meeting that insanely ferocious stare steadily and unflinchingly, and fewer would have spoken.

"You may know whom you are talking about, but you don't know what you are saying," Teddy said huskily.

It is quite possible—even probable—that if Miss Watson had appeared a moment later she might have been startled by a disgraceful scene which would have called for the intervention of Worsley. It is conceivably exasperating beyond the bounds of endurance to have a young snipe whom you have warmed in your bosom stand up, goggling at you through thick-lensed spectacles and questioning the propriety of your cursing your own daughter. But Miss Watson, luckily, knocked at the door and Teddy opened it sufficiently to inform her that Mr. Onderdonk was busy for the time being, and that trifling distraction was still long enough to give the vice president time to get a grip on himself. When Teddy again faced him he seemed to have regained his self-control to a great extent.

"Listen to this, then," said Onderdonk: "Erckmann is the lawyer I've been employing to look after that girl's affairs and keep an eye on her. His reports haven't been so good lately, but now—— Well, here it is: Last night Phœbe Onderdonk was hauled off to jail with her company, the manager, the stage director and that lousy Kolodin for putting up an indecent show—jailed, by the Eternal!" The fading purple in Onderdonk's face deepened.

"Leading Lady Led to Durance Vile, Red-Hot Mamma Taken to Cooler. Those are two of the headlines, and you'll see some more in the afternoon papers here, or I miss my guess. A sweet-scented play! Conveys a fine moral lesson probably. Miss Phœbe Onderdonk ably sustaining the rôle of the principal prostitute. I'm not saying that bawdy plays are new in the history of the stage or that reputable actresses haven't played the parts of women of no reputation whatsoever, as the term goes, but from what Erckmann says, this one outrots the rankest Restoration. Erckmann went down and bailed them out. I'm sorry he did."

"Yes," said Teddy, with a deadly seriousness of tone. "She should have been allowed to stay in jail. The proper place for her. Pity she couldn't be actually pilloried and whipped at the cart tail—a mature, experienced woman of the world like her!"

Onderdonk glared at him, but with no perceptible effect. "She's old enough to know rottenness and dirt when she sees it!"

"And the best home influences to teach her to avoid it," said Teddy, maintaining his unblinking goggle. "Constant care and watchfulness, kindness and firmness without bluster—and a good example."

"While I think of it, what business is this of yours?" Onderdonk snarled.

"It's the only business I've got," Teddy answered. "If you've given her up—disowned her—I'm going to do what I can to help her, that's all. I'm going to New York, Mr. Onderdonk."

"You are not!" shouted Onderdonk, and thumped his desk.

Teddy glanced at his wrist watch. "I've got an hour that I can spare to explain a few things to Miss Watson; but there isn't very much necessary," he said.

"If you do go, you needn't trouble to come back."

"Oh, I've quit—resigned. I'm going."

"You can go to the devil!" said Onderdonk, and Teddy went to his desk. Onderdonk began to bunch the letters on his desk and picked up a pencil. His complexion was now of only normal ruddiness, but in a moment or two the pencil snapped between his fingers. He pitched the pieces into his wastebasket, got up and left the room. When he returned, it was to verify his prediction of a little while before. He found his secretary loafing on the job.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I can tell Miss Watson anything about the work now," said Teddy, emerging from his reverie. "I don't think she'll have much trouble, though." He rose to go.

"Sit down a moment, Dunne," said the vice president in quite his usual manner. "I want to talk to you. I'm over my fit now and there won't be any more of them. Let's talk reasonably now. I don't mind saying that I have always liked you, and I want you to reconsider your intention of leaving the bank and of going to New York. No good can possibly come of it. In the first place, you can't help Phœbe. She doesn't want to be helped. You youngsters are pretty hasty in your judgments and you've pronounced on me on mighty slight evidence. I don't believe I've been as bad a father as you evidently think, but we'll waive that. I'll only say that I've tried to help. I say now that she doesn't thank me for it and won't thank you."

"I'm not at all anxious to have her thank me," said Teddy.

"Another thing, which I didn't tell you, is that she's engaged to this Kolodin. He announces it and she doesn't deny it. Look at this."

"I guessed as much," said Teddy, waving aside the clipping. "He won't marry her though." He spoke with a sober certainty that was somehow impressive.

"What could you do to prevent it? She doesn't care a snap of her fingers for you."

"I know that."

"I'm speaking calmly now when I say that I'm through with her, and when I say that she would make life a hell for any decent man."

"That may be," said Teddy.

"You've got a career before you here," said Onderdonk, "and, let me tell you, an enviable one. Are you going to let her wreck it at the outset? I want to see you pursue it and marry ——"

"A nice, kind, cheerful, warm-hearted girl who will stay put," Teddy interrupted. "Yes, I've been trying to make myself believe that. And you've shown me a good deal of kindness, patience and consideration, for which I ought to be grateful. But I'm not. Phœbe needed those things, and if you gave them to her at any time, you're not giving any now. You see, I love her, and I've come to the conclusion that I'm going to keep right on loving her." The young man's eyes, magnified by his glasses, were disks of blue flame as he bent forward, his knuckles on the desk. "To hell with my career!" he cried with unwonted passion and profanity. "I'm going to Phœbe!"

"In that case, I'm through with you, too, Dunne," said Mr. Onderdonk coldly.

Good old Mark! He hadn't failed. There he was, foremost of the waiting crowd at the barrier, a grin of welcome on his honest mug and his hand upflung in recognition and greeting at the moment that Teddy emerged through the arched marble portal from the train shed. The next minute that hand was thumping Teddy vigorously between the shoulder blades.

"You old stick-in-the-mud! You did break loose at last, didn't you? Gosh, I feel like kissing you! How come, Teddy, old sport? Well, never mind that. You're here because you're here, because you're here, and we'll proceed to shake li'l' ole N'York to its foundations. Hi! You cut yourself shaving. I thought there was a barber on that covered wagon. Where's your porter?"

Teddy told him that he had left in a hurry and was without impedimenta—meaning that he was foot-loose. He had overslept and the barber shop was full when he reached it, so he had compromised by getting a bite of breakfast.

"Come along then and we'll grab a taxi and go to my luxurious bachelor apartments and you can pretty-up there. It's not far. Right across the park from some of our proudest millionaires. A third-floor walk-up, but what care we? Our legs are young and sturdy, and think of the view from the summit! The community bathroom is likely to be unoccupied at this hour, unless my landlady is abluting—which I have serious reason to doubt. You can stop on your way and buy a fresh collar, and there's a place on the Circle where you can take off your pants and get 'em pressed while you wait. They look as if you had slept in them. I hope you will excuse a fastidious New Yorker when I say that you have the general effect of being newly released from Ellis Island."

He had Teddy by the arm and was half dragging him along, but feeling increased resistance, stopped. "What's on your mind, feller?"

"Lots," Teddy answered. "Listen: You'll think this is rotten of me, but I can't go with you now. All I want from you is Phœbe Onderdonk's address, and when you give it to me I'll have to leave you and go straight there. I'll see you later on, though, sure."

Mark whistled softly and stared at him. "So that's it! You've heard, eh? But didn't the old man have her address? Look; I don't know it. I guess I could take you there, but ——"

"Then take me, will you? Have you got time? This means a lot to me, Mark, or I wouldn't ask it."

"I've more time than I've any use for, it seems," said Mark gruffly. "As soon as I got your wire, I arranged to take a day off. I'd set my heart on showing you Grant's Tomb and the Metropolitan Museum, and I was going to blow you to a lunch of spitchcocked calories and brandered vitamins at one of our most celebrated one-arm restaurants—and now! Coises! Well, come on. I know better than to try to argue with you. When did you see Eugenia last?"

They were in a taxi, driving southward along Fifth Avenue by stops and starts. Teddy believed that he could have saved time by walking. He was in a fever of excitement and impatience that he could hardly disguise. Old Mark was taking his disappointment like the sportsman he was. But he was puzzled.

"Why the dickens did her father have to send you?" he asked, when Teddy had satisfied him concerning the well-being of Eugenia and his family. "And why tear your shirt this way? I suppose the Chicago papers played the story up big. There wasn't any follow-up here this morning, unless it was in the tabloids. Why should there be, when you think it over? New York's civilized, isn't it—liberal and above provincial prejudices? Sure! But if you take a play like that out to the sticks where men ain't Menckens, and have a hick constable on the job of purifying the artistic atmosphere, you might expect trouble. There certainly was a fuss. It went as far as eggs. You saw that, didn't you? And did it suggest anything? To my keen, analytical mind, it seemed fishy. What did the audience bring eggs for? To eat between acts? When I go to a show I buy tickets and let it go at that. Chocolates, perhaps, if the lady with you isn't too ritzy, but never extra-ripe Grade X storage eggs; never *passé* tomatoes. My keen, analytical mind deduces an advertising stunt preparatory to the New York opening. Phœbe wouldn't be in on it, but I wouldn't put it past this bird Venner, the producer. 'Producer' is a loud, ringing peal of laughter."

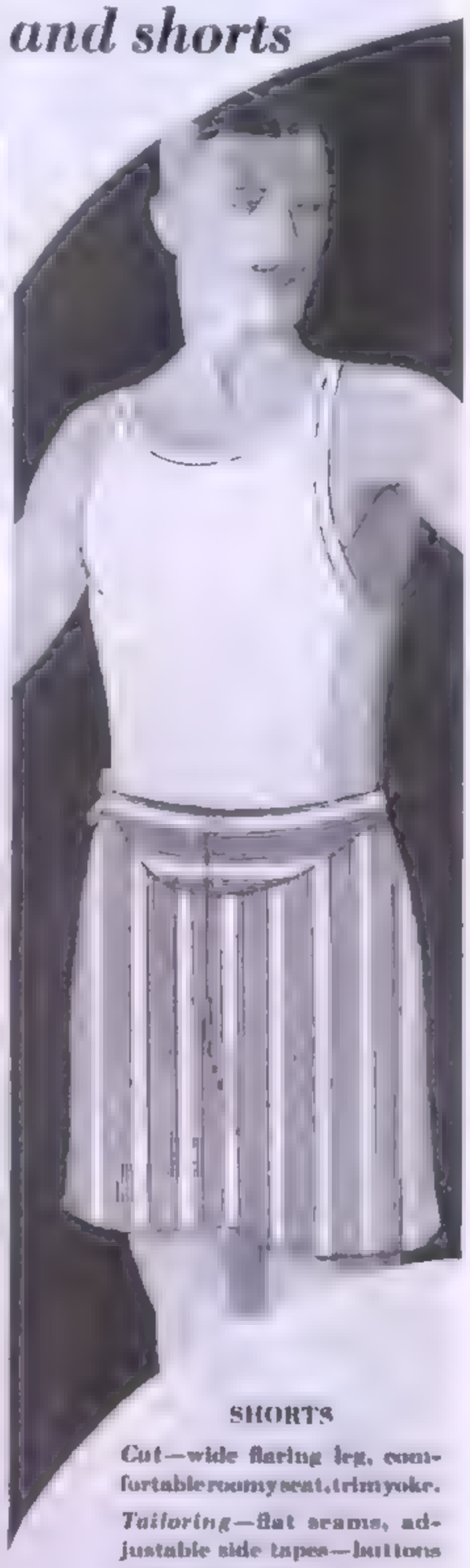
"You mean to say this didn't happen in New York?" Teddy demanded.

"Didn't you read the papers? Where did you get that idea? No, it was a tryout. They had postponed it for some reason or another. Remember, I told you they were to put it on in Springfield, Connecticut, when

(Continued on Page 104)

Style and Service

in Carter shirts and shorts



SHORTS

Cut—wide flaring leg, comfortable roomy seat, trim yoke.

***Tailoring*—flat seams, adjustable side tapes—buttons sewed on to *stay*.**

***Material*—fine cotton broadcloth—in bright or soft colored patterns and white.**

SHIRTS

Specially knit moisture absorbing material in cotton, rayon or rayon and cotton, ribbed or plain, in white or with colored rayon thread pattern. The William Carter Co., Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.

Carter's

QUALITY products of personal service presenting the utmost in manufacturing skill and experience acquired by Winchester in over 60 years of meeting the exacting requirements of the sportsman. Each an outstanding product in its field that will win, by its service and merit, the same affection as a Winchester Gun. Made by the makers of Winchester Guns and Ammunition. Sold by sporting goods and hardware dealers everywhere.

...now makes its greatest offering to you.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

—for more than 60 years have been establishing Winchester quality throughout the world. Each Winchester Gun is a masterpiece in its field. Each bears the "Winchester Proof" mark—a guarantee that it has passed the most exacting of gun tests without sign of flaw and is *truly* of Winchester quality. Winchester Shells and Winchester Staynless and Staynless Kopperklad Rim Fire Cartridges as well as Staynless Center Fire Cartridges are equally outstanding.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK

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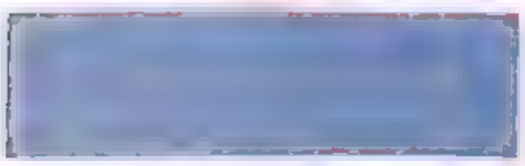
Winchester General Utility Oil, Gun Oil, Gun Grease, Rust Remover and Crystal Cleaner are valued companions to Winchester Guns while Winchester General Utility Oil is also an ideal light lubricant for every household polishing and oiling purpose.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK

FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES

—are necessary to a sportsman and are equally essential in the home. Winchester experience and facilities are ideally suited to the manufacture of superior flashlights with many unique features ingeniously adapted to all modern flashlight needs. The Winchester Headlight, for instance, fastens to the head, tilts at any angle and lights wherever you look while leaving both hands free. The Winchester Focusing Lantern looks and handles like a lantern yet concentrates its ray like a focusing flashlight. The Winchester five-cell focusing Searchlight throws its brilliant beam almost a quarter of a mile. There's a Winchester Flashlight for every need and Winchester Batteries, too,—the better batteries for both flashlights and radio sets.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK



FISHING TACKLE

When not in the field, at the range or traps, you are likely to find the sportsman fishing. Naturally, therefore, Winchester has extended its service to this "other half" of the sportsman's year and has created exquisitely made bamboo rods, fine steel rods, precision-built reels and tempting baits—angling equipment which you will cherish with the same affection as your gun.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK

ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Winchester experience in combining strength with lightness in fine steel products has produced a line of ice skates that will bring delight to any skater. Winchester mechanical ingenuity has also developed the new Winchester Roller Skates with their super-strong girder-frame construction and supremely easy-running, more-mileage rolls.

WINCHESTER TRADE MARK

CUTLERY AND TOOLS

Masterfully made carpenters' and mechanics' tools, pocket knives, flat cutlery, scissors and shears bring the quality of Winchester manufacture right into the home. Here again Winchester experience provides an ideal foundation. In making firearms, Winchester developed and made, in its own plant, special tools possessing the great durability and precision needed for this highly exacting work. Equally rare qualities have been developed in the various items of Winchester Cutlery. You will like the balance, strength, convenience, serviceability and carefully studied design of every tool or piece of cutlery which bears the Winchester name.

Also manufacturers of Winchester Radiators for motor trucks, buses and airplanes—and of the Winchester Radiator Unit for heating buildings.

Ask your sporting goods or hardware dealer to show you these Winchester Quality Products and ask for "The Winchester Idea"—a booklet describing the entire Winchester line. Ask also for the booklet—"The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition"—of special interest to the sportsman. If, as yet, your dealer cannot furnish either of these, write direct to—

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Dept. P, New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 101)

I was at Deepdene? I don't think that was the place they did put it on. Was it Stamford? Well, it doesn't matter. Teddy, somehow I don't like the way you look and the way you act. Anything wrong? Well, you needn't tell me. But I feel, somehow, as if we were going to a funeral or a hanging. They say there used to be a gallows here in Washington Square. . . . Yes, this is the Square."

"They don't hang 'em now," said Teddy grimly. "I wonder what it feels like to be electrocuted."

"You can't get anybody to tell you after they've gone through it. They're like the fellows that have had war experiences—reticent. Am I making this call with you?"

"No," Teddy replied. "You're going to show me the place and then beat it. I'll get in touch with you later on, but I can't say when."

"Then I'll go back to the office and save my day off until you're ready for me. Office the rest of the day, and after that at the dump. Check?" He signaled to the driver and they got out and walked down a side street from the Square, soon finding themselves in a maze which Mark threaded uncertainly, stopping often to look for landmarks.

It would have been interesting enough to Teddy at another time—this strange blending of slum ugliness, mere grotesquerie and real beauty of a sort, to say nothing of the human hodgepodge—dark-eyed, ragged children shouting and screaming in Italian as they played about the streets, almost heedless of Juggernaut trucks; shabby, shawled, long-skirted women rubbing elbows with bob-haired, bare-armed, hatless sisters whose costumes—what there was of them—were obviously self-expressionistic, yet ran as monotonously to type as their jewelry; hatless men, too, young and old, with flowing neckties loosely knotted beneath the Byronic collars of their shirts, as well as ordinary vagabonds without an attempt at the picturesque. Nothing of all this did Teddy observe. His one thought was that time was being wasted.

"It should be about here," Mark said at last, stopping again in a crooked, narrow street where the remodeling builder had been busy. "It was either a pink, yellow or blue door, but these seem to be all green, purple or brown."

Teddy looked in a doorway that stood open. "This is a sort of a blue," he said, and Mark hailed the discovery with delight. "It's the place!" he cried. "I knew I could find it." They went into a small dark hall and to another door that was on the right of what seemed to be a stairway. "Absolutely!" said Mark, bending to look. "The latchstring out and everything. See?"

It wasn't easy to see in the gloom, but there was certainly a looped leather thong depending from an auger hole above the door handle. The door itself was of plank, with quaint wrought-iron hinges bolted on. Mark said "I'll show you something now" and jerked the latchstring. An iron framed card inscribed OUT instantly flapped down and then slowly turned back and clicked into its original position—an oblong of metal above the door handle.

"I'll wait," said Teddy.

A whiff of cigarette smoke drifted to them and a voice said, "May I ask if you gentlemen wish to see Miss Talbot?" It proceeded from a dapperly dressed young man with a straw hat well back on his head who was sitting on a stair, huddled obscurely. He rose as he spoke.

"No," Teddy answered, "we were "

A poke in the ribs stopped him. Mark thrust in. "Yes," said Mark. "Were you waiting for her?"

"For the last hour," replied the young man. "My name is Jones—William Jones—a friend of Miss Talbot's. She told me that she was expecting two other friends—Mr.—er—Mackintosh and—er—I think the other name was Waters. May I ask, gentlemen, if you are they?" A very nicely spoken and polite young man, this.

"You may," answered Mark with equal politeness. "This gentleman is Miss Talbot's Uncle Dudley and I am her favorite maiden aunt who have always had an absurd, old-fashioned prejudice against newspaper reporters and who am a hellion on wheels, once I get started." His hand shot out and caught Mr. Jones by the arm in a viselike grip. "Come outside with me, Bill. I would fain hold converse with thee. A word in thy private ear."

"Hey, you big stiff!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "What do you think you're—ouch!"

Mark took him out, wriggling and protesting. "Back in a minute or two," he told Teddy over his shoulder. In a very few minutes he was back. "That's that," he said. "I spotted that bozo the minute he got up. Wad of white paper sticking out of his pocket, and why didn't he move when we came in? Talbot's Phœbe's stage name. Didn't you even know that? Now then, see this bolt at the end of the lower hinge? Press that twice, and if Phœbe's in she'll come to the door; if she isn't, you'll have to wait or call again. I'll be on my way now. William will probably be lurking around. If I find him I'll take him for a ride. Twice on the end bolt. So long, laddie!"

Teddy waited for a moment and then, with racing pulses, stooped and pressed the bolt head. It yielded to the pressure of his finger and a faint ring sounded inside. He pressed it again and waited. In another minute the latch clicked and the door opened a little, Phœbe's face peering through the narrow opening; then it swung wide.

"Well, come in," said Phœbe. "Don't stand there staring, Mr. Dunne."

As she closed the door behind him they were for a moment in total darkness; then a switch snapped and revealed a large, high-ceiled room, with big windows at one end over which curtains were tightly drawn. There was none of the ultramodern furniture that Teddy recollected seeing at Lake Forest, but a curious harmony of antique pieces of the florid sort, with a pronounced note of comfortable modernity and due regard for line and color. Phœbe leaned against a large Empire table curiously inlaid in the frame of a white marble top that was strikingly *en rapport* with the beautifully sculptured mantelpiece and the massive, carved and gilt cornice from which the curtains depended; there was a divan, plentifully cushioned; some comfortably capacious chairs, and the grand piano that Mark had spoken of was in the farthest corner. Good rugs relieved the bareness of the tiled floor. A curious room, but not unpleasing in its general effect, in spite of a certain disorder and litter, and the dead flowers in a pot-bellied jade-green vase.

"It is Mr. Dunne, isn't it?" Phœbe asked coolly, surveying Teddy languidly from top to toe.

Teddy might have asked if it was Phœbe at whom he was staring. Her rose-leaf complexion seemed to have faded—that delicate Dresden-china loveliness that he remembered. There were no imps of Satan peeping out from her violet eyes, nor did they have the saintly earnestness he also recollected; they were not wistful or alight with anger; they just looked tired. Her whole expression was one of weariness and indifference.

"I think you know it is," Teddy answered. His heart seemed to have got into his throat and its pounding interfered with his breathing. It was stifling him.

"I wasn't really so very sure," said Phœbe unsmilingly. "You look very different from my recollection of you. By the way, who told you about the bell?"

"Mark Wallace," Teddy answered. "He brought me here."

"I was rather wondering what brought you here," she said in the same lifeless manner. "In other words, to what I was indebted for the pleasure. Something, of course. Well, what has my kind father to say now? Mr Erckmann told me yesterday that he had severed even diplomatic relations with me, so I didn't expect an envoy."

"I don't come from your father," said Teddy.

Her eyebrows lifted. "Dear me! This is interesting. I must hear this. Won't you sit down? And if it's your spectacles that are making you look as if you were trying to bore into my very soul, you'll oblige me greatly by taking them off." She seated herself on the divan. Her slender body was enveloped in a long black peignoir embroidered with figures of scarlet and gold, which at the neck opened sufficiently to show a high-collared garment of green silk buttoned to the throat. As she sat down it was apparent that she was still in her pajamas and that her green silk mules had been thrust on her bare feet. "You can take that chair, if you will," she said, and then: "Just a moment, please, until I light a cigarette. Will you have one? No?"

She leaned toward an alabaster box on a taboret near her, took out a cigarette, and lit it from a silver machine. "Now, Mr. Dunne. You don't come from my father, you say. Then what in heck—if you'll pardon the expression—did you come for?"

"To help you, if I could, and if you'd let me," Teddy answered huskily.

She sat upright and widened her eyes. "To help me? To help me? Well! And what, for sweet Pete's sake, made you think I needed help—and from you? Do you mean that my father weakened and—but you said you didn't come from him. Are you living in New York now? Have you left the bank?"

"I left the bank yesterday morning, after I heard what your father said to Erckmann when he telephoned," Teddy replied. "Left it for good and came straight here to you. I thought you might need me, even if you didn't want me. . . . Of course I came," he went on with a growing passion which shook him. "You know that I love you, don't you? Now let me hear you laugh at me. Dare to laugh at me!" He rose from his chair and stood over her. "Who would come to you if I didn't?" he cried hoarsely. "The poor dumb fool you played with; the poor weak fool who has kept on loving you after you showed him what you were! Rotten, your father called you, but what do I care? I love you! Why don't you laugh?"

The cigarette dropped from her fingers and, unregarded by either of them, was smoldering redly in a fold of her robe. Her eyes were wider than ever as she stared at him. But she didn't laugh at the comical figure Teddy presented, shaking and gesticulating awkwardly as he goggled at her. Instead, she suddenly turned and flung herself face downward on the divan and sobbed in an utter abandonment of emotion.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, and again: "Oh, oh!" The sobs seemed to be tearing her. Her whole body jerked convulsively at each rending sound. Teddy strove to raise her, to lift her head. She resisted, blindly pushing his hand away with incredible strength. The slippers had fallen from her feet, which seemed somehow pathetic—like the feet of a little child in childhood's paroxysmal, unrestrained grief. Poor little kid! Remorsefully Teddy strove to soothe her. "Phœbe, Phœbe dear! Don't—oh, don't! Phœbe, I didn't mean to hurt you! Darling, I am sorry! Please stop! Won't you stop, Phœbe dear?" He laid his hand on her shoulder, gently now, tenderly.

It seemed to him as if she never would, although it was not so long before that awful sobbing subsided and finally ceased. For a little while longer she wept, and then, with a hand back-stretched, began to grope in her robe. Miraculously Teddy divined her need and put his handkerchief into her hand. Her fingers closed on it and carried it to her face. For a minute or so after that she was silent and still. Teddy tried again to raise her and she yielded as far as to sit up, but repelled him as she did so and still kept the handkerchief pressed to her eyes.

"No, don't touch me, Teddy," she said brokenly. "Father was right"—she suppressed a hysterical giggle at that—"I'm rotten."

"You are not!" Teddy cried. "Forget that I said it. It wasn't true." He dropped to his knees before her and pulled her hand from her piteous, tear-stained face, homely in its marred beauty, beautiful in its homeliness. Not a face for the world, but for loving familiars. "I'm a brute," Teddy said. "Forgive me, Phœbe, and, if you will, let me do something for you. I don't ask anything in return and I won't touch you. I know how you feel about me." He smiled at her ruefully. "You told your father I was dependable—stodgy and uninteresting but dependable—and faithful. Wasn't it that? And you were right."

"You're crazy! Did he tell you that? What a shame! I am rotten, my dear." She began to cry again. "Oh, to see people looking at you, thinking . . . and women—decent women—thinking that you weren't!" She covered her face. "I can hear the hissing and jeering still. The sound of it will be in my ears all the rest of my life. Do you know what a little hell I'm going through?"

"We won't talk about it; we won't think about it," said Teddy softly. "Don't cry, please. Everything will be all right."

"But I want to talk about it. I've had nobody to talk to. I've had to laugh and grin and wise-crack when—when—ah, yes; hold my hand, Teddy. It's such a firm, strong, good hand. Listen; those loathsome beasts wanted me to go on with it—Love's Leprosy. They laughed at me, and then they were furious. There was a big row only last night and they're going to sue me for more money than I've got in the world. I wanted to give it to them right then, but Mr. Erckmann wouldn't let me. I haven't slept. I was trying to when you rang. You called yourself a fool, but, oh, what a fool I've been! Conceited, vain, empty headed! I hated that play; I loathed it; and then I'd tell myself that I must be big and it was only because I was little and narrow that I cared. I was too much of a coward to back out until—until —— But I deserved it—all the shame they could heap on me."

"Kolodin! No, don't say a word now."

"Yes. He has been wanting to marry me ever since I first met him. I was flattered no end. All the girls in the theater were crazy about him. And when he said he'd write a play for me I was certainly nice to him. Yes, I suppose I flirted with him. No, I don't 'suppose'; I did flirt with him. It makes me shudder now even to think of it. Did you know he told a newspaper reporter that we were engaged? Yes. That was lately. He swore that he didn't. I could have killed him, the liar!"

"I may have to," said Teddy soberly. "We'll see. Don't talk any more. Go to your room and see if you can sleep a little now. I'll stay here and take care of anybody who comes."

"I don't want to sleep now," Phœbe replied. "I want to talk to you. I want to feel sure that you are here—and I've got something to say. I don't want you to think too hardly of me. I'm not really quite so bad as I may have seemed to you. I've been spoiled all my life, and because I was something of a mimic I got it into my head that I was an actress, and a lot of people encouraged me; some of them because they were too ignorant to know and some because—well, because I was Phœbe Onderdonk. Father always groused about my boy friends. Well, I couldn't help that, and I didn't want to or try to. And then I didn't know that I wouldn't some day find the one I wanted. That's how I got into Kolodin's crowd—exploring. Something new—new ideas—all that. And then, quite unexpectedly, I met the man I wanted, and he didn't want me. I tried all my old tricks on him, but he didn't fall. Anyway, I wasn't sure that he did. They were tricks that had always gone over with a bang, but they didn't seem to work with him."

"Do you mind not telling me about this?" Teddy asked.

"I think you ought to know," Phœbe told him. "He was different from the rest. He

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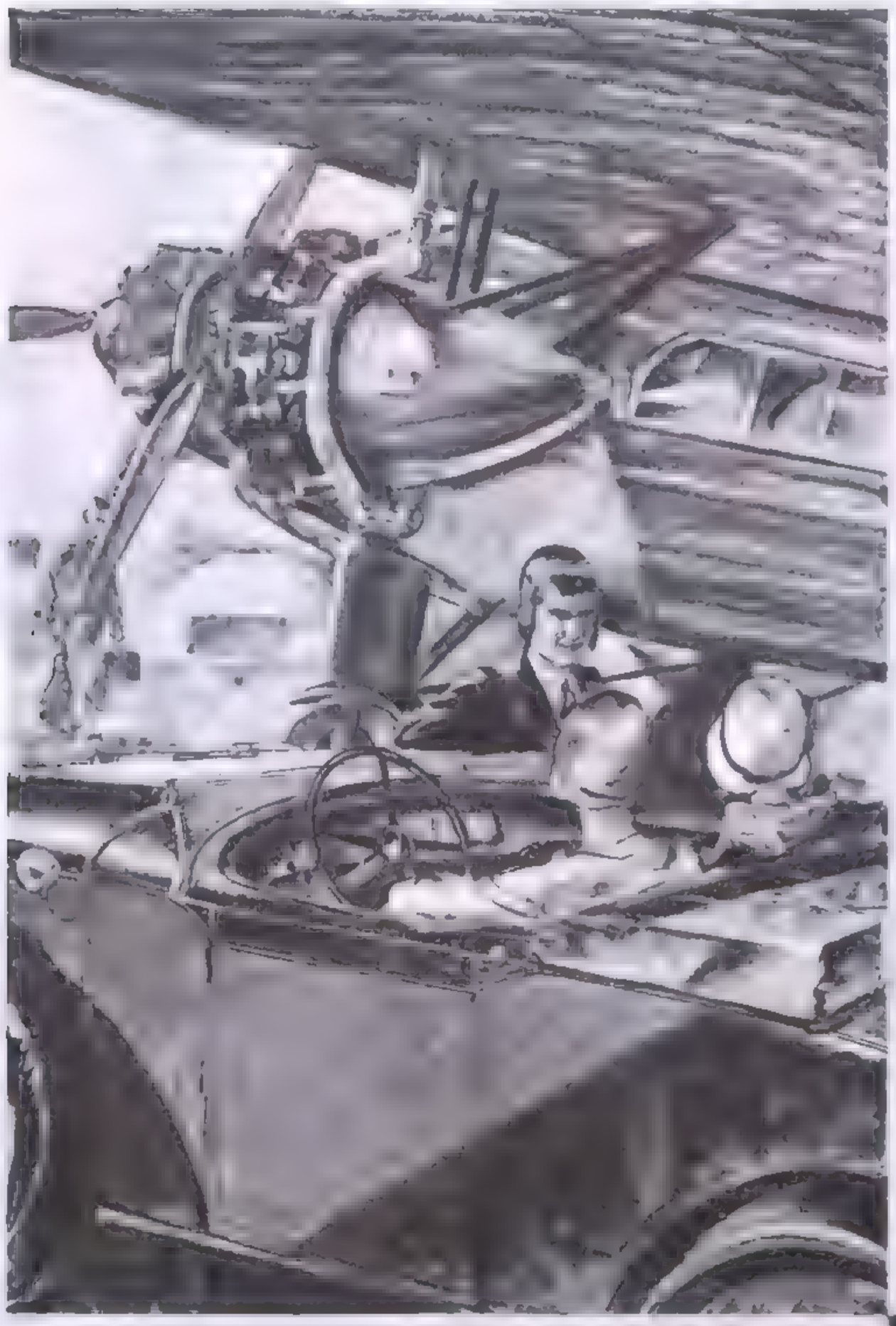

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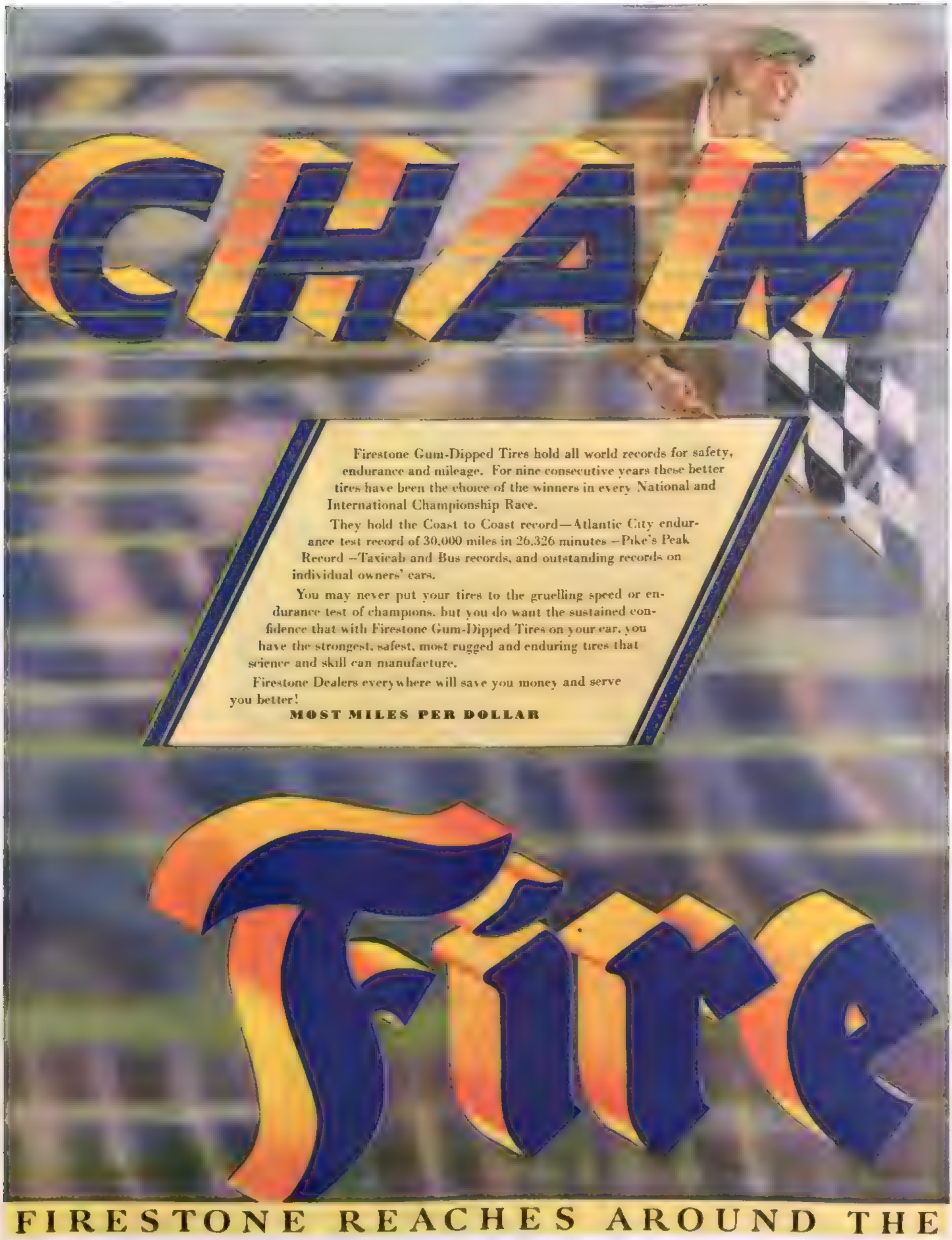
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Continued from Page 104

wasn't in our society set and he wasn't one of the intelligentzia, and he didn't know anything about girls. Anyway, being in love with him, I wanted to show him how wonderful I was. All my friends had told me I was wonderful, you know, and I wanted him to know it. That was just before I played in Post-Mortem in Chicago. I thought surely he would be there and see how I put it over Terry and Duse and Bernhardt. Well, he didn't even have the curiosity to come. I was furious. But I didn't give up all hope, and after I'd got over being angry I went to see him, where he worked."

"Phœbe, what are you saying?" cried Teddy. "You don't mean ——"

"Yes," said Phœbe calmly, "I mean you. You might as well know it. I am past shame, you see. You know how I got you to come and see me and what happened." She was not so far past shame but that a deep blush suffused her face and neck. "Oh, I deserved it!" she cried. "But it was rather hard to bear. No, let me go on. All I wanted after that was to hurt you and make you sorry. I was going to be famous—notorious, for all I cared. Well, I achieved notoriety, didn't I? But I didn't realize until afterward what notoriety meant to a girl. Contempt. Good-natured contempt at the best, and at the worst I was something unclean, something to despise. . . . No! No, no, no! No, Teddy! You mustn't. I can't let you. It's too late. Please, please, let me go!"

"If you love me ——" Teddy began. "Or did I kill any feeling you had for me that day? It seems beyond belief that you could have cared for me like that, but if you did, couldn't you find it in your heart to forgive me now?"

"It's not that," said Phœbe. "But do you think I'd let you spoil your life by marrying me? Do you realize that I'm a disgraced woman—an outcast disowned by my own father and probably by my mother—a scandalous creature who hasn't even been successfully scandalous? Kolodin told me last night that I had made his play seem indecent by my damned prudery."

"I want to see him," said Teddy. "Have you finished?"

"You aren't likely to," said Phœbe. "It seems he's got a past and Mr. Erckmann knows it and told him that if he tried to see me or annoyed me in any way, he'd shortly after find himself in the penitentiary. He's out of the picture; it's Mr. Venner who's going to bring suit against me, and as I've been rather reckless and trusting in signing things, he'll probably win it. Mr. Erckmann admits that. Oh, it's a mess! And do you think I'd pull you into it, however much I loved you?"

For the first time Teddy smiled at her. It certainly was a pity that he didn't smile oftener; and this was a really special smile, with far more than gladness in it. It had a radiance of rapture in it that transfigured him; it had many other things, and among them confidence. He knelt again, and as he bent his head that insubordinate lock of tow-colored hair stuck out almost ludicrously. It was impossible for Phœbe, even in this moment of her sorrow and renunciation, to keep from an attempt to smooth it. He picked up a green slipper and put it on one of her white feet. The other slipper was then adjusted. Phœbe was passive, but tears rolled down her cheeks.

Teddy rose and seated himself beside her. His left arm embraced her, his right hand held hers. "The only question would be whether you did love me," he said. "Do you?"

Phœbe nodded. "But ——"

"Then we'll be practical," he said. "We'll look the situation in the face. If you love me and I love you we should be married if there is nothing to prevent it—and I see nothing. I have definitely and finally cut myself off from your father and, as he told me, from my career. So have you. My life is spoiled, and all on your account; you have spoiled yours on my account. Do you see?"

His tone was almost bantering.

"It follows that the logical and practical thing for us to do is start new lives, and loving each other as we do, start them together. If possible, today, as soon as you can dress and go out with me. I've enough money to keep us going nicely until I can get a good job; so whether you are penniless or not doesn't matter. If you are scandalous, that doesn't matter. I like scandalous girls; girls who aren't nice, cheerful and warm-hearted or who will stay put—if that's what you are. Oh, Phœbe, Phœbe darling!" he cried, earnestly now. "Take me, dear, for what I am—dull and commonplace, but loving you—oh, loving you so much! Take me, and you'll give me a happiness beyond anything I ever dreamed of."

She turned her face to him, and his embrace tightened and he drew her to him. Her arm was thrown about his neck; her tears wet his cheek as she sighed, and then her soft lips met his in an eager kiss.

"Teddy boy, you've made me happy when I thought I could never be happy again," Phœbe said presently, and laid her cheek against his breast. He pressed her head closer to him and she cried out: "Oh, dear one, that hurt!" and drew back. "What have you got in your pocket?"

"Stop!" cried Teddy sharply and tried, too late, to hold back an investigating hand. "It's nothing," he said as she withdrew her hand, and then he reddened as she stared at him.

"Is it loaded?" she asked in an awed whisper, and then she began to laugh. "Oh, my stodgy, commonplace, uninteresting dear!" she cried. "What sort of a slumbering volcano am I going to marry? And you are not going to get anything but a nice, cheerful, warm-hearted wife who'll stay put. You will see! Darling, we don't know each other at all."

But there was to be a delay in their setting forth. Phœbe, modishly dressed for the street, came smiling from her inner room to her impatiently waiting lover, and just then the doorbell rang twice. She and Teddy stopped smiling.

"It can't be reporters," Phœbe whispered. "It must be someone of the crowd. Therese, or perhaps Estelle. Teddy, I don't want to see anybody. We'll just wait until they go away." She clung to his arm and they stood listening for a minute or two. The bell rang again. They heard the fall of the latchstring card outside.

"They may be going to stay all day," Teddy said at last. "Go back into your room and I'll see who it is and send them away."

"No, wait a little longer," Phœbe urged, and Teddy yielded. There was a third ring, and he stepped forward. "But you won't ——" Phœbe breathed. "No matter who it is, dear. Please promise!"

"I promise," said Teddy, and she let him go. He went to the door, found the fastening and flung it open. The burly figure of a man confronted him. A woman stood close behind.

"You beat me here by quite a little," said Henry B. Onderdonk. "We were in the second section of your train and went straight to Erckmann's." He turned to the woman. "Go in, my dear."

"Is Phœbe there?" called Mrs. Onderdonk and, at the sight of her daughter, darted in and clasped the girl in her arms.

It was quite a prolonged embrace, and there was quite a little weeping, but nothing exactly sad about it. At last Onderdonk, who, with his most inscrutable expression, had been regarding the scene, said "I'm here," and Phœbe, with a cry of "Daddy!" flung herself at him and was received with open arms. All Onderdonk said was "Daughter!" but he put a wonderful lot of eloquence into it.

A confusion of tongues ensued and out of it presently Phœbe's gay voice became distinct: "You came just in time. Teddy and I were just setting out to get married at the nearest little church around the corner. We'd just love to have you come along with us, if you'd like to."

Onderdonk was standing with his hand resting on Teddy's shoulder. All he had said in explanation of his amazingly unexpected appearance was: "Couldn't stick it, after all. I'm not the Roman father I thought I was. I weakened, though still outraged, and told my wife over the phone, and she broke the speed record from Lake Forest to meet me at the train. She was outraged, too—by my conduct. What fools they make of us!"

To his daughter he said, "What! Marry this hare-brained, romantic young ass?"

"Oh, but you've no idea how practical and reforming he is," said Phœbe. "Absolutely!" Little imps of Satan peeped out from her wonderful violet eyes at the young reformer.

"I guess you might call me a pragmatic romanticist," said Teddy.

(THE END)

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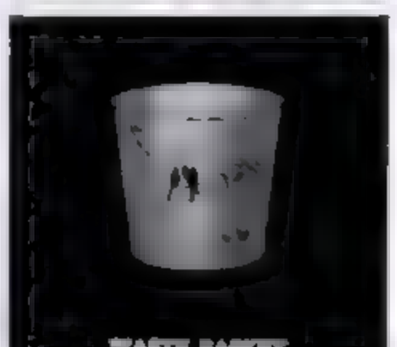

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BEATING THE RAP

(Continued from Page 13)

As he hesitated, Miske and Spyros exchanged glances again.

Spyros said, "The boy's family iss well fixed, Mr. Brown. They toldt us to tell you they wouldt pay whateffer you theenk iss right."

"They said they wanted the smartest mouthpiece in town, and they've got the cush to pay for it too," put in Miske. "Just name the figger, Brown."

Elston Brown flushed at that. Money? That wasn't what he had been thinking about. The question of fees was the toughest part of every case, but he always evaded it until the last minute. Jerry Bogart, the racketeer, had wanted to pay him in "hot" bonds. He angrily rejected the proposition and was paid by a check. But he never knew whether Bogart had sold the stolen bonds and checked on the proceeds to pay his fee. It was a question he didn't like to ponder. Wilfred Hamish, the embezzler, had mortgaged his house to pay. When Brown learned of it he had wondered if some of the money Hamish had allegedly embezzled hadn't gone to buy that house. Usually relatives scraped up defense funds from somewhere, and at what sacrifices he could only guess. He had reduced many fees by half, and his bad-debt totals each year came to more than his actual income. "There's no money in criminal law," his schoolmates used to say. There wasn't, and what little there was ——

"The fee doesn't worry me," he said now. "I just want to have a thorough understanding of the case before I give my decision. You men assure me you have no personal interest other than friendship for young Coleham's family. That correct?"

They nodded emphatically.

He looked hard at Manny Miske.

"If I take the case," he said, "I don't want to hear of any tricks, Manny. No tampering with state's witnesses or framing of alibis or trying a fix at the circuit attorney's office. Understand? I've never stood for that stuff. Get me?"

Manny's face was bland. "We know you're on the level, Brown," he said.

It should have satisfied him, but it didn't. He, unlike many of his colleagues in criminal practice, had never given tacit approval of dirty work in behalf of his clients. But several times the newspapers had exposed trickeries which favored men he was defending. Early in the game he had discovered: "I can't control my own clients. I'm handed a list of defense witnesses. How do I know they're telling me the truth? How do I know they're telling the truth from the witness stand? How do I know whether my clients' friends haven't fixed this jury? Or bribed the circuit attorney? Or run state's witnesses out of town?" Clients knew his reputation and were careful not to let him in on any crooked work they were planning. Yet he stood to profit indirectly from such rottenness. How many cases had he won because, unknown to him, something was crooked?

Davey the Greek wished to clinch the matter: "You haf my wordt that this iss strickly on the level, Mr. Brown. Would I tell you he, no?"

One more question: "Why didn't Coleham's parents come to see me?"

"Aw, they're half bughouse over the kid's getting hisself arrested. The old lady's bawling all over the place, and the old man's gone to the Muny Courts to cuss Wharton out for indicting his kid. They don't know what it's all about."

Well, whatever else could be said, criminal law was at least vital, dramatic and human.

"All right," said Elston Brown. "Leave me a copy of that indictment. Have young Coleham, his folks and all his witnesses here at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

Spyros and Miske got up, much relieved. They were loud in their thanks and assurances that everything was on the up-and-up. But at the door Miske pulled a roll of bills from his pocket and started to count out a thousand dollars. Brown asked him sharply what it meant. Spyros coughed. Miske put his money away.

"Old man Coleham will give you a check on account," he said.

Elston Brown was still very thoughtful and feeling rather more depressed when they left.

That evening he was in a bachelors' foursome at bridge in the University Club lounge. He and an insurance broker named Huneley were playing two lawyers. One of the lawyers was Pat Coffee, a gray-haired veteran who was rated topnotch among criminal practitioners. The other was Elston Brown's old school chum, Benny Grainger.

Said Elston Brown suddenly, "Mr. Coffey, would you defend a man, knowing him to be guilty?"

Coffey said, "Pardon my embarrassment, young man, but—wait. I have the answer to that one. No man is guilty until he is proved so in a court of law."

"I know a better answer than that," said Benny Grainger: "No man is ever guilty of the exact crime charged. He may be guilty of some crime, but not the one the cruel minions of the state allege."

The insurance broker laughed.

"You lawyers!" said he. "I've often wondered how you fellows eased your consciences."

Coffey and Grainger chuckled. But Elston Brown was very serious.

"What's the matter, old kid?" asked Benny, noticing. "Is it getting to you?"

"Nothing like that, Benny," he said.

But it was getting to him, all right.

The next afternoon he interviewed his latest client, young Roger Coleham. The boy looked like a well-dressed high-school youngster. He had curly brown hair, handsome features, reckless, bold brown eyes. His face showed no trace of viciousness. But Elston Brown—skilled at reading faces—caught something in Roger's surly pout as he stepped into the office, which prepared him for what followed.

"Well, young man, you seem to be in a bit of trouble."

"Aw," said Roger, glowering, "there's a dick named Grady that doesn't like me. He framed me into this. I'm going to knock him off if he doesn't quit riding me."

"I know Grady. He's always had the reputation of being very square. But tell me about it."

"That's what you think," said Roger, "because you don't know him. You just think you know him. Grady's pinched me seven times this year when I wasn't doing anything. He told me he was going to get me."

"Of course, you weren't in this holdup?"

"No, I wasn't, and if Grady tries to frame me into the reform school I'll —— He'd just better not. That's all."

The lawyer reflected as he led Roger swiftly over the details: "Nice-looking kid. Go great with a jury. Specially if I can get some fathers on it. Wish we had women jurors in this state. But if I let him talk he's sunk. Have to keep him off the stand. Thinks he's too smart. Needs a good licking. Beat some sense into his head. Nice kid gone all wrong. Thinks he's tough."

"I was sick at home all that afternoon, see?" said Roger. "I've got a perfect alibi. That's what I told Grady. I told him he wasn't going to get to first base trying to pin this rap on me. I told him a mouthful. Manny said ——"

"Oh! You know Manny pretty well, do you?"

Roger flushed importantly "Sure. Manny's a pal of mine He told me this rap would be just a walkout I'll sure have the laugh on Grady He thinks he's

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110

awful wise, all the time riding me. But I've got a peach of an alibi and ——"

Elston Brown stopped him.

"We'll see how good your alibi is, Roger," he said. "This might not be so simple as you think. If I were you I wouldn't do any talking until the trial is over. You haven't been acquitted yet, you know."

The boy grinned, unimpressed.

"I know when to keep shut," he said. "Manny says I can keep shut better than any man my age he ever saw. Don't worry, Mr. Brown. Grady tried to give me the third degree, and I ——"

"Good," Brown interrupted hastily. "You stick to that, Roger. Now I'd like to see your father and mother alone, please."

Roger went out and his parents entered from the anteroom. Mr. and Mrs. Coleham were cultured people, and he was quick to notice signs of respectable poverty in their appearance and talk. "Lie Number Two for Manny," he thought. Coleham was a chemist—one of the rather splendid failures in life—a gaunt, gray-haired man of an almost feminine sensitiveness. His wife, pleasant faced and stout, wearing obviously made-at-home clothes, had made no effort to erase the marks of recent tears. Both seemed stunned, unable to come to grips with this situation.

"Our son is a good boy, Mr. Brown," the mother faltered. "We can't believe that a detective has indicted him for a crime."

"Mr. Grady didn't indict him, mother. The grand jury ——"

"Well, Mr. Grady was the one who came to the house to arrest him. Mr. Grady has had it in for Roger, Mr. Brown. We can't understand why."

"Perhaps Mr. Brown would rather have us tell him about our defense, mother. The alibi ——"

"Yes, the alibi," agreed Mr. Brown.

They spoke of the "alibi" as an alien word which they did not quite understand. But they had a naïve faith in it as the magic which would free them from this hideous threat.

"Judith would know the details better," Mr. Coleham suggested, diffident about his own inadequacy.

"Our daughter, Mr. Brown," his wife explained.

Oh, yes. Manny had mentioned a sister.

"I'll have her come right in," he said.

Miss Judith Coleham entered.

Elston Brown hadn't had much time for girls. His reaction to this one was boyish and impulsive: "What a knock-out! Looks, style, a lift to her chin—are there really girls like this in the world?"

"Mr. Brown, this is our little girl."

She wasn't a little girl. She was almost his own height.

She shook hands unsmilingly and drew her own chair to the desk before he could give assistance. He sensed a vague antagonism in her manner, a decided standoffishness.

"Tell Mr. Brown about the alibi, Judith," said her father.

She began talking in a measured, impersonal tone. He took notes, blushing a little each time he encountered the steady gaze of her blue eyes. Her voice had a touch of huskiness in it. Her heavy, dark hair was tucked under a modest little blue hat; her rounded figure compressed in a prim blue tailored suit.

"I'll bet she teaches school—and hates it," he guessed.

He must keep his mind on his notes. Let's see oh, yes, the robbery occurred at 2.45 P M Friday afternoon, July eleventh almost five weeks ago. Roger came home about noon, complaining of a headache. He went to bed and developed fever Dr. Jonas Squires was called the family physician. He'd be glad to testify, but couldn't come this afternoon; and Mrs. Murray, Miss Alstine and Mrs Boulreault were at the house that afternoon and saw Roger.

"I see," said Elston Brown, trying to be very crisp and efficient. "You three were at home also?"

Mother, father, daughter exchanged glances.

"Yes, Mr. Brown, all the time," said Mrs. Coleham.

"Of course," added Mr. Coleham quickly.

"We can all testify to that," the girl said, after a pause. Was there an undertone of reluctance in her voice?

Mrs. Coleham began to cry.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," she said, "you won't let them put my boy in prison, will you? I'm just sick from worry. They tell me it's just a minor case, but it isn't! He's my boy, my baby!"

Coleham and the girl quieted her.

Elston Brown stood up. If he looked a little Sir Galahadish as he did so, he is to be pardoned. He couldn't help his high forehead and the lock of dark hair that drooped over his right eye when he was excited in argument. His earnest, almost impassioned manner betrayed a young man who was at heart a confounded sentimentalist. Perhaps a bit of an actor too.

"Don't worry about it a minute," he told Mrs. Coleham. "This is a very clear case of wrong identification. I doubt if the judge will even let it go to the jury."

Mrs. Coleham believed him. So did her husband. They were childish in their relief. They thanked him many times. Mr. Coleham produced a check book. Elston Brown did not see the gesture. He was looking at Judith. She avoided his glances. But he noticed she had not joined in her parents' demonstrations of confidence in him.

Her father said, "Now, Mr. Brown, about the expenses of the defense ——"

Brown reddened. "Let that go until some other time, Mr. Coleham," he said.

"Why, I—I was advised to —— I'd feel better if we had an understanding at the start."

The girl looked in some surprise at Brown.

"Whatever the fee is, it won't be large," he said.

Judith's chin went up.

"We're not asking charity," she remarked. "You were recommended to us as a lawyer who could practically guarantee acquittals. Naturally we expect to pay—well."

Her antagonism this time was most pronounced. The elder Colehams looked at her reprovingly. They murmured things to smooth it over which neither Brown nor the girl noticed.

He was saying, "You were misinformed, Miss Coleham. I can't guarantee acquittals. That's absurd on the face of it."

The girl's lovely face wore a bitter little smile.

"I'm told that juries are as putty in your hands, and that the poor prosecutors are mere babbling babes when you get them into court."

Her attitude from the start had been a puzzle. Now her tone of mockery mystified him completely

"Hardly that," he said with some asperity. "My legal ability is something I can't very well defend, Miss Coleham. If you would rather have some other lawyer ——"

"Oh, Judith didn't mean that at all."

"Don't mind Judith, Mr. Brown. She's not herself today."

There was an awkward pause.

The girl started to walk out of the room, saying: "You handle it, then, mother dear. Let Mr. Brown work for us for nothing."

Brown stopped her.

"This is no time for squabbles, Miss Coleham," he said, trying to lighten his voice. "After all, it is your brother who is under indictment. He needs every bit of help he can get."

She stared at the floor a moment.

"Oh, I'll testify for Rog," she said. "That is, I guess I will."

Mr. and Mrs. Coleham covered up her abrupt departure with much lame talk. When they at last left the office with Roger, Elston Brown was so bewildered he gave the three women neighbors who were to be alibi witnesses a perfunctory questioning and did not retain a single sentence of what they told him.

What was wrong? Why had that girl acted so queerly?

Thinking it over that night, Brown reached the conclusion that she hadn't wanted him to represent her brother. He thought the implication of her remarks suggested a doubt of his ability. He could conceive no other explanation. Or—wait—was it a doubt of his ability or a doubt of his honesty? Her phrases flashed into memory: ". . . juries are as putty in your hands . . . prosecutors are mere babbling babes"—that was sarcasm. It could suggest either, but ". . . practically guarantee acquittals ——"

So she thought he was crooked, did she? Wasn't fit to represent her darling brother. H'mph. She didn't know precious young Roger was one of Manny Miske's gangsters. Maybe he was innocent of the ice-plant robbery, but ——

Crooked? He'd never pulled a crooked trick in his ten years at the bar. He didn't have to. He tried his cases. He could beat those saps at the circuit attorney's office any day he got them in court. He didn't need to fix a case. Why, any man who knew the law could make a monkey of any prosecutor at the Muny Courts Building. Of course, when he got into court with them he always paid them extravagant compliments: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, the great state of Missouri is here in all its majesty and power, asking you to convict this defendant. Mr. Wharton and Mr. Murphy are able prosecutors with years of experience at the bar. Mr. Wharton is a former attorney-general of this state. I am only a plain lawyer."

The old hokum. It went swell with juries. Majesty and power! What a joke. Wharton was a little pea wit. Old Clavering, his office man, drew all his indictments for him. A small-bore handshaker—that was Circuit Attorney Wharton. You could worry him with sarcastic objections until he lost his head—just sit back and grin at him, let him fill the record with reversible errors. Sometimes the judge came to his rescue, but Wharton had the worst record with the Supreme Court of any prosecutor in the state. On cross-examination he was pitiful—blundering and fumbling. And his assistants weren't much better; underpaid, bellowing old has-beens who hadn't been able to make a living in practice of their own, or young greenhorns, timid, feeling their way, easily bluffed and bamboozled. You can't get good lawyers for twenty-eight hundred a year.

Elston Brown worked himself into a great rage in his apartment that evening. She couldn't make such insinuations against him! He'd withdraw from the case!

He went to the telephone and called the Coleham residence.

"Is Miss Coleham at home?"

"Who is it, please?"

"Elston Brown."

"Oh! Why, Mr. Brown —— Yes, I'll call her. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Brown?"

"I've been thinking over the case, Miss Coleham. I've decided you had better get someone else to handle it."

"Oh! . . . Why, what has happened?"

Stiffly: "I think you'd get along better with another lawyer, Miss Coleham. Explain to your parents, will you, please? Tell them I'm very sorry, but ——"

"Just a minute."

There was a lengthy pause.

"Mr. Brown, can't you reconsider? Mother and father were counting on you. They depend on you so. They don't want any other lawyer. They want you. I do hope you haven't misconstrued anything I said this afternoon."

Her distress sounded so genuine that he faltered: "Well, I still think you'd ——"

"Won't you reserve your decision until tomorrow, anyway? I—I want to talk to you about it. Maybe I can explain why. Couldn't I see you tomorrow afternoon, say at 4:30?"

He felt a little foolish.

"Very well, then," he said; "at 4:30."

The interview with Miss Judith Coleham next day intensified his bewilderment. She began it by a formal little apology:

"Please forgive me for anything I may have said that hurt your feelings yesterday. I've been under a tremendous strain since this happened to Rog."

He grinned boyishly. But he who had handled hard-boiled juries with masterful adroitness was nervous and ill at ease with her.

"Forget it," he said. "I was too touchy."

"You'll stay in the case, won't you?"

"Yes. If you're sure you wouldn't get along better with someone else."

Her eyes wavered. She started to say something; then caught her breath and plunged into an impersonal discussion of trial details. He made a determined effort to impress her. He wanted her to think well of him. He tried to get over to her his determination to fight this case on its merits.

"This is a cinch," he told her earnestly. "All they've got against us is five eyewitnesses. When I get them in here for depositions I'll shake every one on some detail. We'll whittle their testimony down. The police have a few exhibits—a coat they claim your brother wore and a gun they say he bought at a pawnshop. They've been careless in handling this evidence—poor identification of it. I'll never let those exhibits get before a jury. They'll be ruled out on objection. There's not a chance of a slip up. And with that alibi, you don't need to worry."

Somehow it didn't have the effect he hoped for.

"I've plenty to worry about," she said cryptically

"I can't think what can be troubling you, Miss Coleham. Won't you be frank with me?"

The girl studied him a moment. Then she shook her head.

"I'm not brave enough to do that," she said.

He prodded around this remark with no success.

"There's only one weak spot in the case," he said. "That is your brother. You must impress on him the danger of doing any talking. He is inclined to brag a bit."

"Yes. I know that," she said quickly. "I'm afraid he'll make a bad impression in court."

Elston Brown smiled. "He'll not have to take the stand."

Her eyes widened. "No? But isn't that an admission of guilt? If he's innocent how can ——"

Her question struck deep to the crux of his own uncertainty, his own subconscious doubts. Was Roger really innocent? Why had Manny Miske and Dave Spyros taken such an interest in a case of minor importance? Why had they fronted for the boy? Where were the Colehams getting the money for his defense?

Elston Brown flinched from the conclusions such queries demanded. He discovered in the instant her voice trailed into silence that he was very much interested in Miss Judith Coleham. The case of State versus Coleham, Roger, was no longer an impersonal issue. He liked this girl. He liked her a lot.

Well, Rog was her brother.

"Failure to take the stand isn't always a tacit admission of guilt, Miss Coleham," he heard himself saying smoothly. "Now and then legal strategy dictates a defendant's course. If I can shoot enough holes in the state's case, I may not put on any defense at all. The judge can dismiss your brother for lack of evidence."

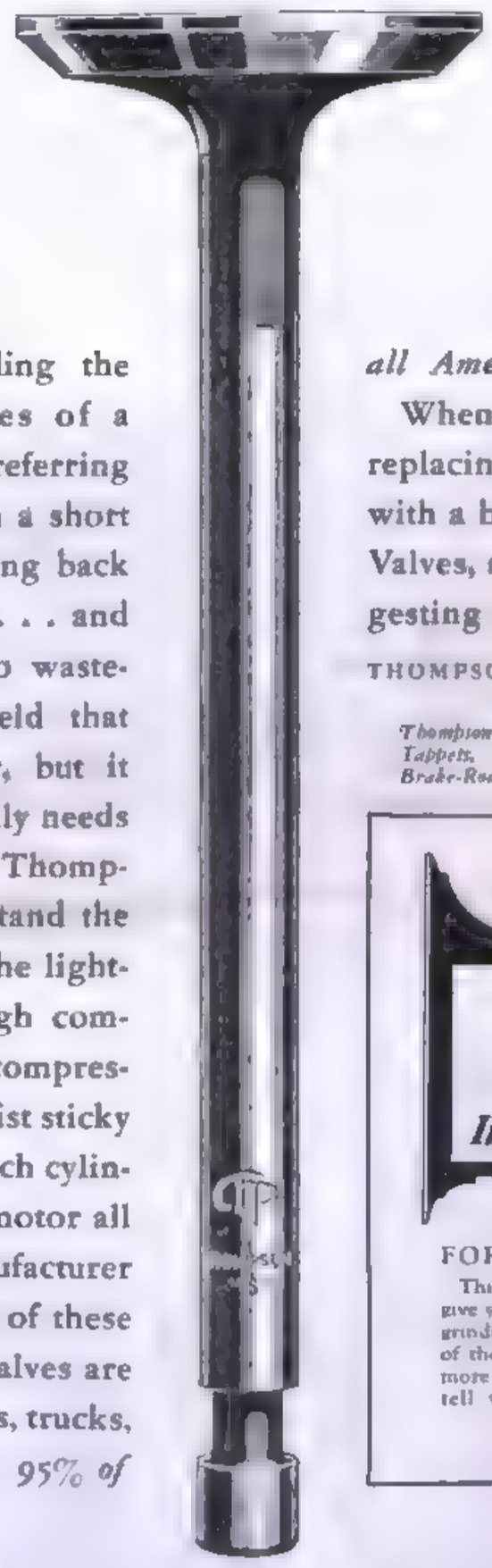
"I see," she said.

But he saw she wasn't satisfied. She ended their talk rather abruptly, and at parting nervously parried all his efforts to strike the personal note with her. He realized that she didn't trust him. She feared something. Some worry was harrying her.

They met three times more in the interim before the trial. Once at the taking of depositions, once when he called at the Coleham home to go over testimony with the

(Continued on Page 116

Crutch or cure for a limp-ing mot-or?



CONTINUALLY regrinding the worn, warped valves of a crippled motor is like preferring a crutch to a cure. Within a short time your car comes limping back again for *another* regrind . . . and another. It wouldn't be so wasteful if each regrinding held that original "new-car" power, but it doesn't. Your motor not only needs new valves, but it needs Thompsons . . . valves that withstand the red-hot temperatures and the lightning-fast explosions of high compression motors and high compression fuels . . . valves that resist sticky carbon scale . . . that seal each cylinder perfectly, giving your motor all the power that the manufacturer built into it. It is because of these qualities that Thompson Valves are standard in 70 makes of cars, trucks, busses and tractors and *in 95% of all American-built airplane motors.*

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(Continued from Page 112)

alibi witnesses, and on the third occasion when she appeared in the courtroom where he was trying a murder case.

Elston Brown made the closing address for the defense that afternoon while Judith was there. He electrified the spectators and moved the jury with one of the best speeches of his career. Brother lawyers congratulated him when the jury was given a recess

He accepted their praise absent-mindedly and pushed through the crowd before the bar to greet the girl. He was head over heels in love with her now. Maybe that accounted for part of his eloquence. Still flushed from oratory and praises, he greeted her.

To his intense disappointment, she made no reference to the speech.

She said, "Is there some place where I could talk to you alone?"

He led her into a vacant jury room across the corridor.

"Mr. Brown," she said, "I came here to ask you two questions. Have two of the state's witnesses left town? And have the state's exhibits -that gun and raincoat—have they been stolen from the sheriff's office?"

He saw suspicion in her eyes.

"Left town! Evidence stolen!" he gasped, and the startled expression on his face should have convinced her. "Why, I haven't heard of anything like that. Where did you hear it?"

"Rog has been bragging," she said laconically.

They wanted him back in the courtroom immediately. He asked her to wait. But she didn't. And she wasn't at home when he telephoned that evening.

The case of State versus Coleham, Roger, was set for ten A.M. the next day.

Elston Brown didn't sleep very well that night. He was ready to start for the Municipal Courts Building three hours ahead of time next morning. At quarter past eight his bell rang

A voice in the telephone said, "A Miss Coleham to see you, sir."

He replied, "I'll be right down."

The desk clerk said, "She wants to come up, sir."

He said, "Why, all right."

Miss Judith Coleham hadn't slept very well either. Her eyes looked swollen. She was very pale.

When they were in his living room she whirled on him and said: "I can't go on with this, Mr. Brown."

"You mean the trial?"

She nodded, pulling with shaking fingers at a handkerchief.

"Roger helped with that robbery," she blurted. "He's guilty of everything they charge him with. We're all lying, we've been lying from the first—some of us deliberately. The rest of us have hypnotized ourselves into thinking it isn't perjury, but it will be perjury. Rog is guilty. Do you understand? He's guilty!"

"Are you sure of that?" he stammered, with the idea of calming her, rather than to deny the truth he had long suspected. "You mustn't ——"

"Oh, there's no use of stalling any longer!" she cried impatiently. "Rog wasn't at home that Friday afternoon; he was out with several members of Manny Miske's gang holding up that ice-plant office. He wasn't home all that night. He came home drunk just after daylight. We put him to bed. He was sick on Saturday, not Friday. Understand?"

"Has he confessed this to you or ——"

"No. No. He hasn't confessed. He thinks he can cheat the law this time. He thinks we're all going to help him do it. But I'm not! I've told them all so at home. And if you put mother or father or Doctor Squires or anyone else on the stand, you'll —— Well, I've thought this over, and I've made up my mind that if you go on with this fake alibi I'll get up there and say it isn't so!"

"But don't you realize what this means to Rog?"

"I want Rog to be convicted. I want him sent to the reform school. Oh, Mr. Brown, I know that sounds harsh, unnatural, unsisterly. But you must understand. This time it was only a holdup. The next time it may be a —a murder. Don't you see?"

He was still trying to find a chance for Rog.

"But surely—surely, Doctor Squires, those women—they couldn't have mistaken the day? I'm only asking you not to leap at conclusions, to be fair. . . . And your parents—they wouldn't lie. . . ."

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"That holdup happened five weeks before Rog was arrested. Father and mother have hypnotized themselves into believing that Friday was Saturday. Rog was home sick that Saturday. Can't you see how easy it would be to confuse events of two days that long back? Especially if you wanted to believe that what happened on Saturday happened the day before? Poor dear Doctor Jonas is so absent-minded he doesn't recall what happened a week back. The women—well, they're old friends. They feel sorry for us. They're willing to stretch the truth for mother's sake. But look at this."

She held out a sales check such as is issued by chain drug stores.

"That check is stamped July twelfth, Saturday, the day after the robbery. I bought medicine for Rog on Saturday. You see, I'm not fooling myself. I never did. I remembered. I've tried to forget that particular Saturday, but it's no use."

Elston Brown was still a criminal lawyer.

"I only want to be very sure," he said, "that Rog was in the holdup. His absence from home that day doesn't necessarily ——"

The girl's eyes were scornful.

"Oh, don't pretend such innocence! You know who is helping us with this case. You know Manny Miske loaned father the money for your fee. Quit stalling! Manny doesn't want Rog sent to the reform school because he's afraid Rog might tell on the other boys who were with him in the robbery. So Manny had us hire the slickest criminal lawyer in town to get Rog off."

"Miss Coleham! That's hardly fa——"

"Well, I'll give you credit. When Rog bragged to me yesterday how Manny had chased two witnesses out of town and had paid a deputy sheriff to steal the state's evidence, I thought you were in on it. Maybe you are innocent of that, but ——"

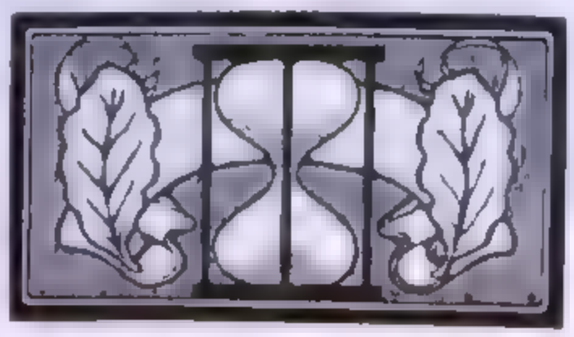
They glared at each other as he broke in angrily: "Don't blame me for this. I took this case on good faith. I believed what you and your father and your mother told me. I'm not responsible for lies told by ——"

"Oh, no, you're not responsible, Mr. Elston Brown. You're just the slicker who turns his face the other way, and who takes stolen money from gangsters to help them beat the law. Why did my brother turn criminal? Why did he start pulling around with Manny Miske? Why did he do Manny Miske's bidding, just as a lot of other poor boys are doing?"

"Can I help it if a kid goes crooked? I didn't put your brother up to robbery."

The girl laughed harshly.

"My brother went wrong," she said, "because Manny Miske assured him he could get away with it. Manny Miske told him that because Manny Miske knows he can hire shrewd lawyers like you to defend him. He knows he can buy your brains and your eloquence and your knowledge of legal tricks to help him beat the law. You're a criminal lawyer. 'Criminal' is the right word!"



She burst into tears; snuffled, sobbed, looked not at all pretty in the morning light. But she was dearer to him than ever.

He put an arm about her and led her to the divan. They sat down.

"Judith," he said, "theoretically you're just about right, but we've got to be practical too. I'm duty bound to put up the best defense I can for your brother—that is, the best honest defense."

It took her five minutes of struggling with her sob-racked voice to utter this:

"He doesn't deserve a defense! He's guilty! He's had us all—in an agony—ever since he was expelled from high school! Mother and I and dad—waited up for him night after night -listening for the phone to ring—not knowing what he was up to! He's all wrong—don't you see? He's got to be taught—a lesson—no matter what it costs him -and us! If he beats this rap—that's what he calls it—he'll go on with Manny Miske! Some day he'll kill somebody! He's got to learn that he can't beat the law!"

Elston Brown didn't say anything for quite a while. Then he set his jaw hard, got up, reached for his brief case.

"I think I know how to handle this," he said. "Let's go."

There was an extraordinary session that morning in one of the witness rooms in the Municipal Courts Building. A last-minute conference between a lawyer and his client.

"It's up to you, Roger," said Elston Brown, after much straight talk. "Your mother and father and sister are prepared to take the stand. You and I know they'll be swearing to a lie. That's perjury. The state may prove you weren't at home that Friday. If it is proved, your father, certainly, and your mother and sister, probably, will be indicted for perjury. That carries a penalty of seven years in the penitentiary. Think it over."

"Aw," said Roger—"aw-w, how am I going to put up a defense if they don't go to bat for me?"

"You can't," said Elston Brown.

Roger blinked at that. He began to look scared. His lower lip trembled.

"Aw, hell," he said, "I don't want to get my folks in dutch. I'm not that crummy."

"Do you want to go to trial without that alibi? Or do you want to plead guilty? You'll get five years if you go to trial and two if you plead."

"Manny said you could get me off without anything."

"He's no friend of yours. He was going to land your whole family in a jam. The only reason he fronted for you was because he thought you were a little squealer and he'd have to keep you from talking."

This was another revelation to Roger.

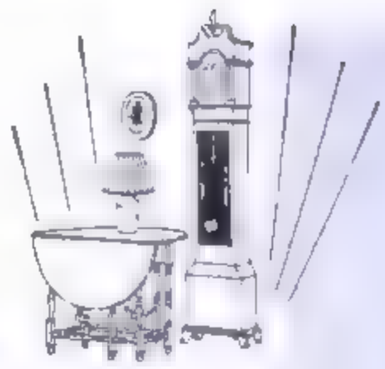
"I'm no squealer," he said. Then, after a pause: "I'll plead guilty. I might as well. I was in on that job."

It has always been a mystery at the circuit attorney's office why Elston Brown pleaded Roger Coleham guilty. Owing to the disappearance of its two best witnesses and the evidence vital to its case, the state was in a helpless condition. In fact, Circuit Attorney Wharton had been discussing with Judge Hendricks the advisability of entering a *nolle prosequi*. As soon as Elston Brown announced his intention of pleading, he went into chambers with Judge Hendricks. Nobody could learn what was said between them. At any rate, Judge Hendricks sentenced Roger Coleham to two years in the reformatory and paroled him from the bench. The terms of the parole made quite a news story. Roger Coleham was to place himself under the sole guidance of Elston Brown, and his guardian was empowered to have the parole revoked at any time.

But greater than this mystery is the question going the rounds: Why did Elston Brown give up the practice of criminal law?

Elston Brown and his wife, Judith, are the only ones who really know.

Antiques for the rest of the house, if you wish



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MISS BROOKLYN AND QUEENS

(Continued from Page 21)

want is riches. If a fellow has respek for you and wants to marry you, it don't mean anything to you."

"Well, gee, Mort, what's the use a bein' poor and slavin' if you don't have to?" Gert was contrite now, seeing how unhappy he was. "After all, if I win a prize and get a chance to go on the stage or something, I could help you buy a store for yourself like you always wanted."

But Mort would have none of her filthy lucre.

"I wouldn't take money from a girl," he said scornfully.

"I don't see why not," Gert argued, charitably, "if a girl can afford it."

"I got self-respek, Gert." That was all. Gert was about to suggest that she might be able to get him in the movies, too, when her mother came back, followed by Mrs. McQueen, carrying not only the bridge lamp but the picture of Hope and some leather pennants. Her mother looked none too pleased to see Mort, who sat, during the process of refurbishing the room, disgusted with the whole proceeding.

"Don't be bashful, Gert," Mrs. McQueen cautioned her. "I talked to the reporters that time Mrs. Giannini shot her old man, and they're just like anybody else."

"Turn your seams around, Gert; they're twisted and —— Gee, there they are! Don't sit in the big chair, Mort! Sit on the couch!" She ran out to peep over the stairs, pinning on her mother-of-pearl brooch as she did so.

Mort got up stiffly. "I better go, Gert."

"Don't you wanta see them take pictures a me, Mort?"

Mort did not. He mumbled something which Gert did not hear and left abruptly, to the relief of her mother, and her own, too, if she would admit it. Mort was funny. He could be awful insultin' when he got mad and it would be terrible if he said anything to the reporters.

"Come right up, gentlemen!" Mrs Meaney called. "It's the fifth floor." She turned to the others to say, *sotto voce:* "It's a shame they have to walk up. I wish we had moved to that other apartment house last spring, like we thought of. They're real handsome, Gert."

"Mom, they'll hear you!" Gert was fluffing her hair, wishing she could make it look like the picture.

Mrs. Meaney was now giving the reporters an exaggerated description of how she had sent Gert's picture in, never dreaming it would take a prize, and how she could not believe her eyes when she saw it.

"Can you imagine that, Red?" The listening reporter asked of the other, who was setting up his tripod.

"Not on my dyin' bed," came the cryptic answer, from the side of Red's mouth.

They wanted to ask a few important questions of Gertrude, it seemed. Mrs. Meaney's face fell at this. She hoped Gert would thunk a the right answers and not tell the truth.

"Now, Gertrude, what is your opinion of the American Working Girl?"

Gertrude gave her mother a blank look as the reporter stood with his pencil poised. The reporter helped her out:

"I mean to say, how do you think they compare with girls who have no occupation?"

Gertrude could answer this all right.

"Why, I think they're just as nice," she spoke up proudly, though she couldn't think of any girl she knew who didn't work.

"Gertrude is proud to be a working girl. She finds their outlook on life honest, courageous and fair, their minds more keen and direct, their morals unapproachable. Though she does not deny that riches have their advantages, Gertrude believes that the working girl has the better chance for a clean uplifting life Is that right, Gertrude?"

"Yes, that's just what I think," said Gertrude, thrilled. Think of the girls reading that. She guessed her section manager wouldn't be so stuck up after this.

"What is your opinion of marriage, Gertrude? I mean, would you continue your career as a working girl in preference to marriage?"

Gert had a quick answer to this one.

"Not if I found Mr. Right," she answered coyly, and the ladies nodded approvingly.

"Though Gertrude is proud to be a working girl and takes a genuine interest in her work, she believes that marriage is woman's true calling, that woman's place is in the home."

"Gertrude's had plenty of chances to get married," volunteered Mrs. Meaney, who was afraid they would think Gertrude couldn't get a man. "But Gert's choosy."

This the reporter had to ignore, fearful of the explosive noises from under the camera.

"Now, Gertrude, tell us, in your own way, what it was that led you to take up a career as a working girl?" Gertrude hesitated and he helped her out: "Were you tired of an empty life and seeking expression?"

"Well, it wasn't so much that," replied Gertrude shamelessly, to her mother's humiliation; "we just had to have the money."

"We have rich relations," amended Mrs. Meaney, "but Gertrude was too proud to accept anything from them."

"Gertrude might have chosen the career of a social butterfly, but she found the gay routine of a frivolous life unsatisfying. She ——"

"Gert could have been a dancer if she'd had a little spunk," her mother added. "She took a prize at Clover Gardens. Show the silver cup you got, Gert."

Red came out from under the camera to look at the cup tied with a ribbon bow.

"My, my, ain't that swell?" he asked, his face curiously red. "What's it say? Presented to Gertrude Meaney and Mortimer Downey by ——"

"Mort Downey's only a friend of Gert's," mom told them, fearful of spoiling Gert's chances. "He works in garden supplies."

Red's head made a quick duck under the camera again and the reporter asked his last question rather abruptly:

"What characteristic do you consider most helpful to a working girl, Gertrude?"

This was easy for Gert.

"Well, I noticed if a girl is pretty she can get jobs easier," she said a little bashfully, as though apologizing for her own beauty.

"It is Gertrude's opinion that beauty of soul is more important than beauty of face. That Gertrude possesses both can hardly be doubted after one glance into her appealing blue orbs which is, no doubt, an important factor in the choice of Gertrude as Miss Brooklyn and Queens."

By this time Gertrude was beginning to get into the spirit of the thing. The appealing blue orbs began taking on a soulful expression. She noticed that the cameraman was watching her and she draped herself in a thoughtful pose.

"Now, Gertrude, give us a flash of that beautiful smile," he said flatteringly, and she was willing She turned herself a little sideways, looking over her shoulder and smiling coquettishly. Her mother whispered to her to wet her lips while she pulled at her dress a little.

"Suppose we have one sitting on the table, Gert"

By this time the reporters felt right at home. They did not have to tell Gert to cross her legs to advantage. She had not read the Photo News for nothing. She dismissed the thought of Mort's displeasure with a guilty defiance. After all, he had no strings tied to her. Yet

"Well, I guess that'll hold 'em" Red folded up his camera. But Gert was just beginning to enjoy herself and was reluctant to finish such pleasant occupation.

"How about one of me in my bathing suit?" she asked coyly.

Which offer, however alluring it was, the reporters had to decline, as they had to go all the way to Staten Island to photograph another dame. They also turned down Mrs. McQueen's offer to step in for a cold snack, and wise-cracked their way down the stairs, leaving Gert and her mother to launch on extravagant plans for the future, in which the apartment you could get for forty dollars if you went up far enough was not mentioned. In fact, Gert fell asleep picturing herself appearing on the silver screen of the neighborhood picture house, with Kitty and her mother and Mort and the stuck-up section manager who had reported her that time, all somehow curiously present and watching her as she melted in the final loving embrace of Gary Cooper or somebody like that. Inwardly she apologized for this infidelity to Mort by resolving that she would not really kiss Gary. It would just look like she did.

The girls in Pearson's, hanging breathlessly over the pictures that gave the public more intimate glimpses of the beauties that had been blushing unseen in Pearson's house dresses and aprons, were sure, too, of an extravagant future for Gert.

"Can you tie that?" asked Kitty. "The very picture Gert had made in my neckpiece! She gimme one for Christmas."

Though the girls liked Gert and had been willing to sign her out or punch her time card for her if she wanted to get out a few minutes early, their admiration was enviously given.

"I don't thihk Gert's so hot. I know a girl in untrimmed hats that has rings around her."

"Her skin is pimply."

"She's pretty if you like that skinny type."

But Kitty was loyal to her girl frien'. "She's got pretty eyes, Gert has—big and sadlike."

"They say Olive Thomas worked in a department store."

"Yeh, in Pittsburgh."

"Lookit Alice White. They say she was a telephone operator."

"Whadda you suppose Gert'll do? Go on the stage?"

"The movies are easier. All you got to do is look pretty. On the stage you got to sing and dance."

"Not all of them. Some of them just talk."

"Yeh, but ritzy. You got to know how."

"She might get a rich man."

"Sure, she might."

"They all get rich men. That girl in the papers the other day was suing the guy she married, remember?"

Kitty was a little sorrowful.

"Gert can't marry a rich man," she said sadly. "She's engaged to Mort Downey, in garden supplies. They got engaged the other night at the movies."

Here Miss Mack came in. "Girls! It's a quarter after!"

"A quarter after!" The girls scattered in all directions, hurrying to their various departments none too happily, their thoughts enviously following Gert, who, the papers said, would lunch today at the Astor and be entertained by the judges. Gee, why was it some girls have all the luck and others have to slave their lives away behind a counter, and if you as much as come in a second late that pie-face, Donahue, is after you

Gert was lucky. Not that they envied her her good luck, but sometimes it did seem unfair.

Upstairs in the main office, Miss Cohn, secretary to the Messrs. Aaron and Monty Feinblatt, the owners of Pearson's, was advising Gert in dulcet tones that she was to report to Miss Franceau, buyer of the French Shop, who would outfit her, free of charge, from Pearson's imports. And would Gertrude please report to Mr. A. L.'s office, afterward, for his approval?

And Gert, who had been undergoing some slight doubts as to the advisability of spending their rent money on the green ensemble, answered her in respectful yesses and turned from the phone overjoyed.

"Imagine that, mom!" she almost cried. "Here I been working for them for three years and they neither one ever spoke to me except when they made speeches at the meetings, and here they are givin' me clothes!"

Her mother thought nothing of it.

"Like as not they'll be invitin' you to their house," she assured Gert offhand.

And when Gert, some two hours later, was presented by Miss Franceau to the Messrs. Feinblatt, she decided there was something in what her mother had said. For in the smart chartreuse-colored frock with a chic brown coat lined with chartreuse, and a daring little felt hat, they showed that they did not think it improbable that Gert would become the rightful wearer of the crown of America's Most Beautiful Working Girl. And with the discarding of the gray coat and the flat crêpe, Gert's attitude had undergone a metamorphosis, also; changing from one of humble gratitude to that of smiling assurance. She stood, every inch a queen, coquettish and confident, in the pose she had just seen the models take. And Mr. A. L. liked the picture. Gert could tell. A hush fell over the typewriters in the surrounding departments while he looked her over critically; though it was an effort to keep his gaze as befittingly critical as that of an employer should be. Monty, who dared not openly praise Gert, admired her from a safe distance.

Mr. A. L. wanted to do something else for their little beauty.

"Don't you think she needs some kind of finishing touch, Miss Franceau?" he asked thoughtfully. "A little neckpiece or something?"

"The cheaper ones don't go with this combination, Mr. Feinblatt. It calls for a little sable."

Mr. A. L. made a little sable, with one gesture, a mere bagatelle.

"We want her to be a credit to us," he said, taking the opportunity to pat Gert affectionately on the shoulder. "And besides," he added deprecatingly, "it will make a good story for the papers." So he escorted Gert down to the studio, where he had himself photographed presenting the neckpiece. When they were through he gave Miss Franceau instructions to have Gert photographed in their latest models for the Sunday ads

While Gert was posing in ten or twelve little imports, Monty Feinblatt, away from the watchful eye of his brother, was trying to arrange a little luncheon party for Gert. Though reluctant to decline an invitation from Monty Feinblatt, Gert was grateful for the excuse of the luncheon at the Astor. So Monty had to content himself with driving her uptown, as he had a little date for the evening. Gert was in a turmoil and wished the girls on her floor could see her leaving the store with Monty Feinblatt. In this, however, she was disappointed, as Monty had to be careful and asked her to meet him down the side street.

The side street referred to happened to be on the side of the employes' entrance, and just as Monty drove up to meet Gert, Mort and his friend who had enlightened him on the scandalous lives of the movie stars left the store on their way to luncheon. Gert saw Mort and quickly turned her head, hoping he would not see her, knowing his weakness for starting things.

But Mort's friend pointed them out: "Lookit Monty Feinblatt and his swell girl frien'."

Gert, chatting too brightly with Monty, felt, if she did not see, Mort's gaze upon

(Continued on Page 122)

If Germs were Huge as Dragons

If germs as huge as dragons roamed your rugs, with what awe you would regard the instrument which devoured them! But germs are none the less terrifying because they are infinitely small. Nor is the marvel less because The Hoover removes them so easily.

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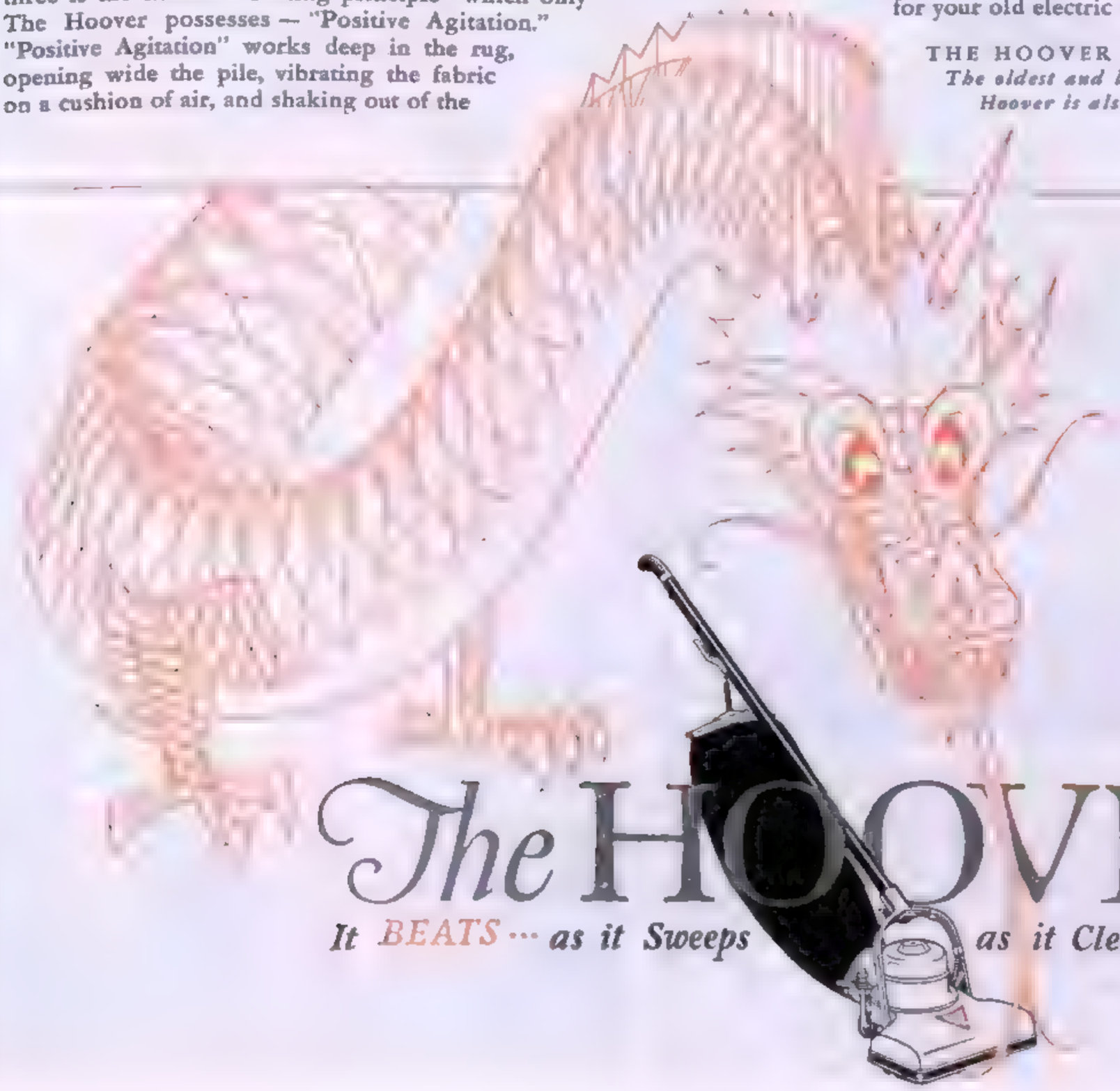

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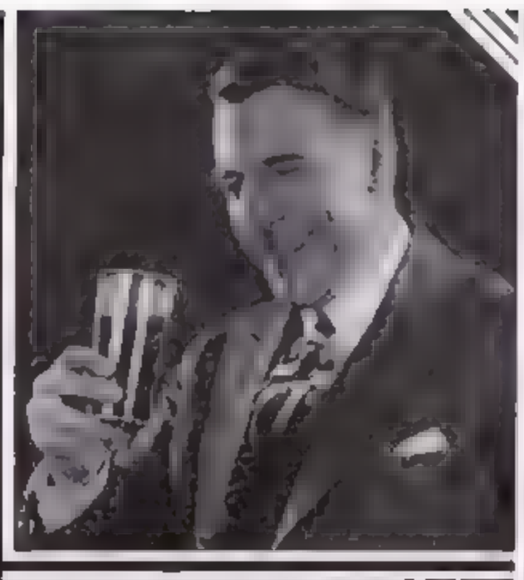

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TO WIVES: Cut out this list of brands and ask your dealer for any one of them. Each one bears the map of India.

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GOLDEN WEST
GRANDMOTHER'S
GRANT CABIN
GRISDALE
H & H INDIA
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HIGH CASTE
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JEWEL INDIA
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LANE'S INDIA
LAPPIN'S IRISH TEA
LOBLAW'S No's 1 & 2
LORD CALVERT
MAXWELL HOUSE
MONARCH
NECTAR
OPEKO
PICKWICK
RAJAH (WEDDLE'S)
RAJAH GEE
REEVES' BEST
REYNOLD'S RELIANCE
ROBIN
ROYAL CUP
ROYAL GARDEN
ROYAL SCARLET
SAHIB
SANTA FE
SERV-US
SHAW'S INDIA
STEWART & ASHBY
SUPERBA
TAO TEA INDIA
TEMPLE GARDEN
TOPMOST
20TH CENTURY
TYLER'S INDIA
THOS. J. WEBB TEA
UNITED BLACK TEA
WELLWOOD
WHELAN'S TEA
WHITE HOUSE
WHITE LILAC
WHITE RIBBON
WILKINS TEA
ZVETOCHNEY

INDIA TEA

India produces more than half the world's supply of tea.

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her. The aluminum-ware salesman was bitter, as usual.

"Wouldn't it make you sick, the swell lives these guys live, while we're standin' behind a counter all day for nothin'?" He thought, from the way Mort stood looking, that his sentiment was shared, and went on along his favorite line: "They say Monty Feinblatt leads a fast life, chasing after every show girl in town. Where you goin', Mort?"

The question was useless, for Mort's destination was already arrived at. It was the running board of Monty's new imported roadster, onto which he was in the act of assisting Gert.

"No, you don't!" Mort pulled Gert away from the car, his face white and set, while Monty stared in astonishment.

"What do you mean, Mort Downey? You let me alone!" Gert was furious. But Mort's attention was directed toward Monty.

"You keep away from my girl or I'll bust your face in!" was his indelicate threat.

"You mind your own business, Mort Downey!"

Gert started for the car again, but was thrust aside with one movement on Mort's part.

"You ain't goin' out with that bum, Gert!"

"I am too! You're not my boss! You let me go!" But there was no use for Mort to let her go; for Monty, afraid of the crowd of employes gathering at the entrance, took the opportunity to drive off, leaving Gert white with anger.

"Don't you ever dare speak to me again, Mort Downey! Insulting my friends like that!"

"Yeh, he's a swell friend. He wouldn't even stick around and fight for you."

"He's more of a gentleman than to fight over a girl in the street!" With which cutting retort Gert turned the other way and ran up the street, leaving Mort suddenly sobered.

And Gert, hurrying down the street, was close to tears. Here she had met a wonderful fellow like Monty Feinblatt, and Mort had insulted him like that. What would he think? And after they had been so nice to her, giving her all those clothes and everything. Calling him a bum to his face like that. Gert's humiliation was too much for her. Two big tears rolled down her cheeks as she walked along. That was always the way it was. She would tell Mort Downey a thing or two when she saw him—if she ever did.

Her anger abated, however, by the time she got near the Astor, and gave way to the timidity she felt at entering a swell hotel all alone. She had been in the Astor only once, and then only as far as the door. She caught a glimpse of herself in a window, however, and was so reassured by her reflection that she felt no hesitancy in asking the bellboy the direction to the ballroom, but spoke right up as though she frequented hotels habitually.

When she was admitted, Gert was surprised that she had been bashful, for she was instantly surrounded by an admiring bunch of prominent manufacturers, who greeted her as familiarly as though they had known her all her life; so Gert felt right at home. She could not catch a glimpse of the other winners because they were surrounded also.

After a little while a plump, red-faced man they all called Uncle Charlie assembled the winners and gave them each a banner, which he himself tied over their shoulders, playfully calling them by their first names as he did so, and chucking them under the chins. Then he formally presented them, one at a time, asking the boys to give each little girl a great big hand. After that he called them children and kiddies, and lined them up under the artificial palms and let the photographer take a flash light, himself in the center with his arm around the girls on each side of him. After that he posed each girl individually, seated, with her knees crossed, while the prominent manufacturers appraised them critically. Gert was a little tired by this time, after having posed almost the entire morning; but in spite of this she knew herself to be a success, as Uncle Charlie placed her by his side at the table and whispered to her, between admonitions to the boys to take good care of the other little girls, that he always picked the winner for himself.

"Listen, baby," he told her intimately, "I've run dozens of these things and I can spot a winner a mile off. If you don't win I'll put you in lights myself."

The man on the other side of her, who told her just to call him Barney, was contemptuous of the attentions of Uncle Charlie. He knew a lot of big movie men, he told her, and could introduce her to Lasky, who would be glad to do him a favor. He suggested to Gert that they go to a little place he knew afterward to talk it over.

Gert accepted gratefully and excused herself to telephone her mother she would be home an hour late, but when she came back she was surprised to find Barney gone. She was able to locate him after a little while, however, among the prominent men surrounding Miss West Side, but before she could make her way to him she was besieged by other admirers who had become interested in her during the course of the luncheon. It was amazing to Gert how easy it is for a girl to do things if she only knows the right people.

When the next Photo News announced to the world by means of a full-page picture, which, incidentally, was taken in the one-piece suit Mort objected to, that Gertrude Meaney was chosen to represent New York in the combat for the title of America's Most Beautiful Working Girl, it was no surprise to Gert. She spent the entire evening telling the inhabitants of the apartment house, who turned out en masse to congratulate her, how she had made the other girls look like two cents and how they did not believe she was a working girl but a manufacturer's sweetheart. To Gert the past now became but a horrid dream. She felt so exalted in her new estate that she forgave everyone for all the terrible things they had done to her. The section manager who reported her, the wrapper who told her to pull her face in, the customer who had said to the superintendent that she was never so insulted in her life, and even Mort. Poor Mort! After all, he had insulted Monty only because he loved her. Gert hoped he would recover from his broken heart. He would probably marry that girl who ran the newspaper stand who was always making eyes at him. But no; Gertrude did not care for this idea. She preferred to think of Mort's going through life nursing a broken heart.

She did not give a great deal of concern to Mort's broken heart, however, for the next few days were given over to hectic preparations for her visit to Our Nation's Capital. Hectic, though wholly satisfying. Her preparations took her on extended shopping tours, accompanied by the chaperon the convention had provided for her—an ex-night-club hostess who found it more convenient to sit outside in the showrooms and talk to the out-of-town customers than to advise Gert in her selections. But the manufacturers were there to assist Gert, and this they were glad to do. They were so interested in seeing that she chose the right little model that sometimes they walked right into the dressing room where she was clad only in her Form Fit. Gert was embarrassed until Mr. Katz, of Katz & Katz, patted her affectionately and told her to think nothing of it, that he was old enough to be her father. It made Gert ashamed of herself, especially as he offered her a job to model for the Katz & Katz misses.

The choice of her frocks was an afternoon's work, as the partners ran in from time to time to ask Gert just to run out to the showroom for a minute and display the little model she was wearing to an out-of-town customer who was in a hurry. For the first few times she enjoyed this, but after a little while it got a little tiresome. Before Gert left, Mr. Katz took her aside and whispered that he had arranged a little party for her with one of the boys, who would give her a grand time, and to be nice to him, because he was worth a lot of money. Gert was flattered and thought Mr. Katz was awfully nice when he cautioned Eddie—the middle-aged boy—to take good care of his little girl.

Gert hoped Eddie would take her to the Follies or some place she had never been, but he heeded his warning and told Gert she needed fresh air after being in a stuffy showroom all that time; so he took her out on the Boston Post Road for a little airing.

When he brought Gert home only a little later, Gert's confidence in Mr. Katz was a little shaken, but she told herself, charitably, that she was sure if he had known what kind of man Eddie was he would not have him for a customer.

The next few days had their balm in more shopping tours, and by the end of the week Gert was profusely outfitted in Deb, Co-Ed and sport models, Peggy, June and Francis hats, Baby Dear Pumps, Silver Sheen, Flat Form and Fashion Mode garments and innumerable other supergarments similarly named. And all bestowed on her for nothing in return, except, perhaps, to pose in a few of the said garments for a trade journal as a special favor to the manufacturer, who, after giving her all the lovely things, would take her to luncheon also. Gert could not understand how they could afford to give things away like that. Her mother explained it all cryptically, though, with the old adage that those who have, get.

Her joy in her acquisitions was dampened when, on the eve of her departure, Mort called, looking, Gert thought, just like he had that time he had the flu.

Her resolutions to tell him a few things melted when she saw his funny look. It was the way he had looked at times when Gert would give in whether she was right or not. Gee, she didn't want Mort to feel that bad. So she spoke sweetly to him, which disarmed him somewhat, because he had come around to have it out. He found himself apologizing, which he had not meant to do at all.

"I come around to tell you I was sorry about the other day, Gert," he said, embarrassed. "I kinda lost my head for a minute."

"That's all right, Mort." Gert bore no resentment.

"I didn't come before because I knew you was busy. I saw your picture in the paper every day at some swell hotel or somewheres. I didn't want to be in your way."

His humbleness, so unlike Mort, shamed her.

"Well, I have been awful busy, Mort. They been rushing me every place, to all kinds o' parties and things." Her pride ran away with her and she indicated the riot of color piled high on the couch ready for packing in the new wardrobe trunk which the rent money had finally gone for. "I got all these things for nothing, Mort."

Mort looked at the rainbow of dresses, which were, to him, symbolical of all he could not offer Gert.

"They're real nice, Gert," he said sadly. After a moment he told her what he had come to say: "Uncle Gus has come across, Gert. I thought maybe you'd like to know."

"Mort! Honest?" Gert was genuinely glad.

"He turned over a couple o' thousand and is willing to gamble with some of it." Hope bloomed again as he saw Gert's face light up. Uncle Gus had been their hope for the future. But Gert's sudden gladness died as she saw Mort was waiting for her to renew her promise. She couldn't tell Mort she'd marry him now. If she did, he'd want her not to go, and start raving about her showing herself off in her bathing suit. And he wouldn't want her to be in the movies or take any of the offers she would get.

(Continued on Page 124)

STATISTICS don't mean a thing to FIRE

It makes no difference to Fire how much you'll have to pay if he cuts loose and cleans you out. Statistics; higher building costs; increased wages for labor . . . these are things for *you* to worry about. Insurance will not replace your old building with a new one of similar size, but you should nevertheless be careful to provide insurance on the old one, based on its present value.

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Gee, I'm awful glad, Mort. Honest, I am. I know you'll make good." She said it ruefully, avoiding his eyes.

Mort understood. He turned, his hat in his hands, unable to say the recriminating things he had planned to say in this case, about her finding out some day that true love is more than riches and fame.

"Well, I wish you luck, Gert," he said instead.

His finality frightened Gert.

"I'll see you when I come back, Mort," she promised.

"I guess you won't have much time for me," Mort said bitterly, "with all the rich guys you know." Then he rose to go, hoping she would call him back. Gert stood frightened at the sudden thought that he might marry the girl at the news stand.

"One thing, Gert," Mort paused in the doorway to make a dramatic exit: "None a them rich guys will give you the true love I did." With which he left, leaving Gert fighting the premonition that insisted, in her heart of hearts, that what he said was true. Mort might not be the cats, but he loved her. She wanted to run after him and muss his hair up and tell him he was a big baby, like she used to, but the wardrobe trunk mom had spent the rent money for, with its glamorous possibilities, was too much for her.

So the next day New York's Most Beautiful Working Girl left for her final encounter with her competitors. Clad in a Katz & Katz belted sports, her banner over her shoulder, her arms full of red and white carnations, and surrounded by as many of the delegates to the Women's Wear Convention as could crowd into the picture, she smiled into the battery of cameras, confident of returning as Miss America. Mort watched it secondhand in the local movie, and with irony in his heart, for less than a week ago Gert had sat with him, watching Street Angel, her head on his shoulder, untroubled with hopes more worldly than that of Uncle Gus coming across. One day he would be rich and drive up to her studio in a car like that Monty Feinblatt had driven away in. He would perhaps buy out Gert's company.

The first letter that came from Gert was written on the stationery of one of the biggest hotels, and with a pencil. It started in somewhat wabbly letters:

Dear Mom Well, we are here and Washington is one beautiful c ty I could not see much of it as we came up in a bus and there were so many of us I could not see out the window, but I can see from my room it is going to be lovely. I am in a room with three other girls Miss Philade phia, Miss Cincinnati and Miss Beaumont It is a little crowded but there are so many of us I guess they could not spare the room especially as most all the delegates are staying in the same hotel. There was not enough room for all of them and they had to go to an other hotel So some of them got mad and said they ought to divide up the girls. But they could not do that, as we have to be with the chaperon. But honest, mom, between you and me, I don't think that chaperon cares much about what we girls do, as she is all the time playing up to the men.

They had a banquet the first night we got here and it lasted till all hours, as the girls had to meet all the men and dance with everybody that asked them, for you never know who is going to turn out to be a judge. But believe me, I got good and tired, for they are mostly all fat and do not dance at al , and the girls just had to drag them around One thing about Mort, mom, he is a good dancer The next day the newspaper men gave we girls a lunch, and we had a better time, as they were younger, though not so rich We were late getting back, and Uncle Charlie was sore, and he said we were not here to have a good time but to entertain the convention. So Betty Pratt—Miss Philadelphia—and I had to call off the date we had with two of them to go to Glen Echo and go out with some men from Topeka, who gave us champagne, and it does not taste bad at all, mom, but just like cider I am in bed with a headache today while the other girls got to go see the Washington Monument. I did not care much, for I can see it from the top of my window and it does not look so hot. There is another banquet on today, and, believe me, I do not care so much for banquets, for by the time you get your soup it is all cold and you can't eat it, and we girls had to go to a restaurant and get some pancakes. Tomorrow we get to shake hands with the President, and I will write you what I think of him. Love and kisses.

GERT.

P. S. Some of these rich men do not respect a girl at all.

WEDNESDAY.

Dear Mom: I did not get to write you yesterday as I said I would, but honest, mom, if you knew all the things we girls had to do you would understand. They took us to the White House the first thing, and believe me, mom, it is beautiful. It is exactly like the one in the picture where Richard Barthlemess—excuse spelling—was Ted somebody and the girl slapped him in the face and said she would never marry a traitor. We did not get to stay very long, as the cameraman had to take pictures of us shaking hands with the President and we had to wait so long for him to come out that I did not care whether I shook hands with him or not. He is not so hot, mom; he looks just like the man in Butler's. After they finally got the pictures made we had to hurry back to a meeting where we girls had to parade. Believe me, we did not feel like parading, and Miss Beaumont said what is this anyway, a big parade. But it was finally over with and we got to sit down for a while. In the afternoon they had some kind of a fashion show and we girls had to be in booths all afternoon. I was in one called Pour le voyage and I was supposed to sit in one of those long chairs, dressed in a sport dress and a beray and two other girls were leaning against the rail. It was fun for a while, but I got good and tired of sitting with my legs stretched out. One of the girls—Miss Cincinnati—got awful mad and wouldn't be in the show and, believe me, I didn't blame her, as they wanted her to be in singelettes. Tonight we have to be some kind of hostesses, and all I hope is that I get something to eat.

Love and kisses.

GERT.

P.S. The girls say the contest is a fake and it is all fixed who will win, and it is Miss Chicago, because she told her roommate she never worked a day in her life.

THURSDAY.

I can't write a long letter today, mom, as we did not get in till three this morning and I am dog tired. We were supposed to get up early and go to some cemetery I can't remember the place, but they bury heros there. I wanted to go, but I couldn't get the girls out of bed. Miss Beaumont said they weren't going to drag her to any graveyard So we stayed home and got some rest till lunch After lunch they sent us to a big garage where they were fixing up floats for another parade. They put me on one with four other girls. It was a flat platform on top of a car that was all draped in silk in all colors, like a rainbow. I was the middle girl and they put me up high and wound me all around in the same kind of silk like a May Pole. Two girls were kneeling down in front of me and held on to a rope of silk I held in each hand and two behind me held on to a long train I wore. We had to wear our hair down and they picked me for the middle because my hair was the longest and the girls got sore. But believe me they wouldn't have been so sore if they knew what it was to be in my place, for I had to stand an hour while they wound me up and I was ready to sit down when the parade only started. We went down Pennsylvania Ave. and you never saw such a crowd in your life. I tell you, mom, I am not so sure I would want to be on the stage or not, because it is harder work than standing behind a counter any day. At least behind a counter a girl gets to sit down when she is not rushed The girls in front got big blisters on their knees and one of them cried and I got so tired I nearly fainted. They gave us the silk from the car, but it is no good for anything as it rained before the parade was over and it got all spotted. Believe me, we looked funny when the parade was over, for we were all wet and the wave was out of everybody's hair. I am glad mine is natural, for we have our first real parade tonight in front of the judges and they are going to pick out ten girls. They say it is all fixed so Miss Detroit will win, as she used to be a model before she got to be a secretary to her boss, who is one of the most prominent manufacturers. Honest, mom, I don't care if I win or not for what is the use of riches if you are not happy and all rich men want to do is talk to you about themselves. At least a poor man does not treat you like he is doing you a favor.

Love and kisses.

GERT.

P. S. All my new clothes look ratty already.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Dear Mom I am writing this in the bathroom, as all the girls are sore at me and won't speak to me, so I had to come in here to get away I just had to write you and tell you I was picked, and that is why they are sore, because none of them were picked Believe me, mom, I did not expect to win, but honest, some of the girls were not pretty at all, except in the face, and it was not the faces that counted, for nobody even looked at my face. We had to have on white bathing suits and pose on a little platform one at a time. I don't think I will get the crown, as they say Miss Cleveland has a sweetheart who is paying for the whole thing to make her a movie star. They are going to have the last parade tomorrow and give a banquet for the winner that night and, believe me, I hope I can get some beauty sleep, but I don't know if I will or not, for Betty takes all the room.

Love and kisses.

GERT.

P. S. I will be glad when it is over.

CH58 18—WASHINGTON D C 28 430 A M WON TOO TIRED TO WRITE COMING HOME TOMORROW LOVE.

GERT

The return of America's Most Beautiful Working Girl was nothing short of imperial. In a new outfit furnished by the exclusive department stores of Washington, her giant rhinestoned crown on her head, and Uncle Charlie presenting her with the same roses the chamber of commerce had given her before she left Washington, she smiled into the battery of cameras, every inch Queen of the Working Girls. Then she proudly took her place in the automobile furnished for the occasion by the Photo News, between two of the prominent delegates who bowed all the way to city hall, while Uncle Charlie, from the front seat, waved his high hat as modestly as a benign foreign potentate. The reporters and as many of the boys as did not have to get down to see how things were getting on, brought up the rear. Gert was disappointed when, in the absence of the mayor, the acting mayor had to crown her, but thought it was beautiful the things he said about the American Working Girl and American Womanhood. He made Gert proud to have stood shoulder to shoulder with the boys over there and proud that she had followed the example of her pioneer mothers in working in Pearson's house dresses and aprons. She felt exalted, too, that she should be chosen to set an example to the other working girls, and she determined then and there that she was going to do all she could to help them. When the speech was finished the acting mayor crowned her again and shook hands with her, and then waved his hand to the crowd, and led her to the car which was waiting to take her on her last triumphant ride up Fifth Avenue. Gert was a little hungry, but she guessed they would stop somewhere to go to a luncheon. The boys thought she had better keep her crown on, so she did. It was a little troublesome when she smiled and bowed from side to side, for it was a trifle large and inclined to slip down over her ears. It was somewhat heavy too, but Gert's position as Queen forbade the removal of her crown, so she bore it with fortitude. The car crawled up Fifth Avenue while the curious bystanders who had not followed the Photo News Contest stopped to wonder whether she had swum the Channel or made a flight, until the car got near and they saw by her banner that she was America's Most Beautiful Working Girl. Gert thought whimsically, as she saw the working girls hanging from the windows along Fifth Avenue, that only last week she was one of them, and made up her mind never to be stuck up, but to give parties for the girls and give them the clothes she used in her previous pictures.

The crowds kept up until they passed Fifty-ninth, where they thinned out, and Gert was hoping they would go over to Broadway and pass Pearson's, where, maybe, she would see some of the girls. But the reporters called to Uncle Charlie that they might as well call it a day, as they had to get back to get their stuff in. So the two manufacturers thought they might as well take the Subway downtown and Gert was left alone in the back seat, wondering what hotel Uncle Charlie would take her to for luncheon and whom she would meet there. But Uncle Charlie was eager to get down to the Photo News and get what was due him.

"Well, where do you want to go, girlie?" he asked casually.

Gertrude, who was just warming up to her solitary glory and was getting a good

(Continued on Page 127)

Ride a Bike . . .

To all the Joys of Camp and Shore
A Bike will add a thousand more!

HARE

"Gee, dad, I want a Bicycle this vacation"

Wherever you go for your vacation—shore, mountain or country—tell dad you want to take along a bicycle. It will bring better fun to every hour—zest to body and mind.

Read about the gladsome cycling boyhood of famous champions and heroes in the handsomely illustrated booklet

"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"

A postcard brings it to you free!

Just write "Scooter bike" or "Bicycle"—whichever you wish—together with your name and address on a postcard and mail it TODAY to

The Cycle Trades of America
Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th Street, New York City. You will receive your copy by return mail.

Camp Ahoy! in June time
Girls, and Bikes and boys,
Summer all before us,
And all vacation joys,
Swimming hole, and cave and trail,
All the things we like,
Can you beat it? June in camp,
Good pals, and a Bike.

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

The Mountain Soliloquizes

I am the patriarch of ranges—Mount Rainier—the Great Snow Peak, deified by aborigines.

I come of fiery origin; my crest, my sides torn by the volcanic blasts that created me. I have known the cold and the wild life of the Arctics. To me still cling remnants of that ancient, icy mantle.

I dwell in a kingdom of enchantment, discovered a century and more ago by the navigator Vancouver.

I have gazed, for ages, upon a wondrous terrain, upon the placid Pacific's waters. I have watched the coming of Indians, explorers, trappers, fishermen, pioneers; their shacks and tents into mighty cities grow. I have lured men—then turned them back. The legend of Hamitchou reveals the wrath visited on the wise man of the Squallyamish, who coveted the precious shells of my crown. History tells of Kautz's perils as he sought my summit in '57. And it tells, too, of man's triumph when Stevens and Van Trump scaled my slopes in '70.

No more am I defiant. Age has made me cordial, friendly. Happy throngs visit my National Park throne room—for glorious fun on my glaciers, snows and flower-carpeted Alpine meadows.

For these companions, I am grateful; also to The Milwaukee Road, the only railroad to my threshold, which has interested hundreds of thousands of people in me and enabled me to give them enjoyment.

Visit the romantic Pacific Northwest. See Mount Rainier. Know the joy of Winter sports in mid-Summer. Wander in verdant valleys. Memories of the trip will never leave you.

For copy of Mount Rainier National Park Folder, or any other information concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 867-G, Union Station, Chicago

FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian
Chicago
Yellowstone-Spokane
Seattle-Tacoma

The Columbian
Chicago-Twin Cities
Yellowstone-Spokane
Seattle-Tacoma

The Pioneer Limited
Chicago
St. Paul-Minneapolis

The Arrow
Chicago-Milwaukee
Des Moines-Omaha
Sioux City

The Southwest Limited
Chicago-Milwaukee
Excelsior Springs-Kansas City

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED
between the Rockies
and the Sea

(Continued from Page 124)

rest after standing on her feet all week, looked at Uncle Charlie, startled.

"Where do I want to go?" she asked wonderingly. But now that the tumult and the shouting had died, Uncle Charlie became his usual self, a trifle hard-boiled.

"Well, you got a home, haven't you?" he asked sourly. "You know this don't go on for days."

"Oh!" Gert pulled herself together, confused. "I thought there would be some more," she apologized.

"Nope; it's all over, sister." Uncle Charlie seemed to derive a satisfaction from the fact.

"So long, Gert! See you in the movies!" one of the reporters called back to her as their car made a right turn and sped down a side street. Gert turned to look after them.

"Well, make up your mind, sister."

"I suppose I might as well go home," Gert said, disappointed.

"You don't expect us to drive you all the way to Brooklyn!" Uncle Charlie, whose duty it was to see the thing through, was now eager to terminate it. "I tell you what we'll do," he said diplomatically. "We'll drive you as far as Brooklyn Bridge and you can take the Subway."

On the way down Uncle Charlie became more affable.

"You'll get an offer out of this," he told Gert wisely, "and if you do, you want to let me handle it for you. I'm onto these wise guys and I won't let them put anything over on you." For which Gert thanked him gratefully.

So America's Most Beautiful Working Girl rode home on the Sea Beach express with her silver cup and rhinestoned crown and the now-bedraggled roses, and settled down to wait for the offers that were to sweep her and mom into prosperity. And they were not disappointed in their hopes, for with the full-page picture of her in the Photo News, with an anatomical chart comparing her measurements with those of the Venus and quoting the opinions of various experts that those of Gertrude were undeniably more perfect, the offers poured in.

The first one was a cash offer of fifty dollars, for which Gert was to pose in the act of gargling Pepsine. Mom, having spent the rest of the rent money while Gert was away, was grateful for this and Gert accepted with alacrity. The next day there came a similar offer from the No Dusto Company, which, instead of cash, proffered a sweeper, which her mother was pleased to get. She was the recipient, also, of a Baby Vibro, for hip reducing, with an offer to demonstrate it in the windows of prominent drug stores. This Gert turned down on the instant, and one to demonstrate the No Sag Chin Strap, as, after her recent experience on a float, standing in drug-store windows sounded too similar.

By the end of the week she had indorsed Dandine, NO O, Lash Browola, Easy Suds, Removo, Lax-o-Lax and Wham, for which she did not receive cash but a supply of these products sufficient for the rest of her life.

Offers for her professional services included the privilege of spending her evenings free, refreshments included, at the Celestial Dance Garden, in return for nothing but an occasional fox trot with a select customer, which she had to refuse because, as mom asked, what about her lunch and dinner; an offer from a theatrical producer who had been posted the year previous by Equity and who, if Gert had some wealthy admirer who was willing to invest a few thousand dollars for her, could star her in his next production—which offer, too, Gert was forced to turn down, as she decided she didn't know any of the rich men she had met well enough to ask them for that much money; an offer from a vaudeville agent who, if Gert could invest in a lavish drop and a "patter" written specially for her by some well-known gagster, would book her over the big time; and lastly, one from a press agent who, for the paltry sum of a hundred dollars a week, would put Gert where she belonged, namely, on Broadway.

Gert and her mother lamented the inability to accept the offers. Gert, herself, was beginning to have doubts.

"It looks like it's true what they say, mom," she said dismally. "You got to have money to get anywheres in this world."

Toward the end of the week, when Gert's picture was missing from the Photo News, and the Guess How Many Beans Contest was announced, her doubts began to be serious. But her mother was optimistic.

"Why don't you go see some of those men who said they'd put you in the movies?" she asked Gert. And Gert thought she would. So she called up Barney. She was glad that she did, and her doubts were relieved, as he was delighted and asked her to come right down and have lunch with him. They lunched in a little place he knew, and when she told him what she wanted he gave her a long lecture about how a nice little girl like her ought not to go in the movies, and why didn't she work for him as a sort of secretary and all she would have to do was learn a little typing. When Gert explained that she did not have time to learn typing account o' her and mom having to have cash, he promised to send her a personal letter to Lasky that very afternoon. When the letter did not come, Gert called up to remind him, but he was out of town.

Then Gert thought of the offer Mr. Katz had made her to model for the Katz & Katz misses. He was nice, too, when she called on him. He was sorry that the busy season was over, but could use her in July if she would come around. Gert, remembering how fatherly he was, told him frankly that she could not wait till July, as they had to have the rent. But he didn't seem to hear her, for just then he remembered some customers he had left in the showroom.

Gert went home discouraged, to find mom had been crying.

"Mrs. McQueen told Mrs. Heinemann it looked like, if we was so rich, we could afford to pay her back the ten dollars I loaned off her," she whimpered.

Gert sensed that in some way her mother was disappointed in her. This made her sore, because if it hadn't been for mom she would never have sent her picture in in the first place.

"Mr. Peters used to be nice about lending me a couple o' dollars, and now he's gone!" her mother complained.

"Well, don't blame me, mom. I didn't tell you to let him go."

"Well, I thought we'd be movin' to New York if you went to work in the movies!" her mother explained. She looked dismally at Gert's spoils, the supply of cosmetics, the sweeper, the Baby Vibro and the picture of herself gargling. "The rent money would 'a' bought it all six times over," she said tearfully.

Then she broke down and cried, and Gert joined her. Mom was the first to brace up. After all, Gert was her own flesh and blood.

"Well, don't cry, Gert," she consoled her. "I guess these movie actors are a pretty bad lot. If I was you, I'd just go back to the store."

This Gert would never do, not if she starved.

"Well, I don't know what else you can do, Gert." And Gert didn't either.

"Why don't you call up Mort and go to the movies?" mom suggested after a little while, hating to see Gert staring from the window like that.

Gert broke down again and ran into her room, crying. Her mother listened for a little while to the sound of her sobbing, but dared not go in.

The next morning Gert rose early. She went about her dressing silently, her face pale. Her mother watched her, a little frightened.

"I'm goin' down to aet for my job back, mom," she said to her mother in the doorway, turning to run quickly down the steps, afraid to say more.

Mrs. Meaney watched her from the window, somewhat ruefully, knowing, from the way Gert held her head high, how she felt. She had been proud like that ever since she was a little girl.

The phone, ringing, called her. She turned back, dreading to answer it, fearing it was the furniture man again.

Gert was almost out of sight when her mother called her back, leaning from the window, excited, but noting with satisfaction that Mrs. McQueen was shaking her mop two stories below.

"That Uncle Charlie wants you on the phone, Gert. He's got a movie offer for you. You've got to go to the studio with him right away."

Gert's brave little walk stopped suddenly. She stood uncertainly on the sidewalk, fame and riches luring her for a long moment. Then, to her mother's surprise and Mrs. McQueen's, also, she turned resolutely toward the L.

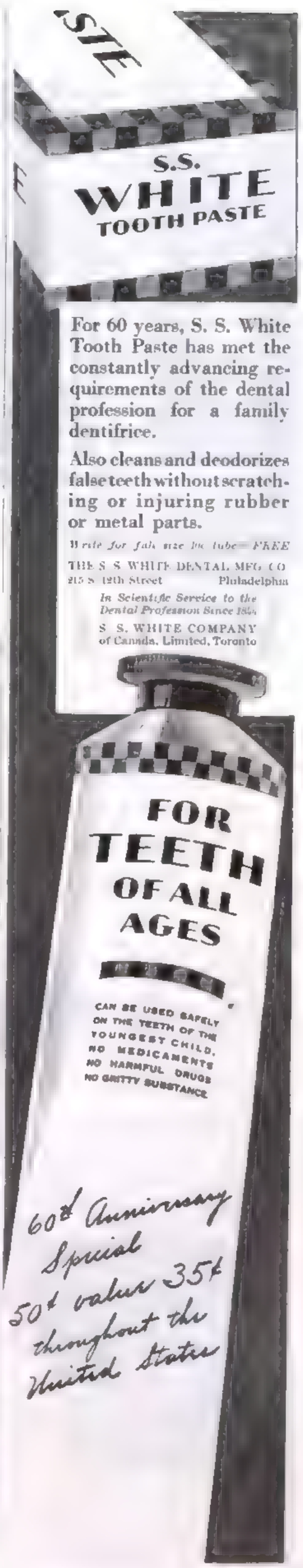
"Tell him I don't want to go in the movies," she called back loudly, with a curious little break in her voice.

Mort took great satisfaction in the fact that Gert had given up a career for him.

"Movie stars are bums anyway," he said consolingly. "They drink too much."

Later, when he made Gert an offer to keep house for him and his pop and sister Maud, in the three rooms over the new store, with the privilege of waiting on the customers while he had his meals, she accepted proudly.

The City Slicker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These discs show the exact pressure each of your tires should carry. And thus by combating improper inflation, increase your mileage 1000 to 4500 miles per tire.

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To make tires last longer, experts suggest three basic rules of tire care. Leading tire engineers everywhere highly recommend them.

First. Test your tires regularly once a week. For this purpose, use a Schrader Gauge. This gauge operates on the famous "direct action" principle. It is dependably accurate and durable. This may not be true of other gauges.

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1. The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are correctly inflated. Look for the name Schrader when buying a gauge.
2. Make sure you have the genuine Schrader Valve Insides. In red metal boxes of 6ve.
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Third. Watch valve caps. When you ride without them, the valve insides may clog with dust and dirt. Insert new Schrader Valve Insides. Then put a Schrader Valve Cap on each valve stem.

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Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

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HARBOR LIGHTS

(Continued from Page 19

"You must do the best you can with what you have, mister. Tell the mate to come to me when he comes aft. I'm feeling a bit queer."

"Seems to be plenty of smoke astern there, sir," said the second mate, taking the helm. The captain did not look. His lips were blue, and he shivered.

"Take no notice of what's astern, mister. Sail the ship." Captain Jolliffe went below. The second mate gazed hard astern, and as the mate came blustering aft he gave the skipper's message and mentioned the smoke.

"Aye," grinned Mr. Plank, "shouldn't wonder if there's more'n smoke astern of us. Keep her going, mister. Drive her!"

Soreheaded ruffians hung over the bulwarks, peering astern. They muttered together. Reddy Brock stepped up the poop ladder to look. The mate saw him as he entered the saloon companionway.

"Get to hellangone for'ard, you sweepings!" the mate said unpleasantly. "You don't want no dealings with the shore, yet!"

"It's my wheel, sir," grinned Reddy Brock, stepping right up to the mate.

"Holy sailor! Is there one o' you hobos can steer?"

"Only me, sir. But I can show others how," Reddy offered boldly. The mate told him to take another hand to the wheel and went on to see the captain. Reddy relieved the second mate, and with him stood Snout Linsky, the broken-nosed. Mr. Hubbuk stood by for a minute or two, satisfied himself that Reddy could steer, then shambled forward and watched the ship from the poop rail.

Snout found himself, at lee wheel, right against the open half of the after companionway door. He leered at Reddy, who was gazing astern at that smoking steamer. Reddy steered instinctively: he was a born helmsman of sail: he had the feel of the ship at his finger ends. Snout left the wheel, half entered the companionway, sniffing and peering, listening. The black cabin boy emerged from the main companionway with tea for the second mate. Snout slipped below like a greased eel. Reddy scarcely knew he had left the wheel.

"Snout, that's a steamer after us, but she's losing ground," said Reddy, turning to the binnacle. Snout reappeared, grinning.

"Red, it's like robbin' a henroost to crack this joint," he said, and showed Reddy a bottle neck protruding from his trousers pocket. They finished the bottle—Peruvian rum—and Snout cursed the sternward smoke. Reddy was for looking farther into that saloon, but he was sailor enough to know there would be no release from the helm for him until somebody else knew how to steer, and he knew his gang were lubbers; he had no hope for the jailbirds. Besides, the mate appeared on deck again and joined the second mate.

"Come on, Snout. You got to learn to steer," said Reddy.

Soon the cabin boy was seen running aft from the galley with hot water in a bucket. Both mates followed the boy below. The gang came aft, too ignorant of ships and sea ways to know better. They shouted to their pals at the wheel.

"Get back for'ard!" snarled Reddy, driving a fist into Snout's ribs to stop his gleeful hail. "There's the coppers!" He waved a hand at the blurred smoke astern, now almost lost in coming night. The gang slunk forward, cursing. Snout was no born helmsman. It took an hour for Reddy Brock to teach him to follow the lubber's line.

The cook lit the side lights and the binnacle lamp. Hungry men mobbed the galley and ate like dogs from the mess kids, knowing nothing of forecastle routine. Reddy sent Snout forward to eat, bidding him send another man aft with food for Reddy and to take a lesson. It was dark, and the tall ship roared through phosphorescent seas. Nobody had streamed the log. The wind was strong and true, and the ship sailed free. While alone, Reddy Brock found himself swinging to the lilt of the ship, watching the soaring spars against the stars, breathing in the old tang of the sea, alive to the vast cleanness of it. Then a pimply-faced jailbird appeared like a foul imp, a lump of hash in one skinny claw, a dipper of stewed tea in the other.

"Catch hold of the wheel," Reddy said, and steered with his shoulder as he ate.

"Snout sez he got rum," wheezed the pimply one slyly.

"Steer, then perhaps you'll get some. You won't before," said Reddy. Everybody seemed to be below. Both mates, the cook, and the little negro were down there. Far away to the eastward a light glimmered. Reddy was uneasy as long as a shore light showed. There were shore lights he suddenly longed to see, but they were far and far from there. He swore at Pimples, jerking at the wheel, cursing himself for daydreaming. Then the two mates emerged almost beside him.

"I advise you to put back, Mr. Plank," the aged second mate said. Reddy's ears pricked up. Pimples thrust his evil face forward, loose lipped, listening fearfully.

"Not if I know it!" retorted Plank with a little laugh. "Got to study the owners, my son." Glibly he gave the "son" to a man thirty years his senior. "Besides, would you let go if you got a chance to command? I see you doing it!"

"It seems cruel to dump ——"

"Stow the aniveling, Hubbuk! It means a step for you, too, don't it?"

It was all Dutch to Reddy Brock. He was soon to know. The captain had suddenly let go life, before the land was dropped. The ship must go on. The mates and the cook went down again, but now the second mate took canvas and twine from the sail room. It was midnight when Plank came up, wearing a new and offensive dignity which could not save him the burden of watch keeping. There were no tried sailors in the ship from whom he might promote a new second mate. All he could do was to order Reddy's first pupil to relieve the wheel so that the sole sailor in the ship might be rested against another day.

"I'll see about making you bos'n in the morning, my lad," he said impressively, sending Reddy forward.

"Where we goin', Red?" That was fired at him by a dozen tongues in the forecastle.

"How do I know? I don't even know the hooker's name," grinned Reddy. He scraped around in his pockets, lit an emaciated fag and inhaled smoke greedily. The hoodlums around him, invisible again when his match went out, growled rumblingly, uneasily. The ship was deep laden, and her swift onrush brought the seas crashing over her bows; the forecastle drummed with dull thunder; water swished in through the ports. "You blokes better chuck a bluff at work anyhow," he went on. "I nearly had a hemorrhage when that old goat of a second mate advised puttin' back. We don't want no landin' on this coast."

"My oath!" breathed Pimples. "'Sides, I'm goin' to 'ave a bit of a chat wiv that orficer. Didn't he promise us rum?"

Reddy Brock thumped the guttersnipe on the breastbone, making him cough, filling his red-rimmed eyes with water.

"Rum you may get, perhaps. But unless you want another spell of clink, you pink-eyed rat, you'll work aboard this man's ship as you never did work in jail."

Reddy picked the airiest, cleanest bunk of the bedless lot and curled up to sleep. It was long since he had smelled the reek of a forecastle, but he had been reared in it, knew it, was swiftly at home in it.

In a bright, windy dawn they buried the captain. There was no formality. Plank, master now, made Reddy Brock bos'n as soon as he appeared on deck, and Reddy, with Mr. Hubbuk, herded jailbirds and gangsters to the job of laying the body out on a grating at the gangway. There was a rich tang of rum on the air as Reddy passed to looard of the new skipper. Mr. Hubbuk was nervously adjusting the grating supports. Plank stood by importantly riffling the pages of a prayer book which was no more familiar than command.

"I'll get a flag, sir," offered Reddy, and darted up the poop ladder and down the saloon companionway before anybody thought to stop him. He found the flag, too, and knew how to fasten it so that the body would slip from beneath it when the grating was tilted, leaving the flag to flutter another day.

Pimples was at the wheel. It was a soldier's wind. Anybody could steer the sweet-running ship. Old Mr. Hubbuk pottered about the grating. Plank impatiently bade him get a move on. He wanted to get it over and be captain in good earnest. Snout Linsky lifted the end of the grating, trying the weight, and the body slipped like a shadow into the sea. Old Hubbuk stared blankly. Snout laughed. Plank cursed him.

Reddy used a good portion of the bottle of brandy he had stolen from the dead captain's room, while getting the flag, to stiffen the bowels of Pimples and get him back to the helm. There was not enough left to give his pals a swallow apiece, and none for the rest of the jailbirds. Mr. Hubbuk still pottered about with the cook, clearing away the funeral gear. On the poop, Captain Plank blew his whistle frantically.

"That's for us," Reddy told his pals, frowning at the empty bottle from which he had got but a drain.

"Let 'm whistle! We ain't et yet," growled Snout.

"You got a lot to learn, my son. You work before you eat aboard a windjammer. Come on out!" Reddy retorted.

He had a notion. There were but three men in the ship, besides himself, with the least knowledge of sailorizing; unless the others were taught or driven he was in for a spell of cruel labor. In ordinary ships there were mates and a skipper to do the driving, and rarely did a ship suffer an entire crew of greenhorns. Here, he had tagged Plank for a booby even as a mate. Old Hubbuk looked as if he had trouble enough to drive his own tottering pegs into motion; never could he cow this forecastle gang of stiffs, pimps and hoodlums into willing hands. Reddy Brock had been made bos'n. He'd capitalize from both ends of the ship.

"Come on aft, fellows. Show willing, and I'll make you all fat."

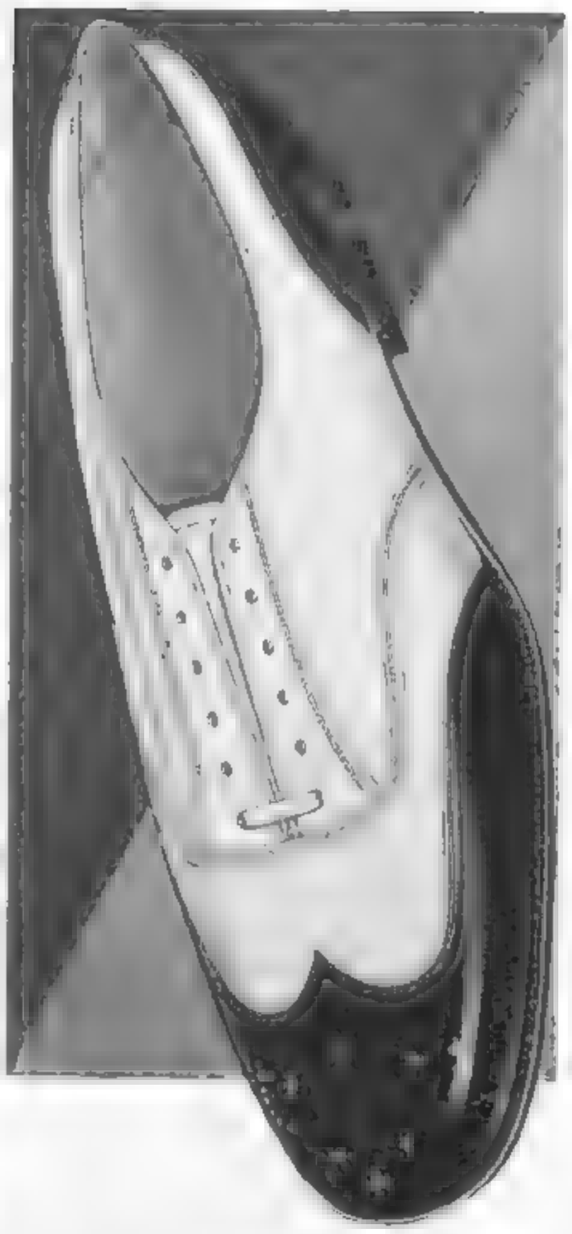
"Mr. Hubbuk, get the ship washed down! You're mate now, or have you not yet woke to that fact?" Plank shouted as the gang appeared.

He left the deck with a swagger, leaving the old second mate, who never had been anything better, grinning helplessly at the leering faces of his unpromising crowd.

"Mister," said Reddy, thrusting forward until his face was close to Hubbuk's, "this ain't going to be no pleasure trip for you or me with this crowd o' lubbers. Better jimmy some liquor out o' the Old Man if you expect me to make 'em work. Dumpin' that stiff just now ain't made 'em any merrier. How about it?"

Reddy's aspect was bold, that of the men behind him was menacing. Mr. Hubbuk licked his cold, dry lips, grinning nervously.

"Perhaps it is a special occasion, bos'n. I'll see what the captain says." Hubbuk turned to the stairs. Suddenly he faced the gang, and his old voice lost its quaver, his watery eyes gleamed, and he looked for a moment almost the man he must have once been. "But don't get the idea into your heads that rum's your rations. You'll get



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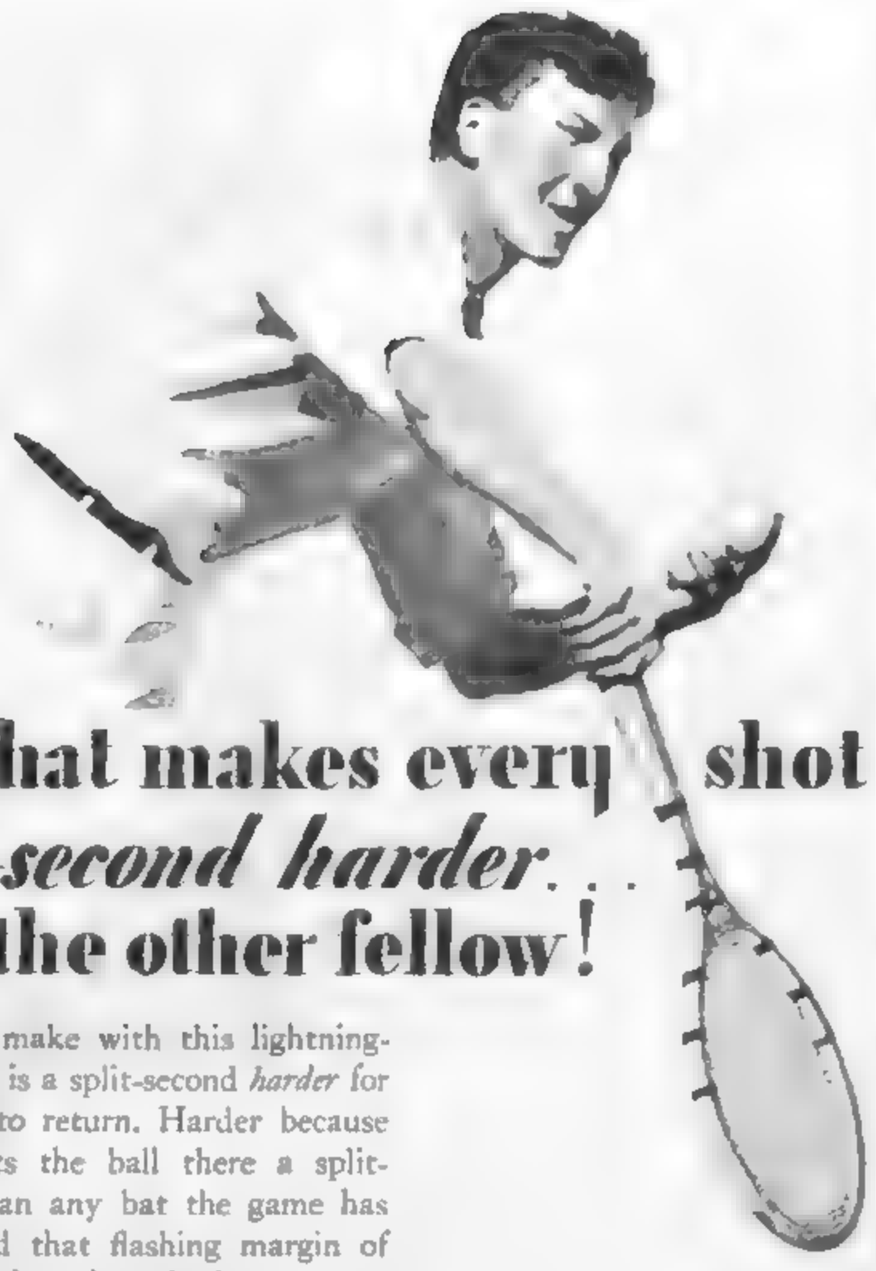

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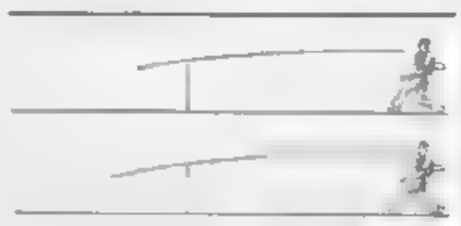

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your pound and pint as long as you do your duty, my lads, and you'll do your duty, rum or no rum. Make that clear, bos'n."

One of Reddy's gang made an offensive noise as the old fellow's back disappeared. It was Reddy's own hand that split the offending lips while the noise still lingered. The skipper came up with the cabin boy, who bore a jug of grog. Plank started to make a speech. It got no further than "Men!" The ruffian drinking first, who took the copper jug from the shivering negro boy, fixed the skipper with a malevolent eye as he swallowed, and Plank's gaze shifted. Everywhere he looked he encountered ferocity such as he had never before seen in a shanghaied crew. His eye paused at Reddy Brock. Reddy grinned at him, and there was no comfort in that grin.

"Serve the rum, Mr. Hubbuk, and turn the men to," said Plank, and left the deck finally, beaten.

By favor of a fair wind that lasted many days, the crew attained some faint degree of handiness. There was a little jailbird named Piccolo, all eyes, nerves and earrings, who carried a lean knife inside his shirt, and he proved a wizard at the helm. When others saw that good helmsmanship emancipated Piccolo from harder work, they tried to learn. Whenever Snout or Pimples or Piccolo steered, another hoodlum stood at lee wheel, learning. And as soon as two had skill enough to be trusted alone Pimples was taken from the steering. He would never make a helmsman.

"It's all along o' you, y' bleedin' little tripe!" he squealed at Piccolo in the forecastle. Piccolo smiled at the angry gutter-snipe. Pimples lifted his skinny claw, and as swift as the stroke of an adder Piccolo's knife point pricked the upraised forearm, holding it in mid-air as if on a steel rod. Pimples slowly backed away, his loose lip drooling, his eyes fastened fascinatedly upon the smiling little knifer.

"Next time I drive heem home," said Piccolo.

Every day Reddy Brock taught somebody something. His shipmates were beginning to grumble again. They were far enough from Callao. They wanted to get ashore. They had found out all about the ship. She was the Mooltan, bound around the Horn for Continental Europe. That was a grievous long voyage.

"I ain't goin' that far, for one," stated Snout Linsky.

"How're you going to quit?" asked Brock. "Can you swim, or row a boat?"

"You're a sailor, ain't you, Red? Ain't you told us you had papers?"

"Yes, I've got my ticket. What of it?"

"Well, 'What of it?' sez you. He sez 'What of it?'"—grinning at the gang. "When did we git rum last? A week ago. And why?"

"Because you're all scared stiff of the skipper's gun," grinned Reddy. "You're a nice lot o' baby robbers, you are. Here's a fine big ship, with grub and grog aft, and nobody but a fool and an old cripple to say no, and you crawl because Plank shows you a pistol I'll bet isn't loaded."

Reddy left them. Piccolo licked his lips. Pimples almost wept. He would have said something if Piccolo had not been there.

In the skipper's watch the main royal blew to pieces because the men were not smart enough to get it in before a squall. When Reddy Brock reached the yard, trying to secure the canvas before it flogged the spars down, the only man with him was Mr. Hubbuk, teeth chattering, thin chest laboring from the climb, but working like a real old shellback. There was something splendid about that aged man, forced to do a young man's work through sheer uselessness of the hoodlums staring up from the distant deck. Reddy glanced sideways at him, down the length of the slender yard. Perhaps Mr. Hubbuk had never known ease in all his long hard life. Here he was, at an age when shore folks are sheltered in comfortable homes with common luck, clinging halfway between heaven and the deep sea to save for a never-seen owner some shreds of canvas endangered through young men's worthlessness.

"You ought to use the boot on them rats," Reddy told him as they descended. "They're a lot o' sojers anyhow."

The loss of the royal brought changes. Plank never took to watch-keeping while in command. He missed the complete essence of his promotion as long as he was forced to stand watch and watch with Hubbuk. Such a thing is all against the dignity of command. He had noticed Reddy Brock getting that royal in. The man was a sailor. He had already proved himself a helmsman. Plank sent for him.

"Brock, did you ever stand watch?"

"Of course I did. What sailor don't?" returned Reddy impudently.

"I mean as an officer."

"Officer? Me?" Reddy laughed. Plank was scowling at him, but it had no effect on Reddy. Reddy had seen him in Leary's back room.

"Cut out the comedy! You've been deep water before. Ever get your ticket?" As if he had not thought of it before, Plank looked straight into Reddy Brock's eyes and said: "I must bring a man aft. Can't run the ship with this crowd with only one mate. The men look up to you. How about it? Better wages, of course, and—and live aft."

Reddy had only ten minutes before been stealing cabin stores by means of a line through the galley skylight. Yesterday he and Piccolo had rifled the lazaret of a gallon of liquor and most of a case of tinned salmon while breaking out a cask of pork for the cook. The small negro cabin boy was a poor substitute for a hardbitten windjammer steward. The boy was scared almost white already by the savage threats he heard from all hands to get titbits out of him. Now this. Reddy felt a strange tightness about the breast. He was no sentimentalist, either. True, along with the tightness there came a flash of memory, of long-smothered yearning, of familiar sights and sounds of an almost forgotten country. There were the harbor lights of home. He had last seen them —— Well, he had last thought he saw them, had seen them in fancy, that night when the shore lights of Peru flashed across the sea. Never since his last actual sight of the old coast had he wanted to go home. That was what the Bethel padre was always at him about.

"Well?" prompted Plank irritably.

"Might as well eat cabin tucker as plain mahogany horse," grinned Reddy Brock.

"Then bring your gear aft. I'll put you on articles from today."

"Bring out the articles, captain. I've got no gear. Ought to have a cheese-cutter cap, though. Can't be a bite-and-blow second greaser without a cheese-cutter."

"Get what you need from the slop chest. I hope you'll take hold and lick some shape into those hellions for'ard, Mr. Brock."

Mr. Brock! "Holy sailor!" chuckled Reddy, and swaggered forward.

"Hey, Piccolo! Tumble out o' that pew. You're bos'n o' this fine ship!" he shouted, hauling out the little man and waking all the watch below to hear of his elevation. "Bos'n, savvy? You can live in the sail room if you like. Work all day and sleep all night, savvy? You're a bloomin' petty officer, my lad, and don't you let 'em forget it."

"That's a helluva note, makin' that little Dago ——"

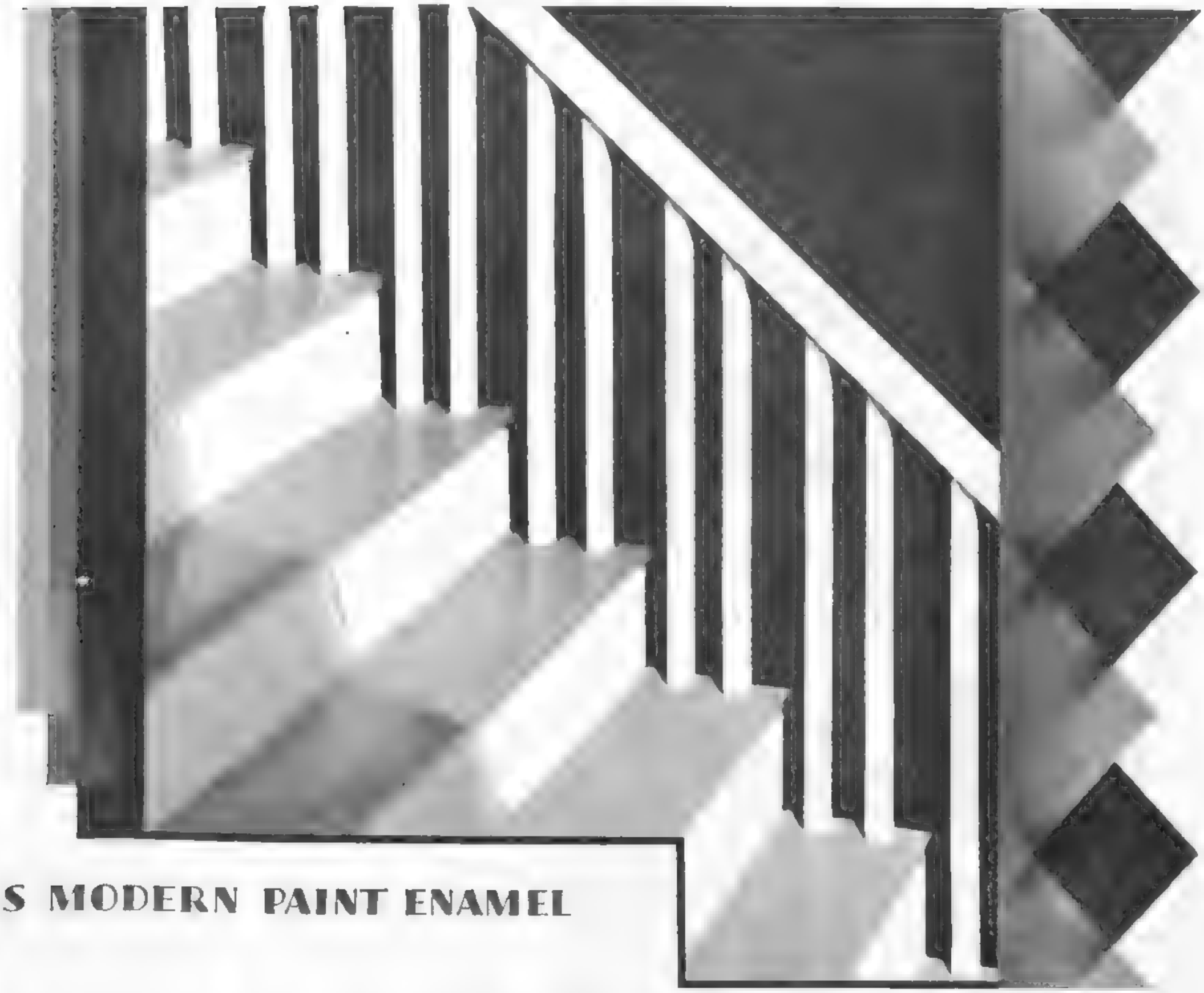
Piccolo suddenly leaped from his bunk edge to the side of Snout's bedless bunk, and his white teeth shone pleasantly.

"Little Dago, yes?" he inquired softly. "Do you hear thee secon' mate say I am thee bos'n? I theenk I find some job for you to help you understand. Peemples, who am I?"

"You're the perishin' hadmiral for all o' me," said Pimples.

Hardening weather and a seasick lot of hoodlums. Sheer misery kept the crowd in order. Piccolo was not sick. They all cursed him because he wasn't. The little

(Continued on Page 132)



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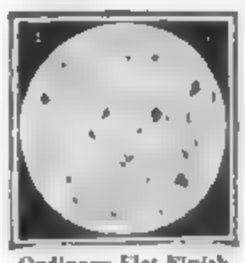

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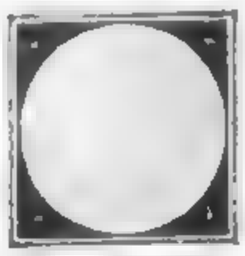

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(Continued from Page 130

man's teeth gleamed, his black eyes danced, he was all over the ship like a jolt of electricity; and where he went there was somebody yearning to die who found it better to live. No merely seasick malingerer dared refuse when Piccolo said work.

"Red, can't you get us some rum? We're 'bout fit to pass out," Snout moaned on his way to the wheel.

"Rum?" echoed Reddy. "Rum's for workers, my son. Work's what you need. Get aft to the wheel!" There was nothing of Reddy in that tone. It was plain Mr. Brock.

"Gee!" muttered Snout, awed.

When driven out of sickness by being kept in motion, the gang talked of showing Mr. Brock his place. Piccolo shrewdly set the men against one another. Soon there were two factions, hating each other better than they hated Brock or the ship. Reddy kept the bos'n supplied with grog, and the bos'n rode the rest like a jail guard. Two of Reddy's old gang who were in Mr. Hubbuk's watch fell foul of the old mate, and Reddy came up when it looked likely that the old fellow was in for a beating. Hubbuk faced the toughs like a man, but he was old and tottery; only his spirit retained the force of youth.

"Get for'ard or you'll go in irons!" snapped Reddy. They grinned at him. He must be joking. But Reddy was not. He stepped toward them, and they turned from grinning to scowling

"Ah! You stool——" They got no further. Reddy had ruled his gang with a hard hand. He flattened one's nose while the words were on his lips. The other meant to fight. He stepped back to get room, and Reddy's foot was on his foot so that he could not retreat. Reddy's fist whipped up to his chin, and he pitched down the ladder, seven feet to the main deck. And the broken-nosed one, sidling away, tripped over Mr. Hubbuk's opportune foot and flew headfirst after his fellow. Head to stomach, and a seven-foot drop. Double knock-out.

"That's that!" grinned Reddy, winking at Hubbuk.

"Thank ye, Mr. Brock, but ye need not have interfered," said the ancient mate with dignity. "I'm obliged to you just the same."

Two men joined the opposition. There was a bloody fight that day in the forecastle. When the watches should have been changed the whole gang was milling. Plank was on deck getting a sight. He drew an iron pin from the pin rail and went forward to stop the riot; too recently a mate to remember the dignity of a master. He thrust through the fighting pack until he reached the ringleaders. He was erupted through the forecastle doors; vomited forth by the gangs combined, like the meddler between family disputants. He had two black eyes, and his nose was red, and his belaying pin, hurled after him, rang upon his skull with a musical "pr-rock!" He reached the poop spitting curses with blood in 'em, shorn of all pretense to dignity.

"Better leave 'em to settle their own hash," said Reddy grimly. "They'll quit when one gang's licked."

"I'll clap the lot of them in irons!" bleated Plank.

"Yes you won't!" laughed Brock. "Who d'you think's going to run your ship for you if you butt in? You navigate, mister, and leave the gang to better men."

Plank's caliber was established when he took that from a temporary second mate. That night the wind shifted in a heavy squall, with rain and thunder. With the main deck flooded, men trimmed the yards, and six men were washed off their feet at the braces. They let the brace go, and the yards took charge. Then there was shambles in the roaring dark.

When the squall passed and the yards were braced four men had to be carried forward, battered unconscious and half drowned. The mates, who had fought the devils of tormented ropes and roaring water down there in the deep, black waist, hung up the gear themselves, then dragged their aching bodies back to the security of the poop. Plank clung to the rail, hiccuping. Reddy sniffed, took Hubbuk's arm, and shouted to the skipper that they were going below for dry gear. Plank nodded foolishly.

"If he can, so can we," said Reddy, and dragged Hubbuk almost unprotestingly into Plank's stateroom. He found brandy, poured out a tumblerful apiece, and swallowed his while handing the other to Hubbuk. "Go on, man! Get it down! Who's he to hog the liquor when better men are freezing with cold and wet? We can carry on without him, can't we? Sure we can." Reddy poured himself more brandy, and Mr. Hubbuk tried to order him to refrain, but could not speak for coughing. Reddy swigged the liquor down and felt fine. "Why don't we shove him into his room and keep him there? We can sail the old ship, can't we?" Plank's own argument leaped to his lips: "It'd be a step for you, old-timer."

"Keep such ideas between your teeth, Brock," said Hubbuk sternly, his brandy well down and his coughing stopped. "You're talking mutiny, my lad. That's a hanging matter."

"Hanging matter!" sputtered Reddy Brock. "Why must folks talk of hanging? What d'ye call it then when the captain gets pie-eyed and lets his ship go to hell in a squall?"

"The captain can't be criticized. He's solely responsible for the ship. I advise you to mind your tongue, young fellow." And because he had a surprising respect for old Hubbuk, Reddy Brock minded his tongue and only thought things. But he got Mr. Hubbuk to help him polish up his navigation. Reddy had crammed enough to pass his exams years ago, but he had never used his knowledge and it was rusty. He also borrowed a seamanship book from Plank, and in his watch below soaked in all the lore of masting and rigging he had forgotten. Then he showed Piccolo many things, and Piccolo hammered them into the men. The men battered by the sea were doctored by Plank, but they had to come aft for treatment. The skipper refused to go forward. And after bandaging Snout Linsky's half-severed ear and cracked kneecap, and catching the look in Snout's eyes when the surgery bit, he hurriedly ordered the mate to serve rum to the injured.

"The captain gives us rum, but Brock don't," they said in the forecastle.

"He's too big for his boots. We'll show him someting if he don't watch hisself," whined Pimples.

But nobody showed him. The ship nosed into a black nor'wester when her position was right for rounding the Corner, and it was Reddy Brock's watch. He squared yards and put her to it. She was running under three topgallants and full foresail, and she trembled along her length. For the first time Reddy sensed the full tide of power. He stood beside the wheel, where two men battled with a job that one decent steersman could easily handle, so sweetly did the Mooltan run. The seas rose from horizon to horizon, snow-tipped hills of shimmering lead. A ghastly glare under a low-hanging black cloud astern gave a molten aspect to the swelling gray waters Every puff of wind was harder than the last; and every voice the ship owned joined in the chorus that sang among the swaying fabric aloft. She rolled. One side after another lipped the roaring seas. Water spurted in through scuppers and dashed out through wash ports. Brace bumkins swished through torn surface foam, and twanging braces the next breath shot foam flecks high skyward as she lifted. Her bows were thunderous with the roar of divided waters. The wake at her stern boiled white.

"Ought to take in those t'gallant s'ls," grumbled Mr. Hubbuk when he came up. "We shan't be able to soon."

"We can't now," grinned Reddy Brock, all glowing with the splendid jest. "She's

got to carry 'em to keep ahead of it, ain't she?"

Old Hubbuk knew those sails ought to come in, but he knew there was a fine chance of losing some spars in getting them in now. He watched and grumbled and crouched in the shelter of the weathercloth. Plank appeared. He kept below pretty much lately, only appearing for daily sights. But the small black boy had not fastened his ports tightly, and the rising sea had wetted him in his bunk.

"Why was I not called?" he demanded. "Are you trying to lose some spars for me? Call Brock! Call all hands! Get those t'gallant s'ls in at once!"

Hubbuk went below to call Brock. Plank snatched the megaphone out of the chart room.

"Let go topgallant halyards! Jump, you scum! Clew 'em up! Make 'em fast! Get a move on!" He bawled orders in a semi-drunken frenzy.

And the men he bawled at, scared at the weather, no sailors even in sunny zephyrs, tumbled over one another and fumbled blindly for the gear. Somebody let go the sheets of the mizzen-topgallant sail before Plank could let run the halyards. Brock and Hubbuk ran forward and took charge before mischief was done on fore and main, but the mizzen-topgallant sail blew out like a banner of wrath, the sheets licking into splinters all that the steel wire touched. The yard broke in the slings. The torn canvas thrashed the pine shards about, and the topgallant and royal masts cracked and started to fall. Braces, buntlines and clew lines held the wreckage aloft until the mast parted. Then the mass hurtled down; some hung up across the topmast stay, some reached the poop.

The squalls blew through the gale like explosions at a fire. Seas lifted high above the rails, falling aboard with the crash of true Horn seas. It was cold and doubly wet. Rain turned to sleet; decks were slimy under it. Mr. Hubbuk and Reddy Brock fought their way aft, bidding the men stay in the galley for warmth and readiness.

"I heard spars coming down!" panted Hubbuk.

"Plank's here, ain't he?" roared Reddy. He was contemptuous of Captain Plank.

They found Plank at his post, the jagged end of a pine spar through him. The helmsman knew nothing about it.

"Oh, what a voyage!" groaned Hubbuk. The old fellow seemed to be stricken helpless. He swallowed dryly, gazing nervously at the sea, anywhere but at the grotesque thing that had been Captain Plank.

"Better get him out o' sight before the hands get scared," said Reddy.

They dragged the body inside the chart room, and Hubbuk talked of putting in somewhere.

"Can't work to windward without mizzen canvas," Hubbuk complained.

"What's the matter with lettin' her run to looard, then?" demanded Reddy. "Ain't we got a hell-bustin' fair gale? And the ship's got to be taken home, ain't she?"

"We can't do ——"

"Can't, me eye! Listen, old-timer, how old are you? Old as Noah, I'll bet; and you never even went first mate before. Now you got a chance to go home master of a fine ship, and here's the worst part o' the passage nigh over. What did Plank say when you advised him to put back because Jolliffe croaked? Well, I say the same. It's a step for me, too, and we can't work the ship to windward anyhow."

Mr. Hubbuk swallowed a jorum of hot grog mixed by the jubilant Reddy Brock, and became Captain Hubbuk. The ancient shellback almost blushed when Mr. Brock, chief mate, gave him the title. The event was duly entered in the log; then they buried Plank and entered that too. They did that job with the assistance of the cook and Piccolo in the howling darkness; and it was Hubbuk himself, trembling with age, cold, fatigue and excitement, who ordered the issue of a rum ration to all hands at midnight when he mustered the crew and announced the altered situation.

"Mr. Brock is now chief mate," quavered Captain Hubbuk, "and I hope you'll continue to do your duty as before. That'll do the watch."

"Lord help 'im if he don't come acrost wiv someſing good," muttered Pimples.

Mr. Brock came across with something very good. He was chief officer of a tall sailing ship now, and memory served him well in laying down his plan of conduct. He had known chief mates well. So Captain Hubbuk found his days unbelievably trouble free. While the bitter winds blew the ship around Old Stiff, and kept her sheathed with slushy ice from truck to water line, not much could be done about the decks, but the wreckage of the mizzen was cleared or secured, and what Reddy Brock didn't know about it he learned by asking Hubbuk, and then it was only a question of getting the work out of the men. He had been a gang leader of note. He was a bucko mate of quality. His driving split even his own gang. It was Snout Linsky who chummed with jailbird Pimples and faced Reddy, demanding cabin stores and liquor after a shrieking four days which destroyed the galley and kept the forecastle shivering on cold, uncooked food. And it was Snout who got the warming, for Reddy rated Pimples less than a man. It was Snout who ran blundering forward, Pimples whimpering at his side, bearing a tale of a Brock gone mad, a cold-hearted, steel-fisted, icy-eyed devil who had suddenly adopted the heathen god called Discipline.

There was no doubt about it. Reddy Brock watched the grim outline of Cape Horn swing past in a snowstorm with pelting sprays that chilled him to the marrow. And he stood there smiling, his bare hands gripping the teak rail, his nose a frozen blob, ice in his beard stubbles and eyebrows, not sure whether he had feet or not; smiling without cunning, without bitterness, a quickening pride beneath his heart.

Hubbuk came up to take a bearing of the Cape. The Old Man was doing well; holding up his end like the real old whale he was, secure in the backing of his mate. He turned the binnacle hood and sighted across the card. The rough bearing taken, he picked up the binoculars and focused them upon the land. He shut them again and stuck them in the box beside the companionway.

"Looks like one o' those Chilean cruisers under the land," he remarked. "Must want something to do, messing about in these waters and this weather."

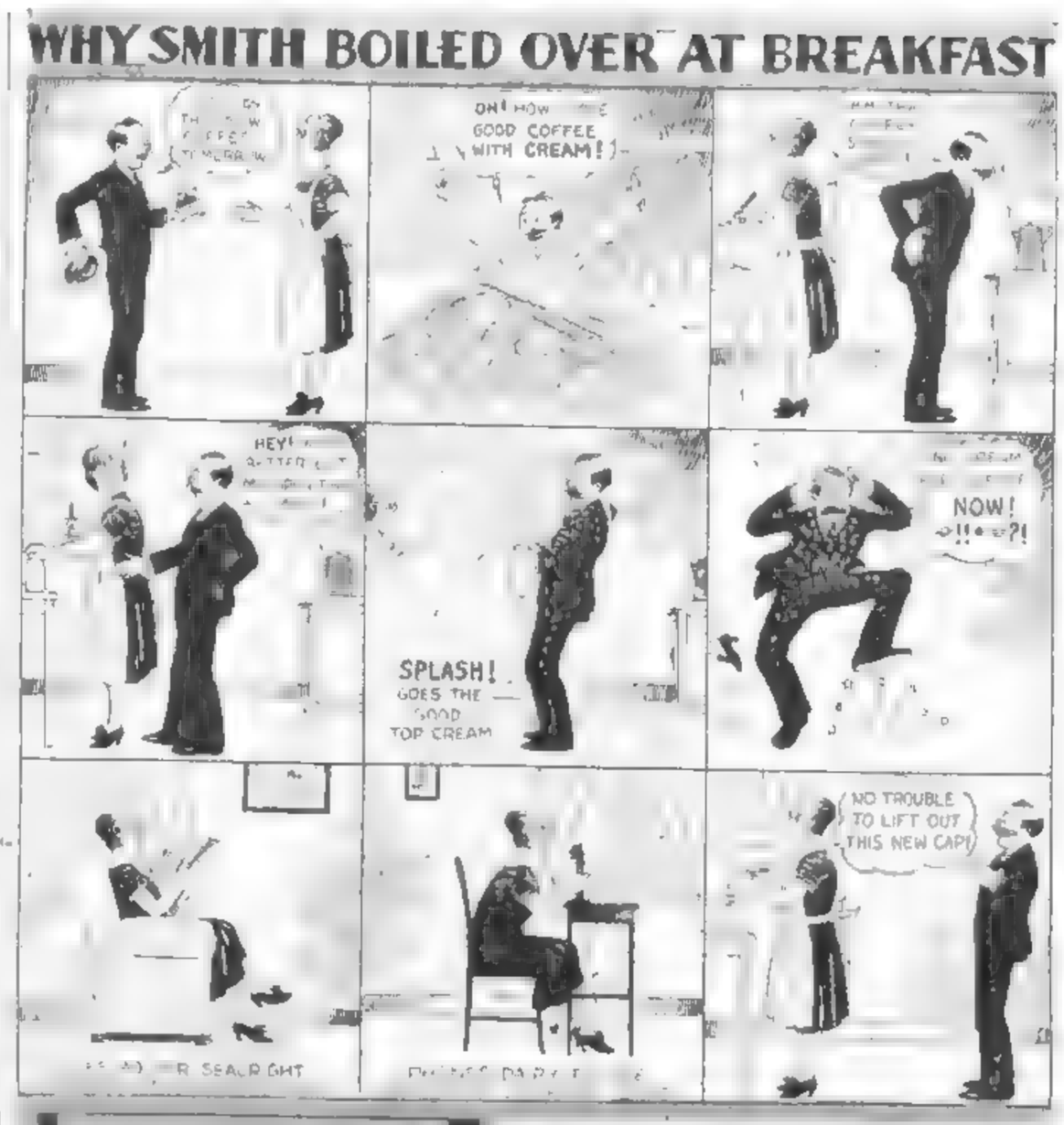
"They couldn't bother anybody, could they? Suppose they were Peruvians, hey?" Reddy asked. Abruptly the helmsman thrust his head forward. The simple words took on a significance. Hubbuk surprisingly laughed.

"I think there's little to fear," he said. "Plank mentioned to me, just after sailing, something about getting the crowd aboard. That fellow's not after us. He couldn't catch this ship today anyhow. And if there's any hoorah out for any of your men, we'll know all about it when we strike soundings. I wouldn't worry. . . . Watch your helm there!"

The thought dampened Reddy Brock's pride a bit. But as days slipped by and the strong gale still drove the ship onward, again the visions and dreams returned to him. He could almost see the padre at the Bethel beaming at him; surely he could see those harbor lights at home, and at times he could almost see somebody gazing seaward from the quay.

When the wind moderated and hauled, the after canvas was missed. Reddy drove his unwilling but cowed gang, under Hubbuk's direction, and they jury-rigged the mizzen to a topgallant again. It was a rig needing constant attention, because in falling the old topgallant mast had badly sprung the maintop masthead. But even that was taken care of; and when once more the Mooltan snored easily up the

(Continued on Page 137)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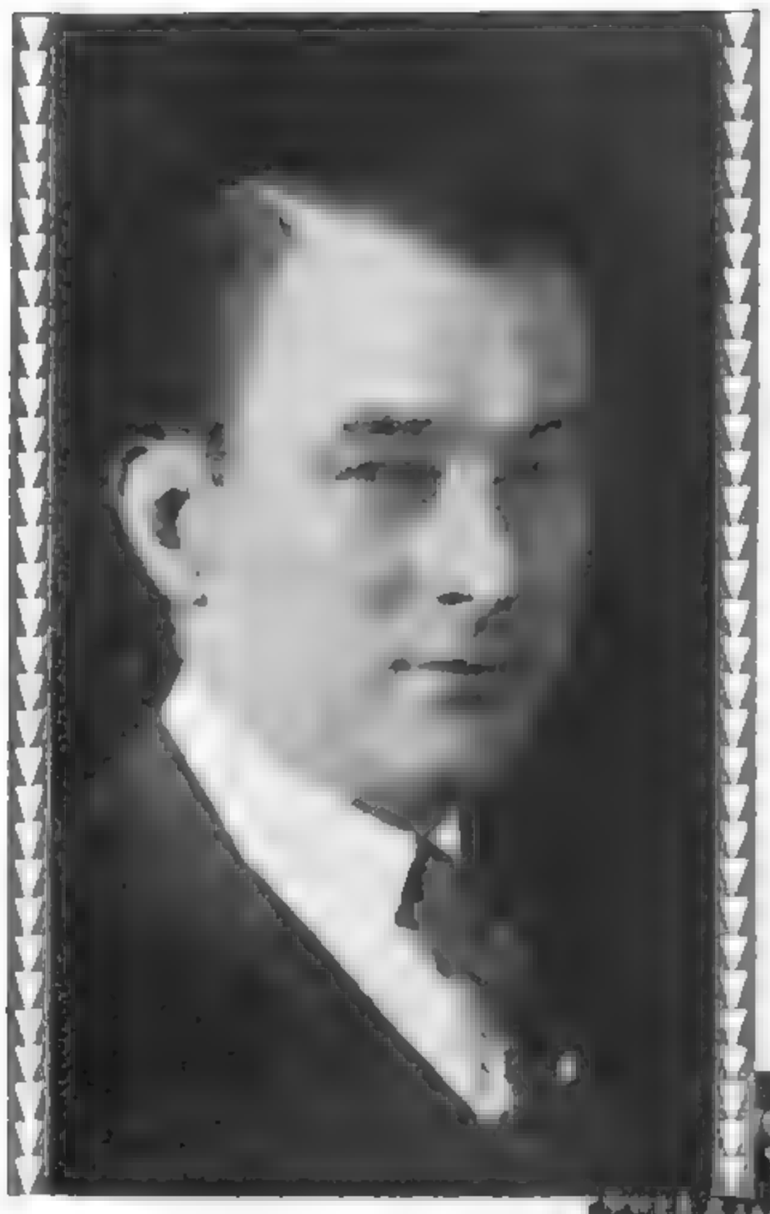

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(Continued from Page 133)

southeast Trades, Captain Hubbuk confided in Reddy Brock some of his newborn ambitions.

"I never got my master's ticket, Brock. I never in my life had the time to spare to sit for it. Got spliced early, see? And deep-water second mates never earned Well, when kids come along, a new 'un each voyage —— Anyhow, they didn't live long. Only one of 'em stayed long enough to get married herself. The old woman slipped her cable—hardship and loneliness and childbearing weakness more'n anything else. I—I'm too old to better myself now. They couldn't give me even a mate's berth—not if I got the ship home, they couldn't. And I'm about ready to quit anyhow. Rheumaticks and all. Rotten. My girl wanted me to stay home and live with her and her husband. But he's gone now. Heard about it in Callao. She's got nothing and she ain't strong either." The old fellow swallowed hard.

Reddy muttered, "Tough enough." Hubbuk squared his shoulders, conquered a twinge of sciatic pain, and almost smiled.

"If I can take the Mooltan home, Mr. Brock, after all the mishaps we've had, the underwriters will make me a present that'll set my girl up in a nice little lodging house; then I won't mind staying with her. It don't matter whether the owners recognize me or not; though they ought to. Anyhow, I'll be able to put in a word for you. You're not an old has-been like me. You got the makings of a first-rate sailorman."

"A first-rate—hell, mister, I ain't first-class nothing, but I'll worry this fine ship home, if you'll keep her snoot pointing right," laughed Reddy Brock.

He made good. In the harder Trades old Hubbuk sometimes had the pallid look of pain. In the sunny days he carried himself well. In the fierce rain squalls of the doldrums, when men were joyously half drowned in fresh water while filling the tanks, he shivered and looked blue, moving painfully. Reddy Brock had his men in hand now. They began to chip rust, scrape weather stains, slap on red lead in the fine weather, ready for painting nearer home. He was the complete chief mate. Little Piccolo called him "sir." The others were made to.

It was winter in the North Atlantic. In the first cold muzzler that whistled down out of the northeast the jury-rigging went. It took the main topmast and all its gear along with it. The ship, reduced to a foresail and lower fore-topsail, staggered and was swept incessantly. Just on the windward horizon had been the Azores when the blast struck. Now the ship could do no better than wallow to the southward of west, a semisubmerged derelict, while Reddy Brock stubbornly drove hopeless, growling men to further jury-rigging.

On the second day Hubbuk came on deck looking so haggard that Brock roughly told him to stay below.

"I'm all right, mister. Carry on as usual," Hubbuk insisted. And before he could grip the rail he toppled over into Brock's arms.

"Handle him gently, my sons, and I'll give you grog," said the mate to the men taking the skipper below. There was a new light in Reddy Brock's face. It was almost fear. He peered around at the leaping waters, and a shiver rippled down his spine. He had no prop now to lean upon. Hubbuk had been a stronger reed than he looked. It was moral stiffening that Reddy Brock needed, and knew he needed it.

After four bedeviling days the Mooltan looked up for her port again, jury-rigged to carry a balanced area of shortened sail. Reddy Brock leaned over Hubbuk, desperately eager to understand what the old man was trying to say. The stuffy little cabin was dark. There was a terrific reek from the uneasy ship—of wet wool, wet hides and bilge. On deck Piccolo strutted the poop, cocky in his new dignity of second mate.

"I was hoping to carry the ship home," murmured Hubbuk, "but maybe I was mad. If you say there's a steamer in sight ——"

"Forget the steamer!" snapped Reddy. "You're going to take the ship home. Tell me about running for the Channel."

"It's good o' you, Brock. I hope you'll be rewarded. But I'm out; I know it. I'll never cross this ship's deck again until I'm carried. Better signal that steamer."

"Damn and set fire to the steamer! Tell me the dope. This ship's going to sail home"

Painfully Hubbuk outlined the course. He had kept the reckoning up to that moment, more because Reddy Brock had been busy enough with his rigging than for any inability on Reddy's part. But the old chap was done. Brock had taken sights, but Hubbuk had worked them. Now Brock must do both and sail the ship too.

Suddenly a blood-red glare filled the cabin. Hubbuk tried to sit up.

"It's fire!" he gasped. "It's the end!"

Reddy stared aghast at the porthole, then dashed on deck. Hubbuk heard the shriek that greeted the mate's appearance. Pimples had stolen distress signals from the locker. Snout and he were burning them. The whole dreary sea, the icy decks, the stark misery of all stood revealed in a sanguine flush. And out there beyond the dark a steamer answered the flare. Reddy reached the poop rail just when Piccolo reached the flares and snatched them from the men's hands. Piccolo's ideas of handling situations were born of a fiercely practical existence. He grabbed a flare in each hand, thrust one into Snout's terrified face, one into Pimple's, and Hubbuk heard the result. Men forward, in sympathy with the plot, yet not daring to help, followed the screaming men into the forecastle in silence. The steamer came circling around. She swept close past the Mooltan's stern. Hubbuk heard what Reddy Brock bellowed through the megaphone. He heard the roar of the steamer leaving the ship. He grinned, and perhaps there was a little of something less than utter agony in the grin for a moment.

Reddy Brock felt his position keenly. When he realized what he had done in sending that steamer packing, his crew, his imperfect experience, all else considered, he thrust out his chin and his chest and adopted a strut that might have been ludicrous in anybody else.

"I'm as good as captain of this ship," he uttered aloud; and when the helmsman went forward later he told his mates that Reddy Brock was crazy with conceit.

Ushant was close aboard—far too close. Reddy Brock proudly flew the ship's number, and within an hour the owners knew their ship had reached soundings. By the grace of good luck the Mooltan scraped past the misty cape into the crowded waters of the Channel. The fog crept down just when the shivering gang had decided to take a boat and quit the moment Reddy was out of the way. They had planned a clever bit of subtlety with regard to Piccolo. He was to be allowed to come as far as the boat skids when he set out to stop them; and Pimples had bravely volunteered to bash in the little Dago's skull as it rose above the edge, his hands and his ready knife well cared for by the needs of climbing the up-and-down ladder. Pimples was nervously licking his lips, moving a top maul from place to place, verging on panic whenever Piccolo looked his way. He got the heavy maul on the gallows and out of sight. Snout gathered the rest, and the gang sneaked nearer to the boat. Then the fog.

"Get thee foghorrn, you, Peemples! Blow heem wan good bust every minute!" Piccolo sang out, and: "Check thee yards leetle bit, thee rest of you!"

The helmsman swung the ship off the land at Piccolo's command, and Reddy Brock appeared at the first groan of the foghorn. He had been all braced up for the ordeal of taking the ship through the busy Channel. He had taken bracers of good old brandy. But fog was something he had omitted from his reckoning. As soon as the foghorn sent forth its quavering bleat the white blanket that smothered the sea awoke to a bedlam of blasts, shrieks and bells. And there was wind enough to keep ships moving fast. Reddy hurried below to consult old Hubbuk. Hubbuk was in a deep stupor. It frightened Reddy Brock. He took another big jolt of brandy to steady his nerves. Hubbuk looked dead.

"If he is, then I'm captain o' the ship. If he isn't, then I've got to get him ashore quick," Reddy concluded. He shook Hubbuk again, and the old fellow made no sign.

Night thickened the fog. The breeze held fresh; it blew strings of rime across the sea. The rigging was festooned with icy cobwebs. The sea was crazy with sound. Out of the white wall came two hoarse blasts answering the Mooltan's one. Reddy thought quickly. That meant he had the right of way. He was on starboard tack; the other ship blew two, for port tack. But by the time his rusty memory cleared that far, a great four-master foamed down upon him. She luffed, in a clash of gear, a terror of voices, but she sidewiped the Mooltan before she blundered clear. She did no harm, beyond the scare she put into the Mooltan's crew, but Reddy had to take another big hooker of brandy before his Adam's apple ceased dancing in his windpipe.

The ship blundered across the Channel Nobody could drive any one man to stay at her foghorn. Reddy Brock was nervous as a cat in the dense traffic and the impenetrable fog. He had been down to see Hubbuk so often that his feet turned that way involuntarily every time he passed the companionway.

He went down again, just after the outward-bounder scraped clear. Hubbuk was almost out of his bunk, tied in a knot of anguish, aroused from his stupor by the sailor's sense of near disaster.

"Hold tight, my son, you ain't bound for Davy yet!" Brock shouted at him, frightened at the Old Man's twisted figure. "Everything's all right. But I can't sail the ship up to Dunkirk. Too much bloody traffic and pea-soup fog. How about it?"

Hubbuk sank back with a sigh. He ought to have died long ago. It takes a lot to kill an old shellback.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take a tug, then," he groaned. "Don't let 'em see we're in a mess, Brock. They'll put men aboard, and that means salvage and all sorts of compli——"

"Never mind tugs," snapped Reddy. "Will it do you just as well to anchor the ship in any home port? Don't have to take her into a Continental port, do you?"

"I'd die happy if you could get the anchor down in any harbor, French or English. Then, if you'd just enter in the log that I was alive when the anchor went down, my poor girl'd ——"

"Leave that to me! Where's your Light List? There's a fog gun blamming away somewhere to the north of us."

"That'll be off the Land's End. You can make Falmouth, and that's a good port to make at this end of a passage, my son."

"Falmouth?" Reddy repeated that name many times as he searched the shelf for the book he needed. Falmouth was home. It was simply a home port to old Hubbuk—the end of a long, painful voyage. But to Reddy Brock, Falmouth was harbor lights, memories of youth, home. He could vividly see the shipping in Carrick Roads, and lofty Pendennis Castle; each a memory so keen that not even a Channel fog could blind his mind's eye to it. He found the Light List, by which he could identify fog signals, and the Channel Pilot, which would tell him the way home, and turned to go on deck, speaking a word of final assurance to old Hubbuk. Midway of the stairs he heard a yell and a scream. He took the rest of the stairs at a jump and landed out on the poop to find the helm deserted, a milling mob at one side of the

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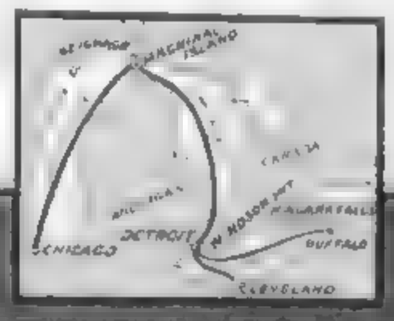

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Cleanliness—freedom from smoke and soot and grime and unpleasant odor.

Speed—greater cooking speed than natural gas, with a range and uniformity of temperature which are unsurpassed and which, especially for baking, are so essential.

Convenience—no tedious generating. Light the Kitchenkook Instant Lighter—all burners are ready in less than one minute.

Safety—the result of correct engineering principles, sturdy construction, ease and simplicity of lighting and operation.

Add to these salient features the pleasing design of each of the 16 models, the beauty of Kitchenkook finish in durable enamel and gleaming white porcelain, and you have in Kitchenkook a stove you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

The American Kitchenkook, by converting gasoline into a clean burning, low cost fuel gas of exceptionally high heat value, has made gas service available to every home everywhere. Write for booklet "Gas Service for Every Home" and name of nearest dealer.

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y. ALBERT LEA, MINN. OAKLAND, CAL.

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO., Inc.
Dept. H
Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me your book, "Gas Service for Every Home," and name of nearest dealer
Name
Address

boat gallows, and a boat falling crazily overboard. He ran to check the helm. Already the ship was shaking in the wind, her jury-rigging perilously unstable. Plank's pistol was in his pocket. He pulled it out and fired a shot close over the heads of the gang, stopping their flight; the boat falls unrove, the boat filled and passed astern.

"Haul over the head sheets or I'll shoot straight!" he roared, and jammed the helm hard up. Somebody obeyed him. He wondered where little Piccolo was, to allow such a piece of lubberliness to happen. Somewhere not far off a fog signal blared. Somewhere the clattering bell of an anchored ship. Somewhere, ghastly close, the roar of a powerful tug's steam siren. Then out of the heavy wet wall of swift driving fog stormed a big ocean tug, white feather at her fat red funnel, a bow wave piled to her stem fender.

"Sheer off!" yelled Reddy Brock furiously. "Sheer off! I don't want a tug!" By the powers, old Hubbuk had emphatically said the credit of bringing the ship home would be half gone if once a tug came near enough to see the ship's plight. "Get to blazes away!"

The great tug sheered, her engines going full speed astern, not because of Reddy Brock's yelling but in imminent peril of collision. The gang at the boat falls ran to the rail as the tug's bow swung alongside, her black hull gently brushing the sailing ship for a moment before the engines snatched her sternwards.

In that moment of contact the Mooltan's precious gang tumbled aboard the tug, and Reddy Brock, running to stop them, saw the black, ghostly shape fade back into the fog.

He was left standing there, with a crewless ship and a dying old jury-master and a failing jury-rig, while the roar of the tug receded. He opened his mouth to yell. This was a time for ignoring old Hubbuk's plaint that taking help meant an unprofitable ending. Before the yell was uttered he saw what the gallows hid, and the yell was choked back. Beneath the structure that held up the boats, partly hidden by a cast-off boat cover, lay little Piccolo, in a swamp of blood.

The ship was rolling, her weather leeches shaking; Reddy had to get to the helm. Then he heard the distant and diminishing sound of seas about a slowly moving steamer, and a babel of voices. He had time to think. That tug would return; once let her people step aboard the Mooltan, Piccolo must inevitably be avenged. It meant the end of Hubbuk's dream of independence for his widowed daughter, but—Piccolo! Ugh! He could still see that nasty mess under the gallows. Nevertheless, it was no easy decision. Hubbuk had been a decent old sailorman, courageous, fine, and if any good accrued to Reddy Brock from this voyage, it was due to Mr. Hubbuk. Piccolo was only a jail rat turned temporarily honest by promotion and flattery. In other circumstances it might have been Reddy Brock lying there in a red smear, and Piccolo's the hand at the hammer. As for the escaping jailbirds and gang rats—good enough. Let them get clear of the ship, and there would be no inconvenient police attention in harbor. He would simply have to report the desertion of the entire crew, and the circumstances, and the hunt would be switched. He could even be somebody else himself. Hubbuk would doubtless be incapable of speech if still alive, and there was nobody else, except the cook, who was his friend, and the little black cabin boy, who also liked him. More, if Hubbuk happened to be dead, there was nobody to dispute him whatever name he gave for his own. But that train of thought sent him down to look at the Old Man. He wanted more than ever to get the ship to anchor while breath was in Hubbuk's body.

Hubbuk was more alive than ever, but unable to move. It was his eyes that urged Reddy Brock to scamper on deck again and steer in toward the land. There was no sound now of the tug, unless a faint booming siren far out to Channelward were it. There was a ship's horn close to, small, probably a fisherman; near by a bell clattered on an anchored vessel. Over all the fog, driving in wild scarves as the wind flurries changed. Reddy Brock steered in for harbor; the small black boy pumped the foghorn, the steward fed them. And then the fog thinned.

Briefly there loomed the frowning rock dividing the entrance to the haven. Reddy had done a good job. He steered the big ship straight in between the shipping, and the air cleared, the lights came out, twinkling welcome home to him. He cared nothing more now. Running forward, he hove an anchor overboard with a handspike and stopped the chain at ample scope; then, old Hubbuk's peace assured, he hailed a motorboat and sent it ashore with a report for the harbor master and a request for a doctor. He was not going to leave the ship—not he. Old Hubbuk could die in comfort if die he must. Other ships crept in, and nobody bothered the Mooltan while Reddy and the steward made a clumsy stow of the sails. Then the doctor came out in the harbor launch.

It didn't take long. They took old Hubbuk ashore to a hospital, with his daughter's address to communicate with and a good hope of hauling him through the crisis.

"Takes a lot to kill an old shellback," the harbor master smiled. "Since you won't have help, mister mate"—to Reddy Brock—"an easy night watch to you. I'll telegraph the owners at once. You'll hear from them by morning."

Reddy Brock never slept that night. It was a queer sensation, pacing the deck of a big ship whose safe arrival home was his own bit of work. He never felt sleepy, watching the golden smiles of the harbor lights, glowing for him, every one. Just after midnight he was shocked out of his warm tranquillity when a big red-funneled tugboat steamed quietly in from seaward and passed to her berth off the town. But that was just a momentary interruption. Plenty of tugboats afloat, with fat red stacks too.

His next interruption was a pleasanter one, if as startling. It was barely daylight when a boat came alongside bringing a lean, bowed figure, who sprang up the side ladder to greet Reddy Brock by name with an exuberant gladness.

"My boy! I'm proud!" he cried.

"Aw, padre," grinned Reddy, sheepishly. He was at a loss for words, he who had been so ready of tongue.

"I heard of your sailing in the Mooltan," the Bethel Holy Joe beamed, still shaking Reddy's hand. "I wanted to tell your old folks you were coming home; but—oh, Reddy, I thought it best to wait. I had leave due me and I took the opportunity to have it now, when I could meet you here. I only heard of the ship's arrival off Ushant yesterday and begged the owners to tell me where the ship harbored. I just received a wire. Come on, Reddy Brock, let's go ashore and tell the old folks the good news. My boy, you've done my faith good, coming home at last like this. The town will be talking about you in an hour, if it isn't now."

Reddy gagged a bit. He had begun to gag when the kindly Holy Joe began to pump his arm and gush. He could see the old folks, in fancy, all pink and white, and tremblingly proud. And he could see, as through a mist of uncertainty, but none the less plain, their stricken faces if it so chanced that he was hunted out and brought to book for that affair in Callao. He laughed, drawing away his hand.

"Not so fast, padre," he said. "Not so slick as that, it ain't. Before you tell the old folks, I'm going up to the police station to give myself ——"

"Nonsense!" The padre laughed. "Over that Callao business? Don't think of it. That was all cleared up the day after you sailed. The police found two dead men on

(Continued on Page 141)

L/O

A WORLD-WIDE improvement in window glass quality has paralleled almost exactly the phenomenal growth of the Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Company during the past twelve years.

This is a perfectly logical development. For with the perfection of the Libbey-Owens process of producing flat-drawn clear sheet glass, and its obvious superiorities, new and higher levels of quality were inevitable.

Architects, builders and homeowners have given their enthusiastic approval to this better quality window glass. Consult your architect. The Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE BARBIZON, New York City
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LIBBEY-OWENS...

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

On this page are shown a few distinctive examples of fine timepieces with movements by well-known makers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other models will be shown in future advertisements of this series.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 138

Leary's floor, one shot, the other knifed, and a knife on one and a pistol on the other. It was a clear-cut case, Reddy, and it's all closed up. I assure you it is."

"Then what," snapped Reddy, "d'ye suppose those coppers there are coming after?" And as he said it he indicated a speedy launch that was fast approaching the ship with the police flag snapping at the staff.

The Holy Joe was dumfounded. Reddy Brock went pale. But he met the police at the gangway with his head up.

"Mind, padre," he gritted, "let the old people think I never left the west coast. And thanks for everything. I'm sorry I've been such a pest to you." To the police officer he turned, grinning.

"I suppose it's me you want. Here I am."

"Good day, captain," the officer replied crisply, with a swift scrutiny that included, in turn, the padre, the steward, and the little black boy. "A tug brought in a gang of rough babies last night. They said they jumped ship out of the Mooltan in a collision. The tug tried to find you again, but the fog was too thick. Now, captain, those babies looked bad. One pimply little swine had spots on him that didn't look like paint to us."

"It wasn't paint," said Reddy, in a daze with relief, conscious that the Holy Joe was beaming again. "There's what you're looking for." And he showed them poor Piccolo.

They took the body ashore.

"There goes the last of the old Reddy Brock. Now let's go tell the folks," the padre said, all enthusiasm again.

"You go bring 'em out," smiled Reddy quietly. "I got to stay aboard anyhow 'til the owners' agent takes charge, else Hubbuk'll lose his heart's best wish."

"But your old folks? How about their best wish, Reddy?"

"You bring 'em aboard here," Reddy persisted, almost blushing. "Ain't I been telling 'em for years about the swell job I had, managing a big ranch? Well, I'm captain o' this fine big ship at least for today. Bring 'em out, padre. D'ye want 'em to think I'm a liar? A windjammer captain's as good as a bullwhacker foreman any day. Get 'em out for lunch. I may not be captain after that."

WAR PROPAGANDA

(Continued from Page 5)

Crossing the Channel, the story underwent a sea change. This is how it reads in the London Times:

> According to what Le Matin has heard from Cologne, the Belgian priests who refused to ring the church bells when Antwerp was taken have been driven away from their places.

Resuming its pilgrimage, the story recrossed the Channel and reached Rome. Behold its metamorphosis in the Corriere della Sera:

> According to what the Times has heard from Cologne, via Paris, the unfortunate Belgian priests who refused to ring the church bells when Antwerp was taken have been sentenced to hard labor.

Flashed back to Le Matin from Rome, the item, decked out with gruesome details, reappears a full-fledged German atrocity:

> According to information to the Corriere della Sera from Cologne via London, it is confirmed that the barbaric conquerors of Antwerp punished the unfortunate Belgian priests for their heroic refusal to ring the church bells by hanging them as living clappers to the bells with their heads down.

The Germans were less ingenious, but no less unscrupulous, in twisting the news from the opposite camp. An English lady inserted the following advertisement in the Agony Column of the London Times on July 9, 1915:

> *Jack F. G.:* If you are not in khaki by the 20th, I shall cut you dead. ETHEL M.

The British correspondent of the Cologne Gazette transmitted this notice to his paper as follows:

> If you are not in khaki by the 20th, *hacke ich dich zu Tode* [I will hack you to death].

Men Who Can be Bought

The propagandist in our midst is not necessarily a scoundrel. He is usually a patriotic citizen of his own country who persuades himself that he is the friend of the country whose hospitality he enjoys and sometimes abuses. By deft appeals to old loyalties and race memories, to mental, financial and social ties, to common shibboleths and taboos, he attracts his co-racials in the United States. He appeals not only to our naturalized citizens, but to their children and children's children. He seeks to convince them that he is fighting on the side of the angels and that the cause of their adopted land is identical with the cause of the land which inspires his propaganda.

He rarely buys supporters. It may be true that every man has his price, but no man who is worth his salt can be crudely purchased for money. He must be persuaded, convinced and wheedled by propaganda before he surrenders. "Men who can be purchased outright are not," as a propagandist once remarked to me, "worth purchasing. Men who can be bought do not stay bought."

Foreign propaganda in the United States during the war owed its effectiveness not to bribery but to the expert manipulation of genuine sympathies and emotions. The intensity of the emotion increases, as a rule, in direct ratio to the distance from the Front. The emotion that cannot spend itself in action at the Front often explodes in the form of war hysteria at home.

Americans frequently took sides more violently than the citizens of the very countries at war. We have already demonstrated that our extreme pro-Allies harbored war resentments longer than the French and the English. Our pro-Germans were more pro-German than the Germans themselves. To this day many Germans in foreign lands are reluctant to recognize the flag of the German Republic. Many Germans from beyond the sea boycotted French goods during the Ruhr invasion while the German business men were already contemplating cartels between French and German industries.

The World by the Ear

The intensity with which war animosities flared up in the United States almost immediately after the declaration of war was a surprise. It was also a tribute to the effectiveness of two great systems of propaganda.

Heretofore the average American had only the haziest ideas of European conditions. We knew London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, but we were less interested in the Balkans than in the North Pole. Even the shot at Serajevo that was heard round the world, and started a conflagration that eventually involved every continent, left us unperturbed. To the average American the war that was now stalking through Europe seemed remote. It did not seem likely that the flames would leap across three thousand miles of ocean. But already sparks came flying over by cable and by wireless. The British cable and the German wireless station dinned into our ears, hour after hour, day after day, the story of the conflict, colored by national self-interest.

In England, and as well in Germany, scholars and editors rallied to the defense of the nation.

England, as an Irishman, the grandfather of the late Mayor Mitchel of New York City, once said, has the ear of the world. She can pour into it whatsoever she pleases. This is due largely to her imperial net of communications and to the universality of her language. Given this initial advantage, which she exploited to the full, she only needed the emotional appeal of "poor little Belgium" to enlist the sympathy of most Americans, especially those who were her own kindred. Those who sympathized with the Central Powers for reasons of race did not see a poor little Belgium. They merely saw Germany and Austria surrounded by an iron ring of foes. To them Belgium seemed a door that was closed to the Kaiser but which was flung wide open to his enemies.

We are not now discussing the rights or the wrongs of the case. We are merely stating the contentions which soon were to divide the United States into two hostile camps. One large camp embraced most of those who derived their intellectual sustenance or traced their descent to France and Great Britain. The second camp was composed of those who were the friends of the Central Powers or the enemies of the Allies. This is necessarily a rough division. Some persons of English blood were with Germany. Some Irishmen and some Germans were in the camp of the Allies. There was, however, a third camp, and this camp in the beginning, at least, embraced the large majority of the American people—the camp of the neutrals.

When President Wilson issued his neutrality proclamation, adjuring his countrymen to be neutral in thought as well as in deed, he was speaking for the majority of his fellow countrymen. A distinguished French historian relates a conversation with three Americans who told him that in the beginning of the World War only fifty thousand out of a hundred million people in the United States were in favor of our joining the war, but that they would work to reverse the situation. Eventually there would be a hundred million in favor of war!

Pro-Ally sentiment crystallized in the great seaboard cities, where the commercial and social pressure of the pro-Allies was strong. These communities were comparatively close to the scene of battle. Their ears caught, so to speak, the echoes of the combat. As the distance from the seaboard increased, the war seemed less important. There were fire-eaters, both pro-German and pro-Ally, all over the country. However, the West insisted on doing business as usual. Few dreamed that America would herself be drawn into the fiery whirlpool.

Between Two Fires

Each side made desperate attacks on the neutral camp. The neutrals held the balance of power. Whichever side succeeded in gaining their support could count upon the moral and material aid of the United States. The virulent propaganda initiated by both sides to achieve this end tended to disintegrate our national solidarity. Confusion took the place of fusion. A racial schism seemed to threaten America. This schism was more apparent than real. The attitude of the American people after April, 1917, revealed divided opinions but no divided allegiance. Nevertheless, for the time being, the diverse propagandas constituted a genuine peril. It was as if a witch had suddenly thrown an explosive into the alchemist's pot. Uncle Sam had distilled from many elements the gold of national unity. For a moment it seemed as if the gold had turned into dynamite. In the clang of confusion men identified themselves temporarily with the warring factions of Europe. They lost sight of the fact that they were American first.

Religion entered into the fray. The propagandist, like the devil, is an apt student of biblical texts. Soon the propagandists thundered from pulpits. God was called as a witness by pro-Germans and

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A vacation in Virginia is remembered, and not only for its vistas of mountain, plain and sea—for fine hotels and sweeping roads—for wonders of nature and variety of outdoor sports.

It is remembered most vividly for the wealth of incident with which more than three hundred years of thrilling history have endowed every quaint nook and charming corner of

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GOLF takes on the color of adventure played over land that was once the arena for the sanguinary game of War.

MOTORING has new meaning when you learn that the smooth, straight road was surveyed in 1749 by a young gentleman named George Washington.

SAILING & SPEEDBOATING over the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay are more thrilling sports as you say to yourself, "That headland yonder was the first glimpse of a New Land for Captain John Smith and the first English Colonist to settle permanently in America."

From the foot of these blue mountains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark set forth to the discovery of the Northwest.

In the little church yonder on that hill Patrick Henry cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death." . . And so it was.

A booklet of forty pages with maps has been prepared to help you plan your trip. Maps show places of greatest interest. Trips of from one day to two weeks are outlined for you. The book is profusely illustrated. A copy will gladly be sent you FREE. Ask for your copy.

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LIGHTS THE WAY!

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APOLLO ELECTRIC LANTERN

A big, strong, handsome, general purpose lantern for everyday use. Every household needs one. . . A wonderful convenience for Tourists, Campers, Fishermen, Hunters, Vacationists, Etc., Etc. Uses two ordinary No. 6 Dry Cell batteries and they last six months to a year or more. Write us today for complete information and the name of your local dealer.

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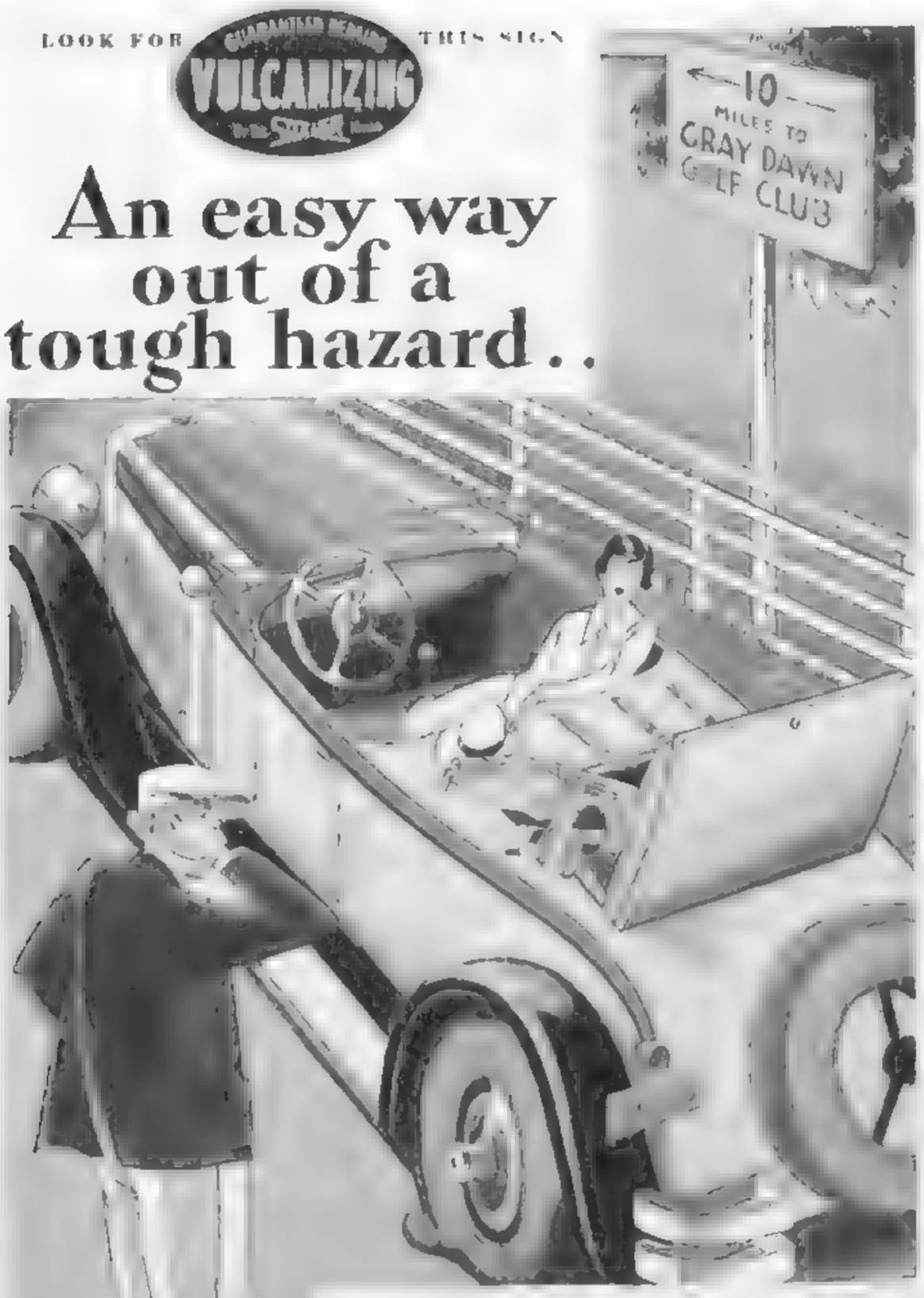
An easy way out of a tough hazard..



—Always Carry a Shaler Vulcanizer in *Your* Car

ON your way to the golf club to keep a foursome date . . . and a tire goes flat. Instinctively you think of your spare . . . but remember you neglected to have it fixed yesterday. What to do?

If you are a wise motorist you have a Shaler Vulcanizer in your car for just such emergencies. With it you make a permanent, heat-welded repair in a jiffy and are on your way again . . . a little late, perhaps, but you were not obliged to finish the trip on a flat and ruin both tire and tube.

• • •

. . . and when you have punctured spares fixed at a garage, always insist on Shaler Vulcanized Repairs. They cost no more.
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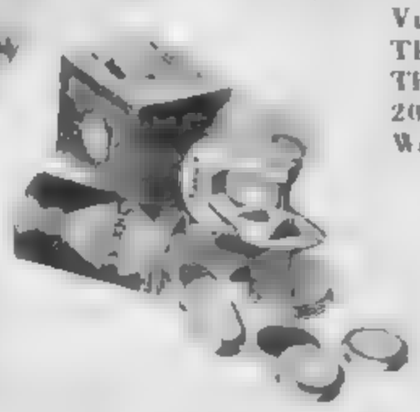

More than three million car owners carry the Shaler Vulcanizer. Carry one for your car, too. Shaler M-100 outfit sells for $1.00, the Deluxe Model M-5 for $1.50 (slightly higher in Canada and Far West) Obtainable at garages, filling stations and auto supply stores all over the world.

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5-MINUTE
VULCANIZERS

pro-Allies alike. Both sides played the social game. Pretty hostesses became propagandists. Propaganda began to poison our social life.

Every luncheon, every dinner became a propaganda party. The British aristocrat and the German professor, the French poet and the Austrian diplomat, all became disseminators of propaganda in public and in private. Important decisions are often shaped not in cabinet meetings or at directors' conferences but over the second cocktail before dinner, or over a highball in the taproom of a club.

The People in the Saddle

The campaign did not confine itself to society. In every sphere of life the propagandist appeared. Both sides subsidized men at street corners, who mingled with the crowds in front of war bulletins to give a pro-German or a pro-Ally slant to the conversation. For every professional worker there were a thousand volunteers who, feeling at their heartstrings the tug of racial affinity, tried to make our country pro-Ally or pro-German.

Soon big business was involved. There were contracts to be filled, shipments to be made, millions to be won and millions to be lost. Self-interest conspired with propaganda. Profit attempted to disguise itself as patriotism. It soon became more important to many men to sell goods to the Allies or to the Germans than to observe the President's injunction for neutrality in thought and deed.

Both sides retained high-priced attorneys. Many of the attorneys engaged in press campaigns on behalf of their clients. These men were not retained to write pro-German or pro-British articles. They were engaged for legitimate legal work in connection with great enterprises involving enormous shipments to Europe. But they discovered soon that where their treasure was, there was their heart also. They wrote letters to newspapers, they lectured in private and in public. Often their conclusions were based upon false or doctored reports issued by the governments at war. Hardly a White Book or Blue Book appeared that was not guilty at least of an important omission.

The din of propaganda invaded the lectures of the professors. Scholars issued pontifical statements favoring one side or the other. In the great majority of cases their announcements were absolutely sincere. However, they failed to recognize that their conclusions were based upon false premises and upon incomplete information.

Pro-German and pro-Ally lobbyists besieged the government departments. They invaded Congress. Wittingly or unwittingly, men in public life became the tools of propagandists who addressed themselves to them through their constituents. Million-dollar campaigns to exert pressure on Congress were initiated. In many cases the money came directly or indirectly from foreign sources.

Most of us swallowed unsuspectingly the propaganda that was spoon-fed to us from Europe. The presses groaned under propaganda matter. Newspapers and periodicals were cajoled. Correspondents were flattered or tricked into compliance. Never had so vast a machinery been employed to manipulate public opinion, perhaps for the reason that never before was public opinion so important.

As education increases among the masses, as suffrage is extended, it becomes less and less possible to direct the affairs of a nation from behind closed doors. It is not enough to convince a statesman or to wheedle a diplomat. It is necessary to win the sanction of the public at large. Secret diplomacy can still precipitate wars, gentlemen's agreements between the cabinets are still made secretly, but they are valueless unless they are backed by the forces of public opinion.

War on a large scale is no longer possible without the consent of the people, because war on a large scale is no longer conducted by mercenaries. It involves all the forces, mental, physical and material, of the entire nation. Hence there can be no great war hereafter, in fact no action on a large scale, without propaganda, propaganda designed to win the consent of the dominant groups which constitute the population. Propaganda is the penalty we pay for democracy.

Propaganda Antitoxin

We can guard ourselves against propaganda by evolving a defensive mechanism similar to the defense which the modern man builds up against supersalesmanship. The prospect who surrenders resistlessly to the patter of every high-power salesman can save himself from the poorhouse by developing sales resistance. The man whose brain absorbs every suggestion of the propagandist finds himself intellectually bankrupt, unless he acquires propaganda resistance.

The propagandist gets you if you don't watch out! We can escape from the clutches of propaganda if we listen for the click of its concealed machinery. Once the trick by which we were fooled is explained to us, we shall not again be the juggler's victims. We can train ourselves to extract the kernel of the truth from the husks of falsehood. We must learn to scrutinize all news critically and to analyze our reactions. This, with common sense, will help us to detect domestic propaganda. An ideal antitoxin against propaganda from without is a rugged sense of Americanism.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on various phases of propaganda. The second article, which will appear next week, will discuss in detail German propaganda in the United States.

"Oh, Isn't Hymie Strong!"

Remove those stubborn stains from HARD-to-Whiten *teeth with* IODENT NO 2

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You *can* now remove those stubborn stains, those unsightly tartar deposits that spoil tooth-beauty. And you can do it quickly and harmlessly.

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The very first time you brush your teeth with Iodent No. 2 you will be impressed by the businesslike way it goes to work in your mouth. No excessive liquefying—just a gentle scrubbing action that forces enamel stains to yield—and vanish.

Iodent No. 2 clings 'til it cleans. It sparkles deliciously in the mouth, and imparts to every nook and corner of your mouth that "clean as a whistle" feeling.

No. 1 . . . *Is the Ideal Dentifrice for those whose teeth are EASY to whiten*

Use Iodent with confidence, for it is absolutely free from ingredients that bleach or scratch.

And its scientific content of calcium and potassium iodides in easily soluble form provides a professionally approved tonic for soft, bleeding gums.

Iodent is the *only* tooth paste made in two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth—Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to whiten, Iodent No. 2 for teeth hard to whiten.

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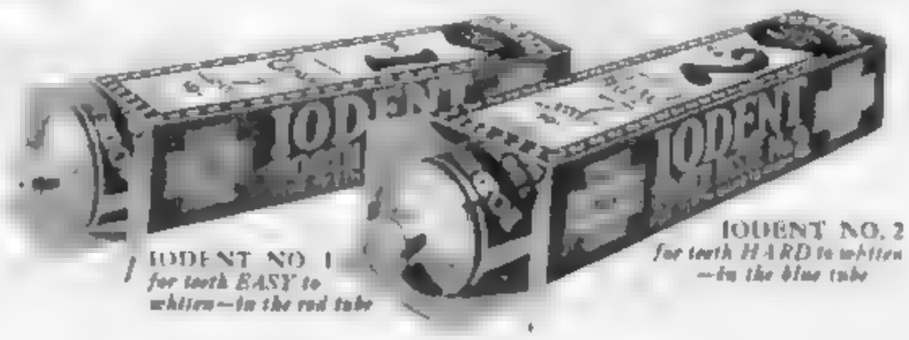

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The blades given FREE on this offer are genuine, super-keen Twinplex hand finished Blades. The finishing touches the patient Swiss craftsmen put on the edges of these blades by hand give them a smoothness that machines can't duplicate. They will give you a new conception of how smooth a really fine shave can be.

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Strop these blades regularly on the Twinplex Stropper and they will give you many weeks of the most marvelous shaves you've ever known. A few seconds each day is all the time necessary to strop blades thoroughly on a Twinplex. Blades stropped on Twinplex not only shave cleaner and smoother, but also last a long time. The money you save on blades will soon pay for the entire Twinplex Kit.

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CAPTAIN DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 23)

"We took from this coast to the Orient mostly low-grade freights," he told me, "as we had done from the start—machinery, case and kerosene oil, cotton and flour. But we were getting more and more canned and dried fruits and vegetables, and I saw a big future for us soon—and not only in the Orient. For we were extending our trade routes. The world is a big market place, and the man who gets into the habit of selling only to one stall will never grow and may soon wake up to find himself behind the times."

Reaching out for trade in Europe, he established more agencies over there; and realizing the importance of New York as the gateway to Europe, he had bought more land on the East River, till he had forty-two acres now for a great future terminal. But meanwhile he was strengthening still his business out in the Far East, and from his Shanghai office came a greatly increased demand for spring lumber shipments. For a great deal of building was going on, in spite of the terrible drought and famine in the Yang-tse Valley that year. He sent relief to the sufferers; and a little later, at home, he was given another chance to prove his friendship for the Chinese. For a big steel manufacturer by the name of Wong Kwong had come to America with his wife and was detained at Angel Island, the immigration station out in San Francisco Bay. He telephoned to San Francisco to his old friend Dollar for aid, and here is the captain's own account of the incident that followed:

"I replied that I would be over as fast as the propellers of a launch could get me there. On the island I located the chief inspector and asked him what he required for the release of Mr. and Mrs. Kwong. He cited the law at length and wound up by telling me that a $10,000 cash bond stood between them and entrance into the United States. I at once gave him my personal check for this amount. While he was preparing the necessary papers I asked that my friends be brought to the inspector's office.

"This was done, and Mr. Kwong thanked me in clear, precise English. His wife, who had been a school-teacher in Honolulu and spoke English as well as Chinese, said nothing, but smiled her thanks. When the inspector had completed his clerical work and announced that the Kwongs could now make their way to San Francisco, Mr. Kwong drew a wallet from his pocket and showed a letter of credit for $500,000. He said to the inspector:

"'I only wished to enter the United States in order that I might purchase a blast furnace in Pittsburgh. My company is starting a new unit of construction in Hankow and will require this furnace. But after this cordial official reception, I feel that my business can be transacted better in England. Tomorrow my wife and I will go to New York and there board the first outbound steamer.'"

To the Rescue

"Kwong lived up to the statement he made. There is a half-million-dollar blast furnace of British manufacture now being fired in Hankow. Restricted immigration is something I whole-heartedly favor when it is carried out right, but we, as a nation, are committing trade suicide when we bar from our country men of wealth and position who have come here to buy. . . . American trade lost more than Kwong's half million dollars, for he will ever be bitter regarding his experience, and he has many influential friends in China, who constantly import commodities. . . . As time goes on and our industries increase ten, twenty, one-hundred fold, we will be forced to depend more on world markets. So we should keep all our present-day trade relations, in order that they may multiply in the days to come."

How he kept and strengthened his own relations in the Far East was shown again later that same year. For when the big earthquake came in Japan, he ordered several of his ships, that were in Chinese waters, placed at once at the disposal of the rescue officials, so that food and other supplies could be rushed over to Japan.

"We loaded the first ship ourselves with rice at Shanghai," said Harold, his son, "and it reached Japan only three days after the disaster. Except for government vessels, ours was the first to bring relief."

Meanwhile, in the spring of that year, Captain Dollar and his wife had gone to New Orleans to attend the tenth annual meeting of the Foreign Trade Convention, in which his interest had been so keen and active from the start. Thence he went on up to New York; and while looking after his business there, he gave a luncheon at India House to more than a hundred shipping friends. To show how our merchant marine was already falling back again, he told them that his company was operating the only two privately owned American ships in the transpacific trade; and outside of the West India route, there were only fourteen passenger boats and twenty-two freighters on the Atlantic, privately owned and run under our flag. For the Seamen's Bill, now back in force, and other legislation, too, hindered American shipping still.

Holding the Strings

"We must get together," he said, "and get rid of our harmful marine laws, so that we may all be given at least an even break with the other nations. In the English Houses of Parliament, forty-nine shipowners are members, while in our Congress there is not one. . . . The time will come when we shipping men, like those in other industries, will find that as a means of self-protection we will have to be represented in Congress by our big executives, who know what we need in the way of laws. . . . Though the American nation is the biggest shipper in the world, it does not want a monopoly of ocean commerce. But with the backing of Congress putting us on exactly the same basis as our foreign competitors, it will be easy for America to get its fair share of ocean trade."

This speech was only one more effort in the captain's long campaign to change American shipping laws; and what has been accomplished since, we shall come to later on. Meanwhile, in that year of 1923, the shipping slump was about at an end, and his boats around the world were getting better freights. As his business kept expanding still, the careful Scotchman began to feel the dangers inherent in such fast growth; and old as he was, he kept his hand on his whole big organization still.

"The larger the business," he wrote at the time, "the more I consider the personal touch of the chief executive necessary. One of the ways in which I put this theory into practice is personally to examine all of our steamers at frequent intervals. I try to make it a custom to go on board as soon as the vessel I am to inspect has docked. In the company of the officers, I thoroughly go over the ship, offering suggestions and criticisms when necessary. If everything is to my satisfaction, I tell the officers so."

At the office in San Francisco he kept close watch on his growing traffic department, and letters and cables and telegrams went back and forth between his desk and his scores of offices and agencies all over the globe. They came from his son Stanley, too, who was again in Washington, trying to buy more passenger ships.

"Daily telegraphic reports," he said, "kept me informed of conditions there."

Having so far failed to buy the five President liners up at Seattle, Stanley Dollar early that fall bought from the Shipping Board seven others, that had been running out of San Francisco to the Orient.

The Dollar Company up till then had done its own financing, and they have until this day, but at that time the captain felt that he might possibly need aid, so he asked a banker friend in Chicago to underwrite an issue of bonds.

"Shipping conditions were still so bad," another banker told me, "that the Chicago banking house felt they might have trouble to float the issue; so they asked Robert Dollar to come to Chicago. He spoke one night at a dinner there to a group of capitalists who had never seen him before, and the next day the issue was oversubscribed! For there's something about that old Scotch Yankee that makes men believe in him."

When I told the captain this little yarn, he chuckled quietly and said:

"The joke of it was that, as things turned out, we never needed that money at all. So the issue was stopped, and I had all the trouble and expense of my trip to Chicago without any need. Still, I did make some valuable friends among those men that evening."

Tomorrow at Four o'Clock

The seven big vessels his son had bought were also called President liners, on account of the names they bore; and because of their length they were known as the 522's. They were boats of more than 10,000 tons, well equipped for first-class passengers, with many private bathrooms, and beds in all cabins instead of bunks, while some of them were fitted up for second class and steerage too. They had been on the trans-pacific run. But having learned the passenger business on the government boats at Seattle and, through his freight service, having built up a long chain of offices and agencies in the Orient and all the way around to New York, Captain Dollar was now ready at last to realize his long-cherished dream of a freight and passenger line running all around the globe. His son Stanley had secured mail contracts to the Orient, and they decided to put all seven vessels into service at once, running them one way—always west—in an endless chain around the world, on a regular two-week schedule. His competitors warned him it would not pay, but the old Scotchman held to his course.

"Such an undertaking," he wrote at the time, "called for a lot of pioneer work, but we thought it a good proposition. We were doing what no other company had ever attempted to do before. Frankly, I think that we are engaged in one of the biggest ventures ever undertaken in the history of shipping."

He decided to go ahead of the President Harrison, their first boat, to prepare for her coming and learn of conditions in the various ports of call selected all around the world. So he sailed with his wife on another boat on November 10, 1923. Before leaving San Francisco, he gave a luncheon on board the new ship for all his home-port employes; and in his farewell talk that day he said that every one of them, down to the youngest boy or girl, was playing an important part in helping him to make a success of this greatest venture of his life. Many were there who had grown up in the service of his company, among them Hugo Lorber, his first office boy, now partner and one of the heads of the business. The other high positions, too, were filled by men who had been with him long. They knew him well; they were used to his ways; they called him Father, Senior or Captain. Though he did not pay high salaries, every man and boy and girl in the whole organization got bonuses at Christmastime, proportioned to the length of service, while those in his foreign employ got long furloughs now and then. And all this had brought results.

"I never saw such loyalty in an organization in my life," one of his captains told me. "Although he makes us all work hard, we know the Old Man works harder still; and his white hair and determination make men jump and put things through. Only about two years ago I brought one of his liners into this port with boiler trouble. The weather was stormy and it looked certain we would be delayed some time. But he came into my cabin up on the bridge that morning—he was then about eighty-three years old—and threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. 'Come on down to the engine room!' he said. 'This ship sails tomorrow at four o'clock!' And by the great clock of Jehovah, we did!"

The Harrison, on her maiden voyage, Captain Dollar told me, took a big party of business men representing chambers of commerce and our large exporting firms, to push our goods in the Orient.

"It was something I'd preached for years," he said. "I sent invitations up and down the Pacific Coast and all over the country; and they came not only from here but from Los Angeles, New Orleans and even the Atlantic States. Chambers of commerce in the East sent exhibits of machinery, and those on this coast sent large displays of tinned fruits and vegetables, sardines and other commodities. They sent a man ahead with me, to arrange to show the displays. And in every port I went myself to merchants at all likely to buy American products, and stirred up their interest in the coming of our ship. I also asked them for freights from there on. In each port, too, I wished to make sure that our local force was strong enough to meet the new demands to be made. On the North Pacific we had already built up a passenger organization for our Admiral Oriental Line, but we needed more men now, especially farther to the south, for we'd handled only freight down there, and passenger and freight men are absolutely different. However, my son Harold had been hard at work and I found most of our offices well up to the new requirements."

Arriving in Yokohama only a short time after the great earthquake, he saw ruined buildings everywhere, including that of his company. The Admiral Oriental Line had set up offices in a little house near by, and the other steamship companies were all located in similar shacks.

"You can well imagine my feelings," he wrote, "when I was in our office and felt the ground begin to tremble under me. One of our officials with whom I was talking at the time, treated the matter lightly, even though he and myself, in common with everyone else in sight, rushed out of the office into the street."

A Scotch Joke

His son Harold met him at Kobe, where there was a rush of business diverted from Yokohama after the catastrophe. And having planned ahead in detail for the reception of his new ship, he went on to Shanghai. All over China he was impressed by the rapid growth of American trade. In Tientsin the American Association, and in Peking the Rotary Club, gave large luncheons in his honor; and in Hankow he was entertained by our new chamber of commerce there.

"It caused me genuine surprise," he wrote, "to see such a large gathering of Americans in a city so far in the interior. . . . American business methods have taken a firm hold in China, and wherever marked progress has occurred, it is safe to assume that Americans were associated with the forward stride."

Other luncheons and banquets were given in his honor there; and across the river at Wuchang—the same place where soldiers some years before had spared the Dollar Y. M. C. A.—Captain Dollar and his wife were invited to luncheon by the governor of the province. His local manager warned him:

"Surely you aren't going there. It has been published in all the papers, both English and Chinese, that you have said the only way to end the civil war is to hang all the *tuchuns*—generals. The governor is one of them! Don't you think he will make you the first victim? I advise you not to go!"

But the captain laughed at his manager's fears and went over to Wuchang with his

(Continued on Page 149)

Consult the 'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide' for colors best suited to your type . . . blonde, brunette or titian. Sent free upon request or at your merchant's

When first you see the Jantzen *Twosome*, you vow that it's a two-piece suit! Striped or plain uppers contrasting with trunks . . . belt loops over a belt-like waist stripe . . . realistic silk buckle . . . all give this effect. But when you wear this smart looking suit, you find the smoothness, comfort and freedom of a one-piece suit!

Like all Jantzens, it is tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. The permanent elasticity of Jantzen-stitch assures you a perfect fit . . . in or out of water . . . *always!* See this and other new Jantzen models on display at leading stores here and abroad. Conveniently buttonless in sizes to 42; larger sizes with unbreakable rubber button. Colorful, color-fast hues. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Address Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 56, Portland, Oregon, for free 'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide'

SILVER FLEET NOT A SINGLE FAILURE

The 60 famous Silvertowns on Silver Fleet

FIRST GOAL REACHED. Here they are at the western end of the long, long trail. The pilots lined up before the speakers' stand are receiving Mayor Cryer's congratulations. Small photo at right shows charming Miss Anita Page official hostess, and Mayor Cryer as they looked over the list of famous people who had signed the Good Will Scroll on its westward journey

UNDER a glorious California sun a milling crowd gathered. Three thousand . . . five thousand . . . ten thousand waiting people, filling the lawns and sidewalks before the Goodrich Pacific factory.

On the platform, waited Mayor Cryer . . . Los Angeles City Councilmen . . . charming Miss Anita Page, official hostess . . . other notables. A shout . . . "Here they come!" The crowd surged against police lines

And through streets lined with waving palms and fragrant eucalyptus, 15 shining silver cars rolled slowly, majestically, triumphantly into the empty parking space

A long, long trail had reached its end. A trail that stretched back through 23 states. A trail 12,000 miles long . . . and marked by every conceivable hardship from snow and ice and mud in the east to a 250-mile struggle with a day-long sand storm in the great southwest.

To many motorists, 12,000 miles without a single blowout or carcass failure is a good record . . .

A STORY IN TWO PICTURES. The big picture shows some of the country through which the Fleet journeyed before reaching the coast. The small photo shows a pilot "weighing in" his tire at Los Angeles. The slow-wearing quality of Silvertowns was demonstrated when scales showed only a small loss of weight.

Goodrich

REACHES COAST! IN 720,000 TIRE MILES

negotiate Coast Run without one major trouble

But with the Silver Fleet, 60 tires have covered 12,000 miles of highway and byway . . . 720,000 tire miles through mud, sand, rock, gravel . . . without tire failure or major injury.

Tests made in Los Angeles show average loss of but 9% in weight. Typical treads show negligible wear. And the durometer shows tread and side-wall rubber still possessing the firm, sound resiliency of new tires.

To be sure, these Silvertowns show occasional marks of the months-long battle with roads . .

But ask those who saw these Silvertowns in Los Angeles . . . "Will they last the long, hard road back? Do you think they'll stand ten, twelve, fifteen thousand more miles?" . .

And you'll get a most emphatic answer . . . "They certainly will!"

What it means to motorists

The run of the Silver Fleet shows you what you can expect when you put Silvertowns on your car. For remember . . . these are not only stock tires, but stock tires on stock cars. On light cars and heavy . . . fours, sixes and eights. On cars just like yours . . . in weight, size, tire requirements . . . probably even in make.

And to secure such tires . . . you have only to see the nearest Goodrich dealer. He has blood-brothers of the Silver Fleet Silvertowns in his stock, ready for mounting on your car whenever you give the word.

If it has not already visited your section of the country, be on the lookout for the Silver Fleet. Sooner or later it will reach you. Give you the opportunity of seeing this tire-history-making caravan.

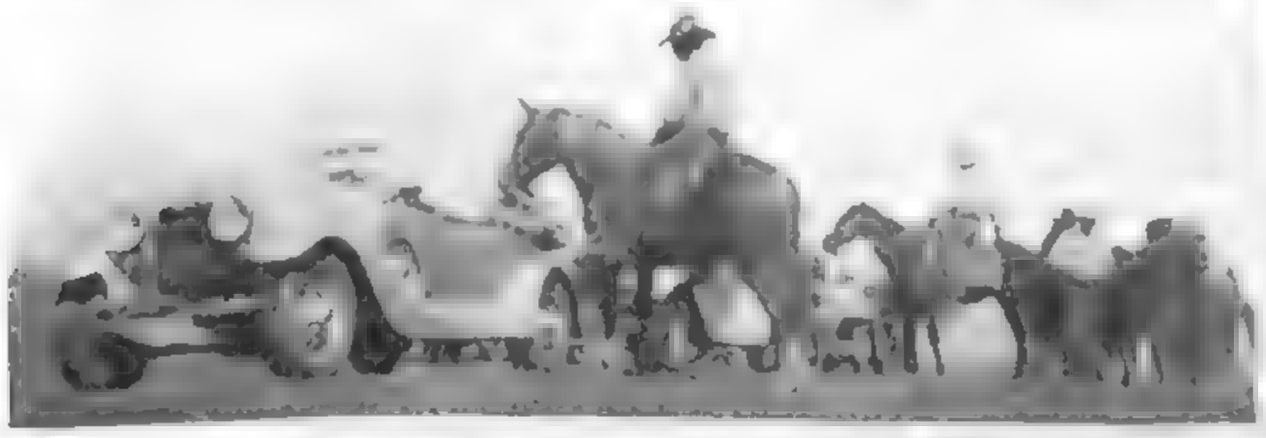
In the meantime . . . learn about its tires from your Goodrich dealer. Let him show you exact duplicates in the size for your car. He has them in stock.

It will pay you to buy your Silvertowns now . . . and begin at once to enjoy the comfort, the mileage, the safety, the solid satisfaction that the travels of the Silver Fleet have shown Goodrich Tires give.

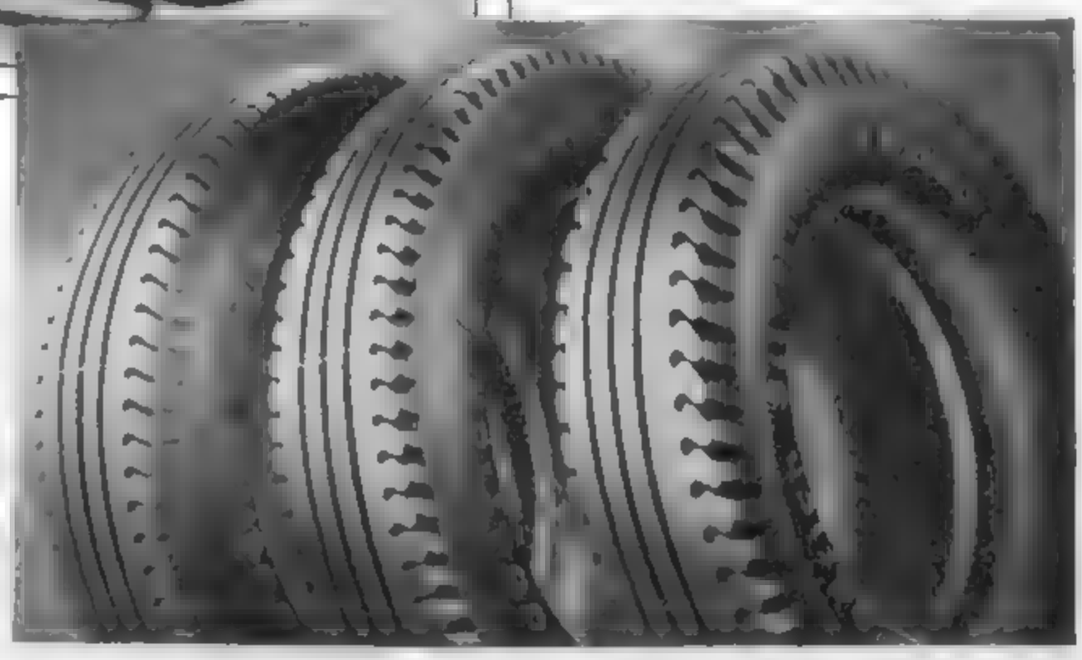
Drop around to the nearest Goodrich dealer's store today. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

SILVER FLEET'S "Buck Horse." Here's a pilot making a load test of the big, six-ton Mack truck which accompanied the Fleet. Photo gives you an idea of how Silvertowns came through the journey, even in the hardest sort of heavy-load carrying service

"WHAT! 12,000 MILES?" Here are some of the welcoming committee examining the front tire on the Silver Fleet flagship in Los Angeles. "Certainly doesn't look like that tire has gone 12,000 miles," said one. But the speedometer then read 12,075 miles and they were tough miles, too!



SILVER FLEET IN THE GOLDEN WEST. A group of cowboys pause in their work to look the Silver Fleet over carefully. Even their mounts seem to be interested in the spectacle the Fleet presents



SILVERTOWN DE LUXE (*Right*) Superlative style and service . . . a tire that outlives your car. Designed to grace any car . . . Built to master every road. THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN (*Center*) The recognized standard of tire quality everywhere. Made by the water-cure process . . . of stretch-matched cords GOODRICH CAVALIER (*Left*) A new tire. High quality at amazingly low prices.

Silvertowns

Where "First Impressions" *are formed . . .*

The Entrance to Your Home

If it's a doorway of
Curtis Period Woodwork
it's a promise of beauty within

From an old English Doorway

IF you value "first impressions" — and who doesn't? — you will plan the entrance to your home with utmost care. The thousands who are but passers-by gain their first, and perhaps only, impression of your home from its entrance. Your guests form their first judgment in those few seconds between the touch of the bell and your answer to its summons.

Where good taste in design is so imperative, you will find just the help you've wanted in beautiful period reproductions by Curtis. The English doorway pictured here—while among the latest Curtis Woodwork reproductions—is but one of many striking designs from which you may choose.

Indeed, those who intend to build or remodel have a real thrill awaiting them in the endless possibilities of Curtis period woodwork. Curtis designers—themselves professional architects—have drawn inspiration from the master artisans of history.

There are exquisite mantels to give a *different* touch to your living room, stairwork that will make your hall a charming introduction to your home, as well as many period doorways to give character to the "face" of your home. (And then, too, there's a special delight for the housewife in the many unique Curtis kitchen units of truly amazing convenience; here she'll find her "model kitchen".)

Curtis period reproductions, you will be interested to note, are made in limited quantities only—thus protecting the individuality of your selection. Yet Curtis vast facilities make it possible to produce them at a cost no greater than that of good ordinary woodwork.

THE entrance to your home, more than any other single feature, is its outward expression of inner hospitality and beauty. The Curtis doorway pictured here, although English in origin, is noticeably influenced by the Spanish. It is appropriate to almost any of the various types of architecture popular today. This entrance, including frame C-1783 and door C-1085, is available from Curtis dealers' present stocks at less than $60.00

Other reproductions of famous old pieces of woodwork included in the Curtis line are Stairwork from the Burlington County Court House, 1796, the William Judson house, 1723, and the George Reed II house, 1791; mantels from the Webb house, 1752, and the Vernon house, 1758, also mantels, entrances, and stairwork drawn from English inspiration.

Your nearest Curtis dealer (if you do not know his name, write us) will be glad to tell you about the beautiful woodwork in the Curtis line. Ask him to show you our complete catalogue. Let him advise and assist you in your building and remodeling plans.

We have prepared attractive literature describing our period pieces and offering valuable hints to guide you in building or remodeling. Mail us the coupon below and we shall be glad to send you literature on Curtis period stairwork and other designs—*free*.

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau, 905 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

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Visit Curtis Woodwork, Inc., Display Rooms and Sales Office, Room 201, 9 East 41st Street, New York City. Chicago Display Rooms, Curtis Door & Sash Co., 1414 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU,
905 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

I should be pleased to receive some literature about Curtis entrance reproductions and other designs, with complete information

Name _____

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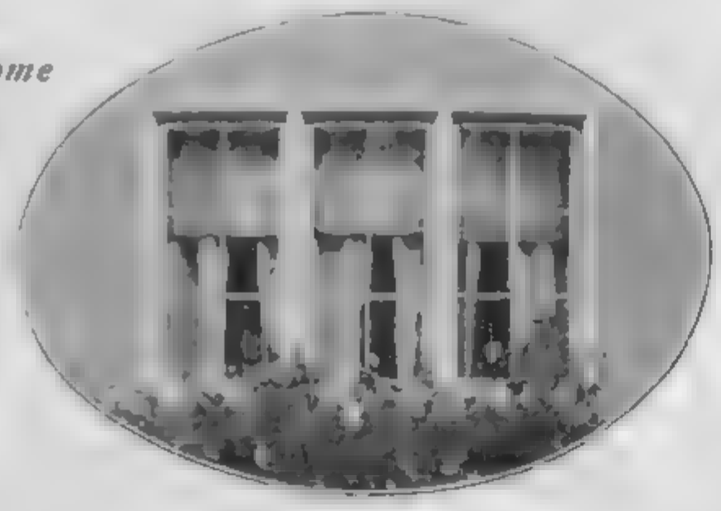
Curtis Woodwork Throughout Your Home



This group of three casement windows, built by Curtis, is an attractive feature entirely appropriate to the English or early American type of house. Curtis applies the same care in the design and manufacture of windows, doors, trim and porchwork that you see in the most elaborate period reproductions. You would do well to arrange with your dealer now to have Curtis Woodwork throughout.

1865 CURTIS WOODWORK

This trade-mark appears only on Curtis Woodwork and no item of woodwork that does not bear this mark is genuine Curtis Woodwork. For your own protection, be sure this mark is on each piece

Continued from Page 145

wife. On reaching the governor's yamen, they found two regiments of soldiers drawn up to receive them. "And the whole entertainment," he wrote, "showed that he could not do enough for us. During the conversation I asked him if he had seen the statement in the papers. He laughed and said that for days he had received dozens of papers, some with headlines that announced Robert Dollar had said all the *tuchuns* should be hanged to telegraph poles. I offered to explain, but he interrupted by saying he knew I just said this in fun."

But there were trouble makers for his business in China still. Down at Shanghai he inspected two of his river steamers and found the armor plate of both vessels peppered well with bullet marks; both from the attacks of brigands and from scattered volleys in the almost incessant civil wars.

"There is no use trying to argue with the various leaders of the insurgent armies," he wrote, "as they make their living out of the money they can extract from the dear public. We think it wiser to stick to the middle course and, after taking all precautions necessary for the safety of our employes, continue running our river steamers on a regular schedule under the protection of our Navy."

In spite of all disturbances, his river boats had been bringing down enormous quantities of freight for his ocean-going ships. He was planning to put most of his freighters back into the transpacific trade and let the seven President liners take care of both freight and passengers in the service around the world.

"I concentrated my energies on cargoes on that trip," he told me, "and was busy in every port from early morning until night, and often in the evenings too."

A Tip for Santa Claus

From Shanghai he went out to his feather factory at Wuhu and found plenty of activity there. But this business was about the last of those he ran in the Orient to supply cargoes for his ships. Nor did he trade in cargoes now. He did not have to. Times were better, his big organization was in fine shape, and his many offices were piling freight upon his wharves. In Shanghai, where his company owned 1000 feet of water front, he found the warehouses overcrowded and planned to put up a new one at once, about 450 feet long by 100 feet in width. Just back of his lumberyards he had built a village for his 700 Chinese employes and also a school for their children. This he had turned over to Foo, their old stevedore and headman. "Manage this yourselves," he had said; and Chinese teachers had been employed. The day before Christmas he visited there and found the school overcrowded with children and many others eager to join. This was an indication of the new order of things in China, he said; for it was the first free school of its kind anywhere in that part of the country. He ordered a new schoolhouse built, large enough to handle 160 boys and girls. And he played Santa Claus that day.

"I wanted to give them what they liked," he told me, "not what American children would like; for I've learned it's always better to do that way with foreigners. So I asked old Foo to get the presents, and he brought me three big bags, one filled with nuts, another with candy, and the third with big copper pennies. That was what they wanted, he said. And they liked the gifts so well that the news was quickly spread, and a couple of hundred little Chinese came from the village on the run! Luckily, old Foo had expected just such a situation, so we had an abundance for all."

This was only one of the ways, large and small, by which he made friends with the Chinese. Before his departure from Shanghai that year, the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce gave him a banquet, at which one of their leaders said:

"Your personal friendly intercourse with the Chinese; your great vision of immense developments on the Pacific; and above all, your phenomenal rise from a humble beginning to the position of a foremost industrial and commercial leader of the world; your countless philanthropic deeds and your zeal for the cause of education, make your personality and achievements a fruitful source of edification and encouragement, not merely for the business men of China but for all Chinese young men, because your successful career has been built upon the solid foundation of high moral principles. . . . As we understand that you are going to give yourself at least another twenty years of active work, we hope you will continue to make frequent trips across the Pacific, so that we may see more of you and profit more by your valuable guidance in our efforts to promote the existing happy commercial relations between the United States and China."

Up Three Flights

From Shanghai he crossed with his son to Manila and spent a week arranging for the coming of their new ship. He went down to Java after that, and thence on to Singapore, where he talked to the British harbor officials, meeting ready cooperation, he said.

"Some of the British shipping lines in Singapore," he told me, "had been afraid this Yankee was coming to cut rates in their trade, but I was able to convince them that we planned nothing of the kind; and later, in London, I had a talk with Lord Inchcape of the P. and O. He had been greatly surprised to learn that we had not cut freight rates at all and that our rates for passengers were even higher than his own.

"'Why did you do it, Dollar?' he asked.

"'Because I don't want you to say I'm not treating you fellows fairly,' I answered. 'I'll stick to those rates.' And we have ever since. But as we have beds and not bunks in our staterooms, and since we have been able to serve fresh California fruits and vegetables and salads on board, even at the higher rates we have succeeded in getting the trade."

Captain Dollar was always for making friends with his competitors, and he had a special liking always for the British too. During his stay at Singapore he spent a large part of one busy day inspecting the British naval base and their plans to strengthen it. And he strongly approved of that. For he felt that Singapore and the Panama Canal were the two great gates to the Pacific, and he believed it vital to the whole English-speaking world and future peace on the Pacific that these two strategic points be held, the one by England and the other by the United States.

But while friendly to competitors, he had come to Singapore to get cargoes for his ships, and in the few days he had in that port he made nearly fifty personal calls on bankers and merchants of various kinds. One prominent rubber merchant had an office up three flights of stairs, and the captain climbed them three times in one day, until he found the Britisher in, toward the end of the afternoon.

"How old are you, Captain Dollar?" he asked.

"Not quite eighty," was the reply.

"And yet you climbed three flights of stairs three times today to see me! You must want my rubber bad for your ships, and you're going to get it!"

This rubber—the most valuable and the principal cargo there—poured in from the Straits Settlements, the Dutch East Indies, Penang, and Colombo. The sailings to the United States were few and irregular at that time, and the trip to Boston and New York took from sixty to ninety days, so the rubber merchants had to concentrate large quantities at Singapore, and warehouse charges, marine insurance and interest on investment amounted to considerable sums.

"Into this trade," said one of his men, "Captain Dollar came at that time. 'I'm not going to cut rates,' he said, 'but I'll give you a fast and regular service, and pay strict attention to your business. Why not try me for a while?' The Singapore merchants liked him and said, 'We'll give the old man a little. He can't live long.' But he has lived and has given them, too, the fast regular service he promised, cutting down the time of passage to a sure thirty-seven days to Boston and only forty to New York. Punctual to the minute, his ships have left Singapore twice a month. And this has meant an enormous saving for rubber shipped over his line. The result has been that rubber today is our biggest cargo from the Orient to the Atlantic; and we carry great quantities, too, back across the Pacific on our transpacific line."

And it all began when the captain climbed three flights of stairs three times in a day and made another valuable friend.

From Singapore he went on to Penang, on a small French steamer, with his wife. It was the fifth boat on which they had traveled since leaving home, and each of the five had been of a different nationality—American, Chinese, British, Dutch and French. He was glad to acquaint himself, he said, with the different kinds of passenger service and so get all the pointers he could for his own new line around the world. He kept examining everywhere harbor conditions and hotels, and from Penang he planned motor trips for his future travelers. But his principal energy went into cargo hunting still.

"The most valuable freight in Penang was pig tin," the captain of the Harrison told me, "and the British companies had it all sewed up so tight it was mighty hard for Captain Dollar to pry loose any cargo there. But he kept at it, and at last, out of courtesy, they gave him fifty tons of tin for our ship, while our main competitor took about 5000 tons that month. But ten months later times had changed. We got 5000; they got fifty. And we kept working up that trade till we took more than half the tin out of that port. It meant hustling at the start, but he was absolutely tireless, always going after it, from breakfast at seven until night. He was working like that at Colombo when we came along and picked him up. And he was glad to see our ship."

Right to the Bell

"Our red flag with its white dollar sign was still new to most people down that way, but we had been busy since leaving home in making it a familiar sight. The chamber-of-commerce boys on board had landed at every port of call with big displays of American goods, while ahead of us the captain had been showing samples of canned fruits and vegetables from the Coast. That was the start of a fine big trade. We kept boosting America all the time, and we got good results from that trip, in both freight and passengers.

"He was a grand old gentleman for punctuality, from the start. We went around the world that year on a schedule to the hour and minute, and we were right on time to the bell at each and every port of call. He saw to that when he was on board. Once, while we were lying in port, he came up on the bridge and told me: 'There's one of our freighters just come in, and her captain says it may take him a week to unload his cargo and load again. I've sent for him.' The captain arrived. 'Look here,' Captain Dollar said, 'you're working for the Dollar Line now! You're going to take your ship out of this port in forty-eight hours!' And he did.

"It was the same way out at sea. Every morning he was up at six, had his breakfast at seven with me, and from then on spent most of the day in looking us over from stem to stern. We never knew what he would want to see next, for he knew as much about a ship as any shipbuilder, and more than some. He'd take a little nap after luncheon, then go at it again in the afternoon. I liked to go with him; I love a ship and we got on fine together. But down on the Indian Ocean, one afternoon when the thermometer showed 120 degrees, I tell

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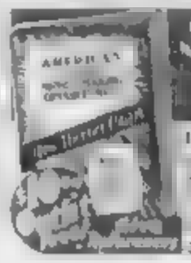

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THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"
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you the old gentleman had me uneasy for a while. I had taken him down to our post office; and coming up the ladder, he struck his head on a steel beam and cut a big gash in his forehead. I rushed him to the sick bay and the doctor fixed him up. 'Now let's go look at the steerage,' he said.

"But when he got going too strong his wife would lay a hand on him, for she was watching him all the time. 'Now, father, father,' she would say, and pretty soon he'd quiet down. She was a kind woman, too, always taking the other fellow's part. The Seamen's Bill required that we give our crew part pay in every foreign port of call, and some of 'em always came back drunk. The captain hated liquor like poison, and when he was angry he had a powerful line of talk. He was making the atmosphere crackle one day, when I heard her say to him.

"'You can't be sure he was really drunk. Now, father, father, quiet down, and do nothing you'll be sorry for.'"

Evening the Score

"The old captain was Scotch and he liked his tea, and they took it up here on the bridge with me. One afternoon at teatime Mrs. Dollar came up with two friends. The captain was still at his nap and she hadn't liked to waken him, but about 4:30 up he came, looking somewhat peevish. 'Fine trick you played on me,' he said. A few nights later the two of them were up on the bridge again, enjoying the moonlight on the Red Sea. And the old lady fell asleep. The captain came tiptoeing over to me. 'I'm going to play a little trick on mother,' he whispered, and went on down. An hour later she woke up. 'What's happened? Where is father?' she cried. I took her down to their cabin and we found him chuckling in bed. 'Now, mother, I'm even with you,' he said.

"At Suez he left us and with his wife made a flying motor trip to Egypt. The Egyptian Parliament assembled at Cairo for him to address them—which he did—on American trade and shipping and the value of international peace. Then he jumped to Alexandria, and in the egg market there he bought two big crates of eggs—1400 to a crate and costing about two cents apiece. We had refrigerators on board and he gave us the eggs to see how they would ride and if he could sell them in New York. He missed out on that experiment on account of the high duty there. But in the famous onion market in Alexandria, an old Serbian dealer came up and asked:

"'You Captain Dollar?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'I understand you run ships around world.'

"'I do.'

"'Well, I have plenty onions to ship, but English say if I ship with you they shut me out of London damn quick.'

"'How many bags?' the captain asked.

"'Five thousand.'

"'Then you give 'em to me. I don't believe they'll shut you out, but if they do, I've got four freighters in these waters and I'm ready to guarantee to take your onions to England till those fellows get sick of it.'

"So we took the 5000 bags to New York, and that was the beginning of a big trade with America. But in the meantime, understand, he wasn't fighting anyone. He never does. In Alexandria he called on many of his competitors and found them all very friendly, he said. He found them so in Italy, too—at Naples and at Genoa—and in Marseilles the French laid themselves out to entertain him and boost their city as a port of call for his ships. In the Marseilles chamber of commerce they gave him a big reception and showed a panorama picture of their new harbor and canal. We were all togged up of course. I was in dress uniform. But right in the midst of the ceremony he turned to me and whispered:

"'Say, you'd better take a taxi down to the ship and see if they're getting out that cargo.'

"Yes, sir, we always sailed on time."

From there the captain took train to Paris, in order to get in friendly touch with the owners of French steamship lines: and later, in London, he went to a meeting of all the big shipowners in England.

"We had applied," he told me, "to get into the Atlantic Far Eastern Conference, made up of most of the European and also the Japanese lines, and controlling the carrying trade between the Far East and the Mediterranean, the Atlantic and the United States. An official of the P. and O. presided at their meeting that day. I had been asked to come at eleven. The rest of them had met before that, and when I arrived the chairman said:

"'We've discussed your application and have decided to allow you to come into the conference under three conditions.'

"I did not like the sound of that, but instead of blab and bluster, I answered very quietly.

"'I was thinking of only two,' I said. And when he asked me what I meant, I explained that I had two questions in mind: 'First, would it be advisable for you to have us in at all? And second, would it be really wise for my company to come in with you?' That caused a stir all over the room. 'Now, Mr. Chairman, what is your first condition?' I asked."

An Unconditional Surrender

"'That you carry no silk from the Orient to the United States,' he replied. This was pretty tough on our company, but I answered in a friendly way:

"'Is this condition necessary? You've got faster vessels than ours and I find it hard to believe you will lose any silk on our account.' Then I turned to Holt of the Blue Funnel Line. 'Richard,' I said, 'you don't carry much silk across the Pacific, because there our ships are faster than yours.' And he readily admitted that. 'Well, then, gentlemen,' I asked, 'why shouldn't the same hold true on this route? For here your ships are the faster ones. Why not leave it all to free competition?' And I went on to talk about that, asking them to be fair and reasonable. Finally the chairman said:

"'Very well, Mr. Dollar; the contract will be ready for you to sign at three o'clock this afternoon.'

"'I will be here at three,' I replied, 'but I won't sign the contract then. I'll sleep on it and be back tomorrow to talk to your secretary.' For I had not heard as yet the two other conditions that were to go in."

"What were they?" I asked. The old Scotch-American looked back with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"I'll never tell you," he answered, "because I never learned myself. For when I came back at three o'clock, there were no conditions at all. We started to carry silk soon afterward and have carried it ever since, but they lost very little on our account, just as I had told them, because, as I foresaw at the time, there has been an enormous growth of that trade and so there was silk for all of us. I had carried my point that day simply by following my old rule to keep friendly with competitors. In the five years that have passed since then, we've had no trouble of any kind. One of our men at Colombo did try rate cutting for a while, but the minute I learned of it I fired him and cabled the conference what I had done. Their secretary told me last year: 'We have not had one word of criticism of you since you joined us.' But while avoiding ruinous rate wars, we shipping men have by no means been charging all the traffic will bear. If you follow that old motto, you're just digging a grave for yourself. We charge all it can reasonably bear. And the proof that rates have been reasonable is found in the tremendous growth of American foreign trade since the ending of the war."

A Scene in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

A Golden Jubilee

Before leaving England that year, he took his wife up to Falkirk, the old Scotch town where he had been born; and on his eightieth birthday there, they were given a banquet in the town hall and a luncheon in the manor house of Dollar Park, one of his many gifts to the town. Then they sailed for America, and both in Boston and New York, his two ports of call on this coast, he was given official receptions of congratulation on the starting of his new line. Thence they went home to San Francisco. For more than six months he had lived and worked and planned for his shipping, day and night. But he was a lumberman, too, and he had not been home more than a week when he felt an urgent need to look over his lumber camps and mills. It meant a long hard journey up north. At San Rafael his wife had just reopened their house and he advised her to stay there and rest. She was seventy-two years old at the time.

"Are you sure you've got to go?" she asked.

"I am."

"Then I am going too."

So they started together on a trip of something more than 3000 miles, up into the forests of Oregon and of British Columbia, by train and motor and river boat, inspecting his various logging camps and some timberland he intended to buy, planning a railroad into the forest and looking over his two big saw mills—one at Portland and the other across the border at Dollarton. He found his business going well, with several of his lumber vessels loading at Vancouver both for the Pacific Coast and for China and Japan, India, Australia and New York. And though he worked and traveled hard, he came home refreshed by his trip.

"The woods are second nature to me. It gives me new life to be in them," he said.

Captain Dollar and his wife had now been married fifty years. In all those years he had rarely stayed in one place more than a few months at a time; and on nearly every trip he made, his wife had gone along with him. They figured out for me one day that they had journeyed more than 1,000,000 miles together. And they had friends all over the globe. In that year of 1924, about 700 people came out from San Francisco to their golden wedding at San Rafael, where they held a reception in their garden, with strings of flags from their many ships used to decorate the grounds. Sheaves of letters, cables and telegrams poured in from all corners of the earth. One of them said:

"You have done more to promote the development of the commerce of the United States in foreign countries than any other citizen, and you have done most of it after the time when men generally feel like taking life easy and transferring the burden of active work to younger shoulders."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Poole. The fifth and last will appear next week.

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to express the decorative interest of REAL TILES

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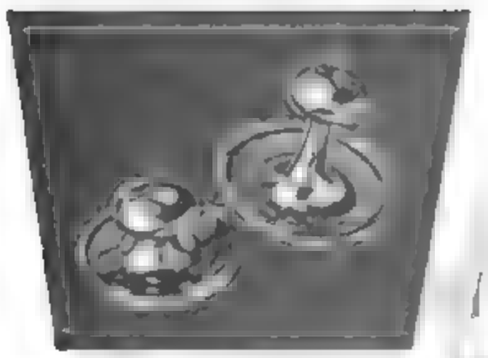

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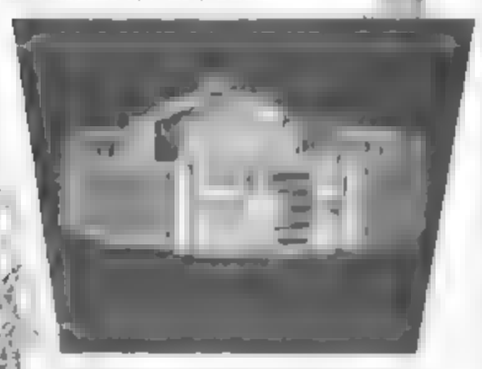

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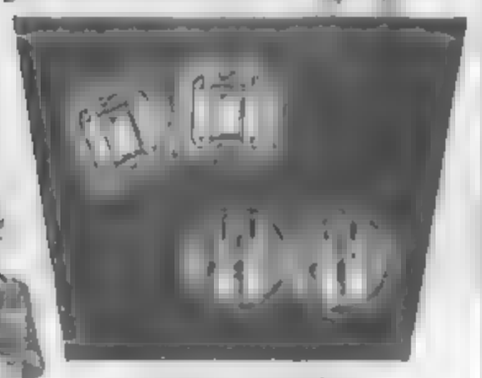

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Jewelry for Men

NIGHT LETTER

Continued from Page 151

happening. No chance for change or staleness. And you always think that here is something that will straighten everything out, make everything all right. Especially in the morning, when night letters arrive. They oughtn't to put a curse on the day."

"I suppose that was why you were putting such a lot of effort on yours."

"I didn't do so well. I wish I had it back."

Simon was listening to her. But he was seeing Rosalie as she would be tomorrow morning. She was sure of him and his devotion, and yet there was that curious streak of lack of confidence in her that took so much flattery and always wanted such a tremendous lot of love. She'd tear that thing open, expecting help. Of course she didn't really realize the way she acted. It wasn't as if she ever got into anybody's mind but her own. She couldn't. She deserved it all right, but just the same —— He stirred uneasily.

The lights went on. The drama began to move again upon the screen and the strange voices from nowhere to accompany it. But Simon scarcely saw the picture except for the girl who looked like Rosalie. She acted like Rosalie, too, keeping herself in a perpetual mess. Still, when a girl has been brought up for the center of the stage it's hardly her fault. Nor if she's been brought up to be greedy.

He said, "Well, I guess I'll stray in and stop that night letter of mine that you suspect of being vindictive. How about yours?"

She turned full on him. The most alive eyes he had ever seen looked into his. Eyes that forgot all about the person they belonged to. He was startled by her beauty. "If she is in the habit of looking at men like that, no wonder she has to sit up nights writing telegrams," thought Simon.

"Could you? You don't think it's too late?" she asked softly.

He hadn't really meant it. His remark had been just by way of saying good-by to her before going out to stop his own telegram and ponder a new one. But she took the joining of their problems literally.

"I could try. What's the name on yours?"

She hesitated.

"Oh, don't bother," she said. "Or yes, please do. The signature is Sally Hume. If you'd just ask them to hold it."

"They may not take my word for it."

"I'll come along," she decided, and pulled the little dark blue hat down over her ears again.

"You'll miss the comedy," he told her in the lobby.

She laughed. "Isn't this comedy enough?"

But after they had managed to stop the messages—which had only been done by some cajoling of the clerk, who looked suspiciously at Sally and flirtatiously at Simon—they found themselves on the street outside the office, in the scant shelter of its doorway. It still rained on as if it were never going to stop.

"Can I get you a taxi?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I'm the street-car type."

"On nights like these?"

"On any night. There'll be one along in a few minutes."

"You may be washed away by then," said Simon, and had another idea. "How about diving in down there for a cup of coffee?"

"Oh, grand," she agreed, looking at the basement cafeteria. "Only I must have more than coffee. I'd forgotten about supper. I want soup and bread and famine food."

Her touch of gayety, her open friendliness, were irresistible. He told her that he was Simon Fletcher, which obviously was nothing but one more name in the world to her. It occurred to Simon that he hadn't had so much fun with a girl for a long while. With Rosalie there was always some struggle on, some slight battle to be lost or won, some point at issue, and without Rosalie, as he had been for three months, there was always that aching lack of her, that resentment which was part of the whole thing.

They picked up trays and looked over the food carefully, simmering in its deep, hot containers or cool in its beds of ice. Crowded, the cafeteria might have been an uncomfortable place. But almost deserted like this, with a couple of silent men eating in one corner, all the tables newly scrubbed and a hungry girl at his side, Simon found it not only comfortable but appetizing.

"I am nearly always hungry," said Sally, regarding the food lovingly. "Give me two cinnamon rolls."

She also had scalloped oysters and a baked potato, honey and coffee. Simon thought of Rosalie, who ate so grudgingly and smoked so fervently. He piled himself up a reasonably heavy meal.

"No, I pay for myself," she said as they approached the cashier's desk, where they must pay before they could eat. "It keeps me respectable. Otherwise you might just have picked me up. As it is we're companions in night letters."

He laughed and let her have her way. He was enjoying himself quite unexpectedly. He was glad he had that telegram back, and the storm outside was no longer depressing. It was just a condition that made shelter and hot food and companionship pleasanter. They sat down at an enameled table, bare except for bowls of sugar and salt and pepper shakers, and enjoyed themselves further.

"After this," said Sally after a while, "you should be in a mood to send the most agreeable telegrams."

"How about you?"

"That was the trouble with mine." A shadow came across her face. "It was too agreeable."

"That ought to be a safe defect."

She shook her head. She was prettier than ever now, with her coat thrown back and a very white throat showing at the opening of the dark blue dress she wore. Her cheeks were a little flushed and her eyes had become gray. They had seemed darker in the theater, almost as black as her hair. But it was not her beauty that held Simon. It was that sense of life she gave out, as if every breath she drew were deeply charged with vitality. There was none of the feverishness that he was used to seeing in most of the girls he knew, unless they had the cultivated sporting manner, which he detested.

"No," said Sally, "it's not always safe to let your agreeableness have its head. Especially if a man thinks he's in love with you."

"It might be nice for him," suggested Simon, "though it doesn't seem the ordinary method."

"What do you mean?"

"The general idea is to keep him unhappy, isn't it? To show your power?"

"It's not my idea. I don't want to make him unhappy," she answered bitterly. "I've come five hundred miles to prevent it. I'm living at a horrible girls' hostel to prevent it. Do you suppose anyone would live at a place called the Maria Beadle Working Girls' Home from choice?"

"I didn't know," said Simon, who wrote the checks for the perpetual deficit of the Maria Beadle Home and had a picture of Maria, who had been his maternal grandmother, on the wall of his office. "I suppose not. But I don't see exactly how your living there could make any man happy."

Her voice grew a little weary again: "Oh, I'm at a distance from him."

"But that can't be what he wants."

"No," she said, "it isn't. But it's what he ought to have. And I'm so sorry for him I nearly die of it."

"Then why?" asked Simon, and quickly guessed: "You mean he's married?"

She nodded and went into quick defiance.

"But it's not like that," she told him. "He's not just one of these married hunters. There are men - grand men—who marry when they're just boys, and they always seem to pick such dreadful women, who get worse and worse."

"How do you mean, worse?"

"Oh, so fat and so dull," said Sally, "and so ghastly possessive. You can't blame a man."

"For what? For getting possessive himself?"

"For thinking he's in love with you," she answered.

"But isn't he?"

"I don't know. Perhaps a little. But of course he's in love, too, with the things he is. The things he has to be. The law business. The big cases that whirl him into prominence. The position. Not snobbish position but the knowledge that he's part of a thing that really is important. The thing that he really cares about too much to let go. And yet, he would let go ——"

"If you stayed around."

"I suppose so."

"Or sent him the very agreeable telegram."

She sighed

Simon watched her. The lashes of her eyes cast shadows. He pitied the poor fellow, wherever he was tonight, thinking of those sifted shadows on her cheeks. But still, a married man, with his ties still on him, had no business going after a girl like this. Such a decent girl. Such a generous one. Such a straight one.

"But how about you?" he asked. "How do you get on?"

She lifted her eyes, and Simon wished for a crazy moment that he were on the same side of the table and had the right to put his arm around her. There was such loneliness in them and such gallantry—hours, days of both.

"Oh, I get on all right."

He wanted very much to ask her if she loved the man, and could not quite say it. It was, very certainly, none of his business.

But after a moment she spoke again, "Perhaps the reason I get on so much better is because I don't care so much. Perhaps I'm not capable of caring very much for anyone."

He could have laughed at her, except that she was too serious. Not capable of caring, with eyes like that, with a mouth like that, with a heart that seemed ready to turn itself inside out for sheer generosity.

"You know the way you feel," said Sally, almost in reverie. "If the other person's getting on all right you can take care of yourself. You begin to get over it."

He did know. Accurately. He had been getting in just that state himself, when, satisfied that Rosalie was happy, the sky had begun to be occasionally blue again and adventure to gear itself up. Then she had sent him that telegram announcing that she had broken off with Breck Rogers: "Come at once. I need you." And again the world was confusion.

He leaned across the table, pushed away a coffee cup and put it up to Sally Hume:

"If you don't think it's safe to be agreeable to a person who thinks he's in love with you, what do you think about being disagreeable to a person who thinks she's in love with you?"

"I don't think so much of that," said Sally.

"It might act as an antidote."

"But aren't you in love with her?"

"God knows," he said.

"I think you must be to have been so violent about that night letter," she said.

"That's fear," he told her; "my particular kind of panic. She does what she wants with me. Engages me, disengages me."

"Which is she doing now?" asked Sally with some curiosity.

"Engaging, I think."

Continued on Page 154

A Surprise *in* Dentifrices:

the two-fold polishing, and quicker action, of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste

(How does the brush you used this morning compare with one of these?)

Two simple rules *for* WHITER TEETH

1 A small brush, of correct shape

Anyone can quickly win the reward of brighter, cleaner teeth. Just by attention to these simple facts, proved by experience.

Use a *small* brush of proper shape. Use it twice daily. *But do not keep it in use for more than 90 days.* After that the cleansing and polishing ability decreases rapidly, in even the *best* brush. Each 90 days get a new brush.

DR. WEST'S new toothbrush is purposely small —20% to 50% smaller than old-type brushes still sold. Its unusual shape is correct, reaching and cleansing every tooth-surface and crevice, inside and far back as thoroughly as in front.

2 A new brush each 90 days

For these reasons dentists recommend and use this famous brush. Millions of people, using it daily, have more attractive teeth. *And now the correct* original design is made even more effective by use of supremely fine materials.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S new toothbrushes for each member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c. For your protection each brush is sterilized, sealed, and guaranteed. Get some; try them; *watch teeth brighten.* Millions of people prove these facts daily.

Why It Polishes:

Here you see how DR. WEST'S new Toothbrush reaches every surface of every tooth. Its special bristles remain erect, sweeping crevices clean. That is why this famous brush really polishes teeth. Test it.

CORRECT BRUSHING *Made Easy . . .*

Brush teeth at least twice daily. *And brush always away from the gums, towards cutting edges of teeth —with* the crevices; never *across.* DR. WEST'S new toothbrush, and DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, are really *modern* aids, for this correct brushing.

© W. B. M. Co., 1929

The Friend of every traveler abroad

WHAT? A friend abroad? Yes! *Your* friend if you go, your friend's friend—in fact, every traveler's friend. ¶ Ask those who have been abroad whether they have seen him at the docks, frontiers, and stations—arranging reservations on the trains, securing hotel accommodations, smoothing out passport and other difficulties which seem insurmountable to the inexperienced. Ask them what the American Express man means to them when they are in foreign countries. ¶ These uniformed representatives act as service units of the world-wide American Express organization to assist those who carry American Express Travelers Cheques. For almost two generations these sky-blue funds have safeguarded money against theft or loss and are spendable everywhere. ¶ An introduction? You need none, for your wallet of American Express Travelers Cheques always acts as an automatic introduction. *Issued in denominations of* $10, $20, $50 *and* $100. *Cost 75c for each* $100. ¶ Sold by 22,000 Banks, American Express and Railway Express Agencies. Merely ask for the sky-blue American Express Travelers Cheques.

for safety and spendability

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Travelers cheques

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department

(Continued from Page 152)

There was, he fancied, the slightest disappointment in those frank eyes.

"You'll probably have a glorious time."

"And a rotten one."

"But if she loves you —— "

"I have no right to expect such luck as that," he answered. "All I ever expected was to be necessary."

"You're getting bitter again," said Sally. "Have another cup of coffee and then go and send her a swell night letter telling her what she wants to be told and not what you want to tell her."

"Is that what you'd like?"

"No. But then, I'm queer. I'd like to have the truth. Whether it was what I wanted to hear or not."

"Even in a night letter, to be opened in the morning?"

"Absolutely."

"So would I," agreed Simon. "No doubt we're both queer."

She was slipping her arms into her coat and he came around the table to hold it for her. It was a lightweight coat and certainly not an expensive one. He thought irrelevantly of what that man of position who had the fat, dull wife would have liked to do for a girl like this. He wondered what she did for a living.

"I'm getting a taxi," he said, "and taking you home. It's on my way and it's still raining."

"Is it really on your way?"

He vowed that it was.

"Don't you want to send your telegram first?"

"You think I should?"

"I'm sure of it."

"All right. It will take only a moment. How about yours?"

"I shan't send mine," she answered—"not tonight."

He called a cab and put her into it before he went back to the telegraph office to write a brief wire to Rosalie telling her that he was coming, telling her what she wanted to hear from him tomorrow morning. Then he took Sally Hume to the Maria Beadle Home for Working Girls and was not at all sorry that it was three miles away. She told him a little about herself, quite without accent, as if she were talking about somebody else. He saw through her detached sentences what it must mean to be working in a strange lawyer's office, in a stranger city, caught a glimmer of a background of education, of money and luxury somewhere, fading into need, stiffening into independence.

After a few minutes she fell silent, and then suddenly, with one of those impetuous, almost intimate movements, turned again to him.

"I shouldn't have talked to you like that."

"Like what?"

"Told you some of those things I did."

"Why not?"

"Because it wasn't just about myself."

"Oh, well," said Simon, "we're both in the same boat, as far as that goes."

"I'll never see you again. But anyway, will you forget what I said?"

"You want me to?"

"Of course."

"Then I will. But can I remember the occasion? Can I remember the supper?"

"You're so nice," she told him, and it occurred to Simon that the most delightful thing in the world would be to kiss her then and there. He did not do it, or even try, but he had a strange feeling that she knew how he felt.

The taxi stopped before the gate of the Maria Beadle Home, and Simon, looking at its gloomy, institutional front, was ashamed of his grandmother's semiphilanthropy, especially as it was expressed in architecture.

"Is it really pretty bad here?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," said Sally. "It's an institution, of course, and given to righteousness. But they don't hound you with rules. That's one thing."

That was Simon, who was on the board of directors and wouldn't have a lot of rules.

"Good night," said Simon, looking down at the whiteness of her face in the dim entrance light and feeling strangely warmed. "It's been a grand evening."

"Good-by," answered Sally. "Hasn't it?"

Rosalie was on the beach. She was watching the photographer, who had just snapped her picture in her very remarkable bathing pajamas, and was wondering if he would really insure the placing of her picture in the center of a decent group. Unless you watched every move these photographers and reporters made, they gave you the most horrible publicity.

That was what she said to Simon, who had come down to her, looking very brown after a week of sun.

"I know it will be a ghastly picture. I look like a hag today."

She was beautiful, and Simon knew that she knew it. He did not bother to go over it with her; only sat down and seemed slightly impatient.

"You'd be all right if you'd eat something," he remarked. "You starve your nerves, Rosy."

"I hate food."

"You need it," he told her, and dropped that for another subject: "What's Breck doing down here?"

"Breck?" she asked. "Is he here?"

"And not such a surprise to you, is it?" inquired Simon. "Don't you know he is?"

"No."

"Well, not technically. But didn't you write him?"

"Oh, I wrote him a line. There was something I wanted to say."

Simon picked up a handful of sand and hurled it into space.

"Going to keep him dangling now?"

"I can't be responsible for his coming here, can I? It's not my fault."

"He wouldn't come if you told him he couldn't."

"Why should I?"

"Because you're in his blood, and you know it. The only decent thing is cut him off, Rosalie. Cut it off quick and sharp. Don't see him. You broke with him."

"He acted abominably," she said resentfully.

"I suppose he did. But he's been spoiled all his life. He's never learned control. Turn him loose now, anyway. Don't keep him hanging on."

She looked thoughtful, but the thought lay so near beneath the surface that Simon could read it in her half smile and the unconscious little look of triumph.

"You wanted to show him that he couldn't get along without you and that you could manage nicely, didn't you?" he asked idly.

"He thought he could," she answered. "He's so conceited."

"And now he's back, all humbled, to take his punishment."

"He deserves it too."

"Rosy," said Simon, "don't the things that other people feel ever seem important to you at all?"

"Why, of course," she said; "you know how sensitive I am. I can always tell in an instant what a person is thinking about me."

Simon gave her a long, queer look. He saw a figure, almost like a boy's, that might have been cast in bronze, and a face that an artist might have dreamed of, a face shaped for spirituality and then by some accident left empty.

"If you take Breck on again count me out."

"I certainly shan't take him on. He was impossible."

"He's richer than I am," said Simon.

"What do I care?"

"Well, maybe I'm rich enough. But Breck has more manner. He'd go better here—and in the fancy places in Europe. He wouldn't want to live in the Middle West six months of the year, and he'd give you a lot of rope, even if he does act like a

(Continued on Page 157)

The strength of a heavy . . . *the speed of a light-weight*

What a fighter such a combination would make! . . . What a friction-fighter was developed when a motor oil was made with the lasting and lubricating qualities of both paraffine and naphthene base crude oils!

The lubricating engineers of the Gulf Refining Co. sought for and finally found the perfect blend of two base crude oils. It has every quality demanded by the modern high compression motor that develops high speeds and great power.

This new two-base oil, Gulf Supreme Motor Oil, provides a smooth, unbroken film wherever metal touches metal in your motor, seals the spaces between piston rings and cylinder walls and efficiently lubricates every part.

Try this two-base oil

Your motor will show the difference. By its performance and economy you yourself will prove that Gulf Supreme Motor Oil is different—and better.

Any Gulf Dealer—at the sign of the Orange Disc—will supply you with Gulf Supreme Motor Oil.

Fair Retail Price
30¢ per Quart
for all grades

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Gulf Refining Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

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ATLANTA NEW ORLEANS HOUSTON LOUISVILLE

You who would be the best mother in the world

You who would be the best mother, remember this: your first gift—your most miraculous gift—you are bestowing now, in these days before your baby comes. The heritage of health!

That you may give wisely, live wholesomely, you have sought the counsel of your doctor. Seek, too, the counsel of your dentist.

Now, more than ever in your life, you need his help. To give your child strong, sound teeth, you are yielding up your own substance. And the condition of your teeth at this time affects your entire well-being and is reflected in the health of your child.

Your doctor has told you what your diet should be to lessen and offset impairment of your teeth. Your dentist can, with his watchful care, combat decay—help you to keep your teeth sound and strong for your baby's sake now, for your own health later.

You will find him understanding. You will find him gentle. He will do his important work well. Go to him as often as he thinks advisable during these months—go to him *now*. And, having gone—"Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. • Toronto, Ont.

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This is Advertisement No. 4 of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in recognition of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

(Continued from Page 154)

hellion sometimes. He'd be a very decorative and quite an exciting husband. And evidently he's in love with you. After all, I'm only the troops in reserve, as far as you're concerned."

"You know how fond I am of you, Simon."

"Yes, I know. But still when Breck reenters the picture I go out."

"Simon, do you think I'd hurt you again? He isn't going to get back in the picture."

"Are you perfectly sure of that?"

"Of course I am," said Rosalie, with complete indecision, looking up at the *cabaña* where a tall, nervous figure, unmistakably distinguished, had suddenly appeared among the lounging bathers. She looked away. Breck had seen her. That was enough. She gazed contemplatively out over the water and waited. "This," thought Simon, "is the kind of thing she really lives on. She doesn't need mortal food. Or perhaps she feeds on mortals."

"Well, I guess I've said my piece," he told Rosalie and walked away. He was wondering, with the sick fear that came over him now and then, if even a very fine person ever got to the point at which loneliness was unbearable. He wondered if Sally Hume had thought of him since that night, and if he could ever get her out of his head if it worked out so that he had to. He wondered why he had ever imagined that he was in love before and what he would do if Rosalie didn't take Breck.

The thing that hurt Rosalie, as she told Breck—as, indeed, she told everyone who would listen—was Simon. She couldn't bear to treat him like that—to throw him down again—when he was so much in love with her. She reminded all her friends how he'd loved her for years, simply existed for her. She had three days of excitement—glorious, tingling excitement—with Breck paying for his sins by the white line of nerves and passion around his mouth and Simon looking queerer and growing more silent all the time. There was nothing for Rosalie to do in the end but to become exhausted, and out of the exhaustion to murmur that after all it was Breck she cared for.

Which was to a large extent true, and brought Breck to his knees in repentant devotion and sent Simon to a telegraph office.

He was strangely fluent. The pencil wrote "Miss Sally Hume" triumphantly and went straight on.

"Back in town Wednesday," he wrote. "Can I see you Wednesday night? Please let your agreeableness have its head, for I know I am in love with you and with no one else in the world."

The clerk read it off as if she were used to ardent messages and took them as they came. But Simon liked the sound of it and did not mind.

"Straight wire?" she asked.

"Unless you have something faster," said Simon.

But back in his hotel, with the message on the wires, doubt came over him like a flood. It was, after all, insolence. He'd seen her once. He'd even spent his time talking about another girl to her. She might not even remember what he looked like. And now almost painfully well he could remember the way she had looked, the shadows of her lashes, the swift honest moods which had come over her in quick succession and which he could not seem to find in anyone else. He hadn't forgotten a moment of it. Every girl he saw only seemed to make Sally more desirable and her absence more intolerable. And people kept on being nice to him because he was reported to be so broken-hearted over Rosalie. They kept trying to cheer him up until he went to bed to escape them.

It was a bad night. Little by little the flare of his hope died out in those slow hours. It wasn't that he minded being a fool, but he couldn't bear to think that perhaps she would misunderstand. She might think that he was turning to her because Rosalie had disengaged him again. He wanted to send another message, longer and more explanatory, and did not dare. He wanted to see Sally and he felt that he had never known before what the fear of loss might be. Suppose he was too late. Suppose she was no longer there at the Maria Beadle Home.

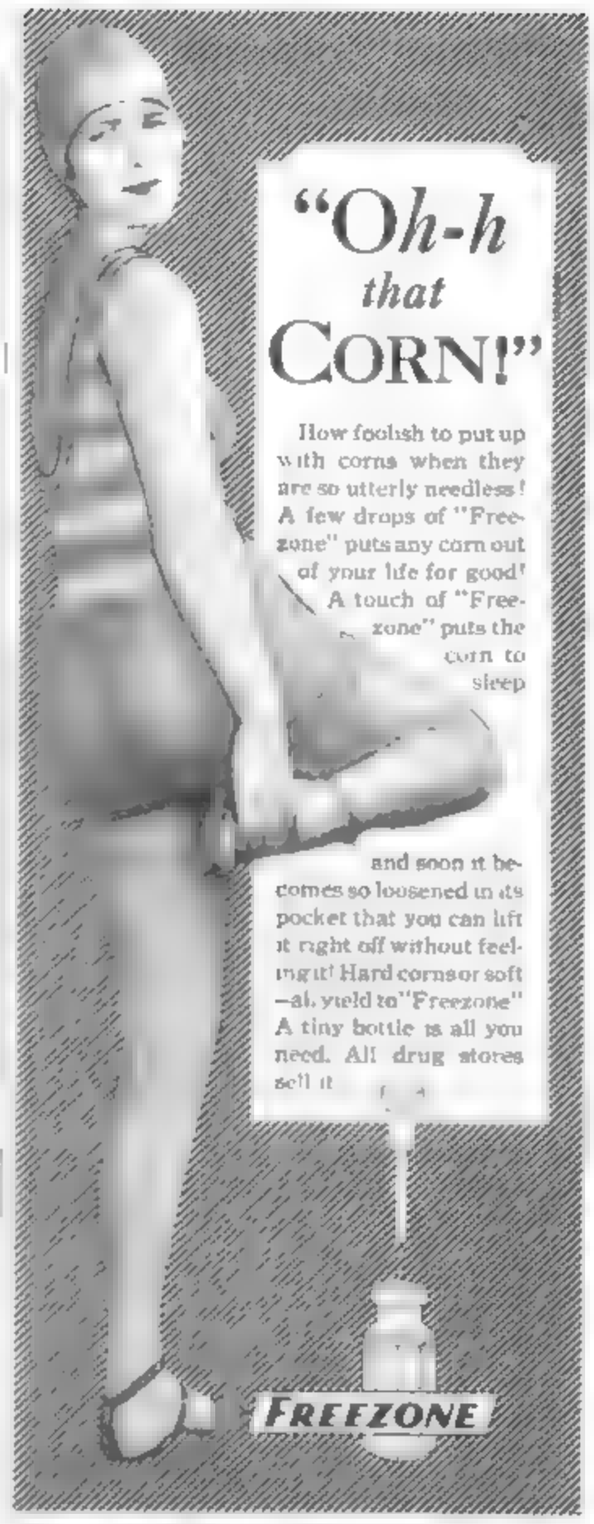
It was morning, in those hours which are set aside for the sleep of those whom the night has cheated of rest, when a knocking at the door awoke him. He flung on a dressing gown and went to see who was there.

A bell boy handed in a tray with a letter and a telegram. The telegram was on top, but he looked at the letter first. The writing was Rosalie's—that accustomed flourish of nervous letters heavy with ink. A letter from Rosalie, perhaps not quite willing to let him go, intending to keep him on with a touch of tenderness, to hold him in reserve as discipline for Breck. Just for a moment he looked at it without opening it. Then carefully, almost gently, he tore it in little pieces. There would never be any answer to Rosalie again. There couldn't be now, no matter what happened. She no longer had any rights.

The telegram lay in his hand. He was hesitant about it. Of course it might be nothing, might be from his lawyers, his bankers, his mother, a friend. But it might not. It might be a cold, hostile answer. And then he remembered Sally saying with that generous sympathy, "I always imagine people getting telegrams, don't you?"—and he wasn't afraid of her message. No matter what was in it, there would be no cruelty and there would be truth.

He tore it open. And there it was, incredible.

"It happened to me, too, from that night on. Isn't it strange and isn't it marvelous? But come. It can't be said in any night letter."


"Oh-h that CORN!"
How foolish to put up with corns when they are so utterly needless! A few drops of "Freezone" puts any corn out of your life for good! A touch of "Freezone" puts the corn to sleep
and soon it becomes so loosened in its pocket that you can lift it right off without feeling it! Hard corns or soft—ah, yield to "Freezone" A tiny bottle is all you need. All drug stores sell it
FREEZONE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

And overcome with wonderment, they
gasped, "How things have changed!"
They viewed it with perplexity and
corrugated brow.
"Is this a system?" queried Eve; her
spouse replied, "And how!"
Then thoughtfully he added, "Well, my
dear, we needn't fret;
If Paradise has come to this, away with
vain regret!"
They mourned no more for Eden, worthy
Adam and his mate,
But journeyed back across the Styx,
contented with their fate.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Today's Child

THE dolls that say ma-ma I flout,
At walking dolls I scoff;
I want a doll whose teeth take out
And a doll whose paint comes off.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Interviewing the Writer of Big-Game Stories

Q.: Where must the action take place?
A.: The veldt, the jungle or the bush.
Q.: What must be the nationality of the characters?
A.: English.
Q.: Must one of them wear a monocle and affect a silly drawl?
A.: Yes.
Q.: And yet, withal, have a heart of gold?
A.: Of course.
Q.: What would be a good name for him?
A.: Featherstonehaugh.
Q.: Pronounced?
A.: Chumley or Sinjin. It doesn't matter.
Q.: Is it permissible to introduce a slinky, Slav siren, preferably a countess?
A.: Oh, yes.
Q.: To what end?
A.: To fatten the plot.
Q.: And to serve as a foil for——
A.: Lady Mary.
Q.: Is Lady Mary sweet and wholesome and, in short, an exquisite bit of Old England?
A.: She is.
Q.: Is the countess?
A.: She is not.
Q.: On whom have the two set their hearts?
A.: On young Rindgely.
Q.: Young Rindgely?
A.: The famous white hunter and conductor of the party, of course.
Q.: What does he look like?
A.: Tall, slender, steel-gray eyes——
Q.: And are those steel-gray eyes faded?
A.: They are.
Q.: From what?
A.: From gazing into the sun.
Q.: Has he a firm chin and a bronzed face?
A.: Naturally.
Q.: Does he know which of the two women he prefers?
A.: Not till the end of the story.
Q.: What are his duties?
A.: He must cow the lazy and rebellious porters.
Q.: Porters?
A.: Certainly porters; every *safari* must have porters.
Q.: *Safari?*
A.: Every big-game story must feature a *safari*, along with *potio*, *bwana* and hostile natives.
Q.: How does he cow the porters?
A.: With his piercing eye.
Q.: Does he also quell the hostile natives?
A.: Yes.
Q.: How?
A.: By cutting out paper dolls and lighting matches, he reduces them to a state of trembling submission.
Q.: Would it be a good thing for him to have a faithful native servant?
A.: It would.
Q.: What would be a good name for the servant?
A.: Mwumblukuw would be all right.
Q.: Pronounced how?
A.: Don't be silly.
Q.: And would Mwum—his servant sit at a fire and tell the porters what a great *bwana* was his *bwana?*
A.: He certainly would.
Q.: Would this, in the end, prove to be a great help to Rindgely?
A.: It would.
Q.: How should the story end?
A.: Lady Mary and Rindgely would be married in the quiet of a perfect English autumn.
Q.: What would become of the countess?
A.: She would be killed by a charging lion.
Q.: And what of Featherstonehaugh?
A.: He, too, would be killed.
Q.: It seems a shame.
A.: It is, but what else can be done with him?

—JOSEPH CONNALLY.

On a Silver Summer Evening

ON A SILVER summer evening,
When the moon is gold above,
The subject best for chatting of
Is love.

And the two who best can handle
All phases of it, why,
It's very true, are plainly you
And I.

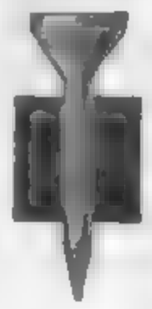
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Long, straight drives
off REDDY TEES

It's easier to get nice long drives when your ball is up on a Reddy Tee. A Reddy lets you get the ball at just the right height for a long, straight poke. There is no sand to soil the hands, spoil the grip and, as so often happens, foozle the shot. The Reddy Tee was invented by a lover of golf—his contribution to your pleasure. Reddy Tees are put up in boxes of 18—a tee for every hole. Your professional has them on sale.

REDDY TEE

Buy from your "Pro"



Under water for thirty minutes

. . . . but the watch ticked on!

BREAKING through the underbrush, the bank president and his friend came to the water's edge. Sun on the lake dazzled their eyes, and their nostrils responded to the smell of the pungent pines. The financier adjusted rod and reel . . . cast . . . and felt his line pull taut. Lured by the impelling tug, he stepped right into the water. He waded deep, and deeper . . . till only shoulders and head remained dry. A tussle, and he emerged with a great black bass. In the next half-hour this was repeated five times, till his catch was six fish and his clothing so soaked it was ruined.

Weeks later Mr. ———* wrote us: "It was then I remembered my watch. Spots marred the face, but I shook it. To my utter amazement, it ticked—regularly, unfalteringly! *Under water for thirty minutes*, my Ingersoll was ready to tell me the time. And I want you to know that's just what it's doing. On all my sports excursions (far more frequent than they should be!) it is continuing to serve me as accurately and dependably as though it had never caught fish!"

Letters like Mr.———'s come to us each day of the year. Thousands of testimonials as striking bulk in our files. From outposts in the frigid Arctic we have heard of Ingersoll Radiolites that record time unfailingly through the silent, frozen nights. From the sweltering heat of jungles has come word of Ingersolls that serve their owners faithfully under trying tropic conditions. People who live just ordinary lives write us, too, the very same thing: "Ingersoll stands up. It's the most *serviceable* watch to carry."

Doubtless you will not, like our banker, immerse *your* Ingersoll in water. We could not guarantee what would happen and we do not recommend it. Probably you will not ask of it what explorers and hunters ask of theirs. But it is, nevertheless, comforting to know that within its mechanism nestles the same degree of dependability that makes it the chosen watch for rigorous expeditions . . . that makes it stand up under hardy conditions and tests of unusual severity.

Because of Ingersoll Service you must have satisfaction

The keen sense of responsibility of the Ingersoll Company toward its product originated Ingersoll Service. Ingersoll watches are guaranteed to be absolutely free from mechanical defects. But should you damage your Ingersoll, send it direct to our Service Department, Waterbury, Conn. There at our factory we will find out what is wrong and either repair it for you or send you a new watch of the same model, at unusually moderate cost.

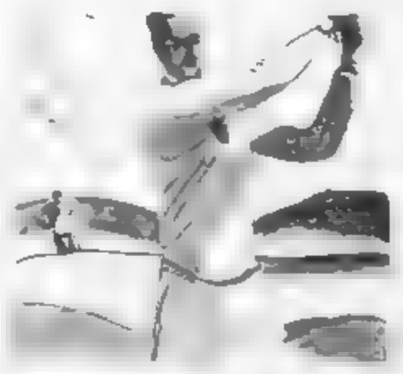
Join the ranks of sensible people who have bought themselves Ingersolls—and, in so doing, procured not merely a watch, but dependable *time service*.

**Name on request.*

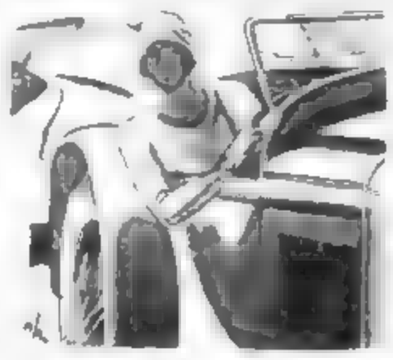
Vacation Days

When Happiness Romps Through Ingersoll Hours

For sports and outdoor use, Ingersoll is the ideal watch to carry



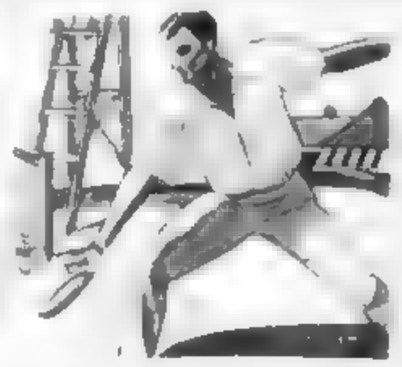
A stance and a swing, and a long drive down toward the green. A perfect approach with the mashie, a putt—and a birdie in three. Ingersoll golfers are legion. For men realize how suited to the links are these sturdy, dependable watches.



Sizzling, crisping bacon—keening the appetite—rising in aroma to the tips of the spreading trees. Quietly competent, this little Camp-Fire Girl browns it to a turn, as she keeps her eye on Ingersoll time to know when out of the wood-ash to pull those mealy potatoes.

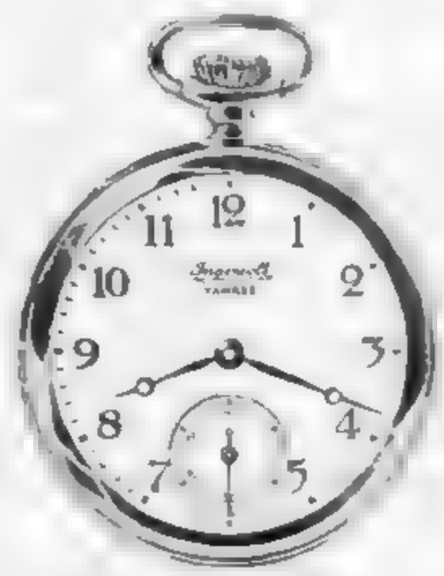
Nosing up hills, swinging 'round curves, speeding down the straight white stretch. Through vacation lands the country over women have their hands on the wheel and their foot on the gas. Sun shines, engines purr—and Ingersoll time marks minutes on the glad and blithesome way.

White balls flying over the net. Slim figures covering the court with agility—anticipating each play to be made. A won set, a lost set—the third decisive. Young muscles are hardening, young bodies exulting. And time's slipping by—winging through Ingersoll hours.



THE WRIST—*This handsome wrist watch is splendid for outdoor use. It is strong, and stands up under hardy conditions. Plain dial, $3.50. Radiolite, $4.00*

THE YANKEE—*The fine performance of the Yankee has made it the world's most famous watch. It continues to lead our line. Plain dial, $1.50. Radiolite, $2.25*



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THE BLACK CAMEL

Continued from Page 34)

Chan sighed. "You have made everything a delay," he remarked, "and cause me to waste much precious time. I can admire your loyalty to this dead woman ——" He paused. "*Haie*, I would enjoy to know such a woman. What loyalty she inspired! An innocent girl obstructs the police in defense of her memory, a man who could not have been guilty pleads to be arrested as her murderer, doubtless from same motive."

"Do you think Fyfe took those lost bits of the photograph?" Bradshaw asked.

Charlie shook his head. "Impossible. He had not yet arrived on scene. Alas, it is not so simple as that. It is not simple at all." He sighed. "I fear I will be worn to human skeleton before I disentangle this web. And you"—he looked at the girl—"you alone have melted off at least seven pounds."

"I'm so sorry," Julie said.

"Do not fret. Always my daughters tell me I am too enormous for beauty. And beauty is, of course, my only aim." He stood up. "Well, that is that. Jimmy, do not let this young woman escape you. She has proved herself faithful one. Also she is most unexpert deceiver I have ever met. What a wife she will make for somebody!"

"Me, I hope," Bradshaw grinned.

"I hope so too." Charlie turned to the girl: "Accept him, and all is forgiven between you and me. The seven pounds is gladly donated."

She smiled. "That is an offer. Oh, Mr. Chan, I'm so happy that everything is settled between us. I didn't like to deceive you—you're so nice."

He bowed. "Even the aged heart can leap at talk like that. You give me new courage to go on. On to what? Alas, the future lies hidden behind a veil—and I am no Tarneverro."

He left them standing together beneath a hau tree, and walked slowly to his car. Emerging from the drive, he narrowly escaped collision with a trolley.

"Wake up there!" shouted the motorman in rage, and then, recognizing a member of the Honolulu police force, sought to pretend he'd never said it. Charlie waved to him and drove on.

The detective was lost in a maze of doubt and uncertainty. The matter of the emerald ring was clear at last, but still he was far from his goal. One point in Julie's story interested him deeply. It had been Denny Mayo's picture that he had sought to put together the previous night.

Up to now he had thought himself balked in that purpose by someone who did not wish him to know the identity of the man over whose portrait Shelah had wept so fiercely. But might not the motive have been the same that prompted the destruction of the pictures at the library? The same person, undoubtedly, had been busy in both instances, and that person was fiercely determined that Inspector Chan should not look upon the likeness of Denny Mayo. Why?

Charlie resolved to go back and relive this case from the beginning. But in a moment he stopped. Too much of a task for this drowsy afternoon. "Much better I do not think at all," he muttered. "I will cease all activity and put tired brain in receptive state. Maybe subconscious mind sees chance and leaps on job during my own absence."

In such a state of suspended mental effort he turned his car into the drive of the Grand Hotel and, parking it, walked idly toward the entrance. A stiff breeze was blowing through the lobby, which was practically deserted at this hour of the day.

Sam, the young Chinese who rejoiced in the title of head bellman, was alert and smiling. Charlie paused. There was a little matter about which he wished to question Sam.

"I hope you are well," he said. "You enjoy your duties here, no doubt?" Leading up, he would have called it.

"Plenty fine job," beamed Sam. "All time good tips."

"You know man they call Tarneverro the Great?"

"Plenty fine man. Good fiend to me."

Charlie regarded the boy keenly. "This morning you spoke to him in Cantonese. Why did you do that?"

"Day he come, he say long time ago he live in China, knows Chinese talk plitty well. So he and I have talk in Cantonese. He not so good speaking, but he knows what I say alright."

"He didn't seem to understand you this morning."

Sam shrugged. "I don't know. This moahning I speak all same any othah day he has funny look an' say don' unnahstand."

"They are peculiar, these tourists," Chan smiled.

"Plenty funny," admitted Sam. "All same give nice tips."

Charlie strode on to the lounge and through that to the terrace. He sat down there.

His vacation from thinking had been brief indeed, for now he was hard at it again. So Tarneverro understood the Cantonese dialect. But he did not wish Charlie Chan, whom he was so eager to assist in the search for Shelah Fane's murderer, to know that he understood it. Why was that?

A smile spread slowly over Charlie's broad face. Here at last was a fairly simple question. Tarneverro's initial act in helping to solve the murder had been the pointing out of the fact that the watch had been set back and that the alibis for two minutes past eight were consequently worthless.

But would he have done that if he had not first overheard and understood Charlie's conversation with the cook—if he had not known that Wu Kno-ching had seen Shelah Fane at twelve minutes past eight and that the gesture with the watch was, accordingly, useless? His prompt display of detective skill had seemed, at the time, to prove his sincerity. But if he understood Cantonese, then he was simply making a virtue of necessity and was not sincere at all. Charlie sat for a long time turning the matter over in his mind. Was his eager assistant, Tarneverro the Great, quite as eager as he appeared to be?

XIX

VAL MARTINO, the director, came down the steps from the hotel lounge, a dashing figure in his white silk suit and flaming tie. He might have been the man on the cover of some steamship folder designed to lure hesitating travelers to the tropics. His gaze fell on Charlie, lolling at ease in a comfortable chair and looking as though he had not a care in the world. The director came over immediately.

"Well, inspector," he remarked, "I scarcely expected to see you in such a placid mood just now. Unless you have already solved last night's affair?"

Chan shook his head. "Luck is not so good as that. Mystery still remains mystery, but do not be deceived. My brain moves though my feet are still."

"I'm glad of that," Martino replied. "And I hope it gets somewhere soon." He dropped into a chair at Charlie's side. "You know that thing last night just plain wrecked two hundred thousand dollars' worth of picture for me, and I ought to hurry to Hollywood on the next boat and see what's to be done about it. Whoever killed Shelah certainly didn't have the best interests of our company at heart, or he'd have waited until I finished my job. Oh, well, it can't be helped now. But I must get away as soon as possible, and that's why I'm plugging for you to solve the problem at once."

Chan sighed. "Everybody seems to suffer from hurry complex. An unaccustomed situation in Hawaii. I am panting to keep in step. May I ask—what is your own idea on this case?"

Martino lighted a cigarette. "I hardly know. What's yours?" He tossed the match onto the floor, and the old Chinese with the dustpan and brush came at once, casting a look at Charlie which seemed to say, "This is exactly the sort of person I would expect to find in your company."

"My ideas do not yet achieve definite form," Chan remarked. "One thing I do know: I am opposed in this matter by some person of extreme cleverness."

The director nodded. "It looks that way. Well, there were several clever people at Shelah Fane's house last night."

"Yourself included," Charlie ventured.

"Thanks. Naturally, that had to come from you. But it's true enough." He smiled. "I am speaking, of course, in confidence when I say there was another man present of whose cleverness I have never had the slightest doubt. I don't like him, but I've always thought him pretty smooth. I refer to Tarneverro the Great."

Chan nodded. "Yes, he is plenty quick. One word with him, and I had gathered that."

The director flicked the ash from his cigarette onto the floor. The old Chinese brought an ash tray and set it close beside him on a small table.

"There are all kinds of seers and crystal gazers fattening on the credulity of Hollywood," Martino continued, "but this man is the ace of the lot. The women go to him, and he tells them things about themselves they thought only God knew. As a result ——"

"How does he discover these things?" Charlie asked.

"Spies," the director answered. "I can't prove it, but I'm certain he has spies working for him night and day. They pick up interesting bits of news about the celebrities and pass them along to him. The poor little movie girls think he's in league with the powers of darkness, and as a result they tell all. That man knows enough secrets to blow up the colony if he wants to do it. We've tried to run him out of town, but he's too smart for us. You know, I'm rather sorry I stopped Jaynes last night when he wanted to beat Tarneverro up. I believe it would have been a grand idea. But on the other hand, Shelah's name would have been dragged into it and, remembering that, I broke up the row. The pictures are my profession; there are lots of fine people in the colony, and I don't like to see them suffer from harmful publicity. Unfortunately, the decent ones must share the disgrace when the riffraff on the fringe misbehaves."

"Was it your intention," Chan inquired, "to hint that Tarneverro the Great may have killed Shelah Fane?"

"Not at all," responded Martino hastily. "Don't get me wrong. I was only trying to point out that if you sense a clever opponent in this affair, you should remember that there are few men cleverer than the fortune teller. Further than that, I say nothing. I don't know whether he did it or not."

"For the time between eight and eight-thirty last night," Chan informed him, "Tarneverro has most unshakable alibi."

Martino stood up.

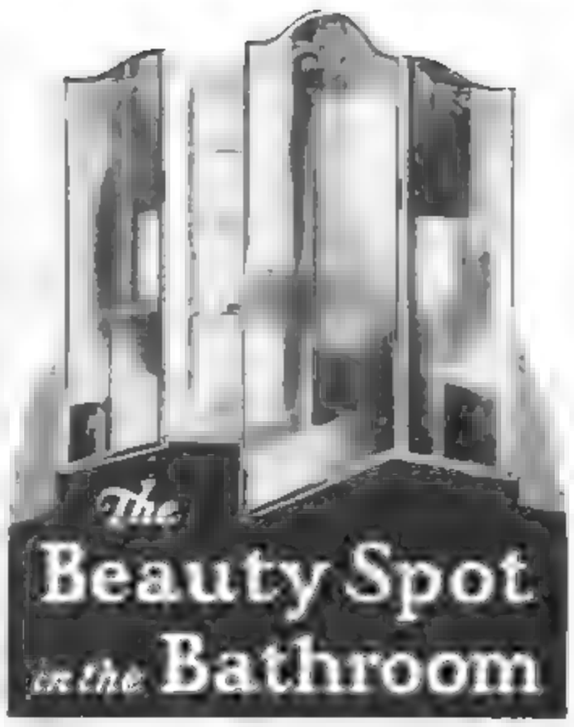
"He would have. As I just told you, he's as slick as they come. Well, so long. Good luck to you—and I mean that with all my heart."

He strolled off toward the glittering sea and left Chan to his thoughts. In a few moments the detective arose with sudden decision and went to the telephone booth in the lobby. He got his chief on the wire.

"You very much busy now?" he asked.

"Not especially, Charlie. I've got a date with Mr. and Mrs. MacMaster here at 5.30, but that's an hour away. Is anything doing?"

"Might be," Chan answered. "I cannot tell. But I will shortly require backing of your firm authority for little investigation



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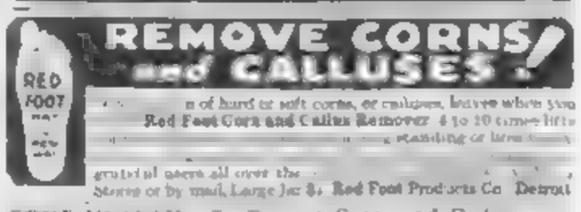

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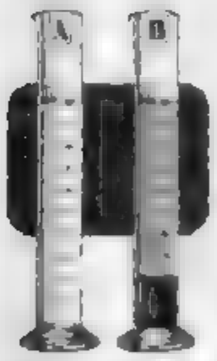

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at Grand Hotel. Pretty good idea if you leaped into car and rode out here at once."

"I'll be right with you, Charlie," the chief promised.

Going to the house phone, Charlie called the room of Alan Jaynes. The Britisher answered in a sleepy tone. The detective informed him that he was coming up immediately to talk with him, and then stepped to the hotel desk.

"Without calling room, can you ascertain if Mr. Tarneverro is in residence?" he asked.

The clerk glanced at the letter box. "Well, his key isn't here," he said. "I guess that means he's in."

"Ah, yes," nodded Chan. "If you will be so kind, do this big favor for me. Secure Mr. Tarneverro on wire, and say that Inspector Chan passed through here in too great rush to bother himself. But add that I desire to see Mr. Tarneverro soon as can be in lobby of Young Hotel downtown. Say it is of fierce importance and he must arrive at once."

The clerk stared. "Downtown?" he repeated

Chan nodded. "The idea is to remove him from this hotel for a brief space of time," he explained.

"Oh, yes," smiled the clerk. "I see. Well, I suppose it's all right. I'll call him."

Charlie went up to the room occupied by Alan Jaynes. The Britisher admitted him, yawning as he did so. He was in dressing gown and slippers, and his bed was somewhat disheveled.

"Come in, inspector. I've just been having forty winks. Good Lord, what a sleepy country this is!"

"For the *malihini*—the newcomer—yes," Chan smiled. "We old-timers learn to disregard the summons. Otherwise we would get nowhere."

"You are getting somewhere, then?" Jaynes asked eagerly.

"Would not want to say that, but we are traveling at good pace—for Hawaii," responded Charlie. "Mr. Jaynes, I have come to you in spirit of most open frankness. I am about to toss cards down flat on table."

"Good," Jaynes said heartily.

"This morning you told me you had never been in pavilion, never even loitered in neighborhood of place?"

"Certainly I did. It's the truth."

Charlie took out an envelope and emptied onto a table the stub of a small cigar. "How, then, would you explain the fact that this is found just outside window of room in which Shelah Fane met sudden death?"

Jaynes looked for a long moment at this shabby bit of evidence. Then he turned to Chan, an angry light in his eyes. "Sit down," he said. "I can explain it, and I will."

"Happy to hear you say that," Chan told him.

"This morning, when I was in my bath," the Britisher began—"about eight o'clock, it must have been—someone knocked on my door. I thought it was the house boy, and I called to him to come in. I heard the door open, and then the sound of footsteps. I asked who it was, and—why the devil didn't I break his neck last night?" he finished savagely.

"You have reference to the neck of Tarneverro the Great?" Charlie inquired with interest.

"I have. He was here in this room and said he wanted to see me. I was rather taken aback, but I told him to wait. I stood up in the tub and began a brisk rubdown—will you come with me to the bathroom, Mr. Chan?"

Surprised, Chan rose and followed.

"You will observe, inspector, that there is a full-length mirror affixed to the bathroom door. With the door slightly ajar—like this—a person standing in the bath has a view of a portion of the bedroom—the portion which includes the desk. I was busy with my rubdown when I suddenly saw something that interested me keenly. A box of those small cigars was lying on the desk, with a few gone. I saw, in the mirror, Mr. Tarneverro walk over and help himself to a couple of them. He put them in his pocket."

"Good," remarked Chan calmly. "I am much obliged to the mirror."

"At first I thought it was merely a case of petty pilfering. Nevertheless, I was deeply annoyed, and I planned to go out and order him from my room. But as I finished drying myself and got into my dressing gown, it occurred to me that something must be in the air. I decided to say nothing, lie low, and try to find out, if possible, what the beggar was up to. I didn't guess—I'm a bit dense, I'm afraid—it never popped into my mind that he wanted to involve me in Shelah's murder. I knew he had no love for me, but somehow, that's not the sort of thing ——

"Well, I came out and asked him what he wanted. He looked me boldly in the eye and said he had just dropped in to urge that I let bygones be bygones and shake hands on it. No reason why we shouldn't be friends, he thought. Felt that Miss Fane would wish it. Of course I was aching to throw him from the window, but I controlled myself. Out of curiosity, I invited him to have one of my cigars. 'Oh, no, thanks,' he said. 'I never use them.'

"He ran on about Miss Fane, and how it would be best if we dropped our enmity of last night. I was cool but polite; I even shook hands with him. When he had gone, I sat down to think the thing out. What could have been his purpose in taking those cigars? As I say, I couldn't figure it. Now, of course, the matter is only too clear. He proposed to scatter a few false clews. By gad, inspector, why should he take the trouble to do that? There's just one answer, isn't there? He murdered Miss Fane himself."

Chan shrugged. "I would be happy to join you in thinking that, but first several matters must be wiped away. Among others—an air-tight alibi."

"What's that?" Jaynes cried. "A clever man always has an alibi." His heavy jaws snapped shut. "I appreciate what Mr. Tarneverro tried to do for me—I do, indeed. When I see him again ——"

"When you see him again, you will make no noise," Charlie cut in. "That is, if you wish to be of help."

Jaynes hesitated. "Oh, very good. But it won't be easy. However, I'll hold my tongue if you say so. Was there anything else you wanted?"

"No, thanks. You have supplied me with plenty. I go on my way with renewed energy."

Waiting for the elevator, Chan thought about Jaynes' story. Was it true? Perhaps. It seemed a rather glib explanation, but was the Britisher clever enough to concoct such a tale on the spot? He appeared to be a stolid, slow-thinking man; always going somewhere to be by himself and figure things out. Could such a man —— Charlie sighed. So many problems.

He stepped cautiously from the elevator and peered round the corner. The coast seemed to be clear and he went to the desk. "Has Mr. Tarneverro departed?" he inquired.

The clerk nodded. "Yes, he went out a moment ago, in a great hurry."

"My warmest thanks," Charlie said. His chief was coming up the hotel steps, and he went to greet him. Together they sought out a secluded corner.

"What's up?" the chief wanted to know.

"Number of things," Chan replied. "Mr. Tarneverro bursts into investigation and demands our strict attention."

"Tarneverro?" The chief nodded. "That fellow never has sounded good to me. What about him?"

"For one point," Charlie answered, "he understands Cantonese." He told of making that discovery, which had served to turn his thoughts toward the fortune teller. "But since I called you, even more important evidence leaps up," he added. Briefly he repeated Jaynes' story about the cigars. *(Continued on Page 165)*

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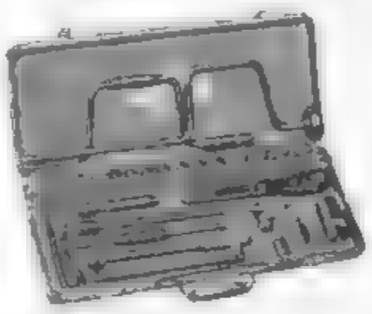

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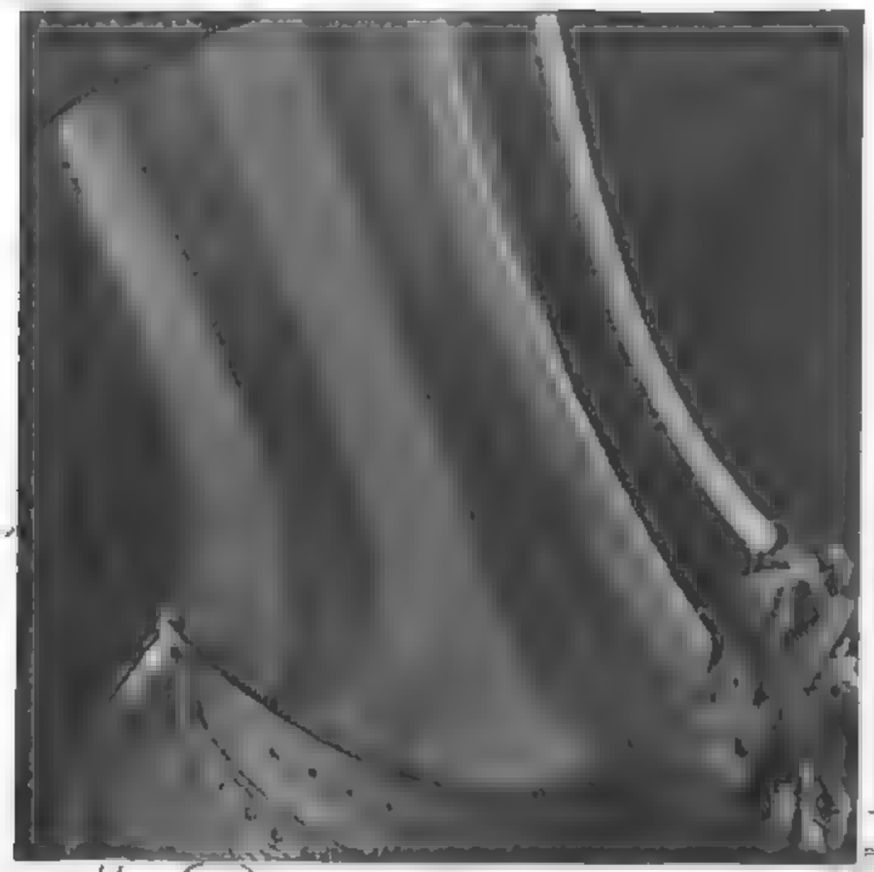

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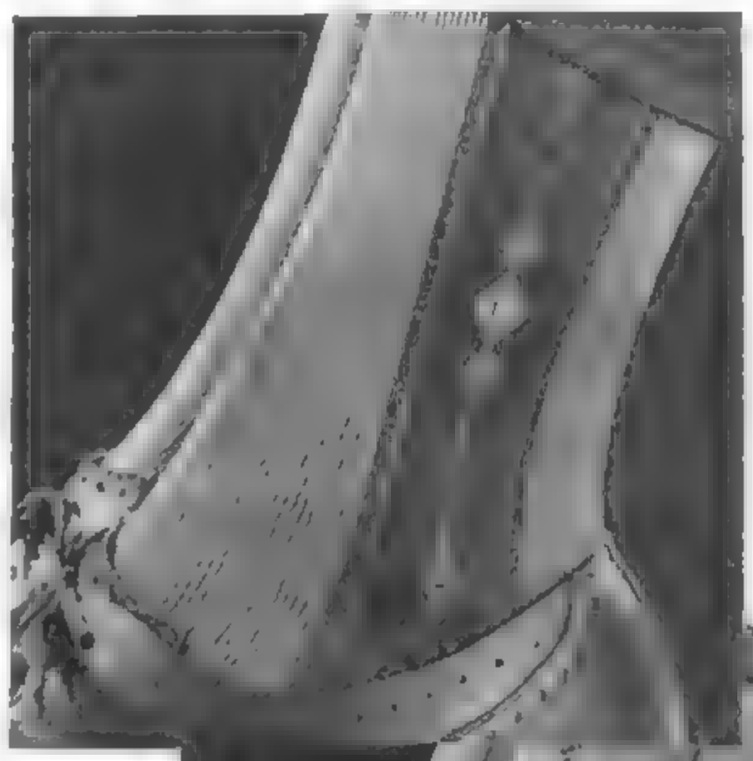
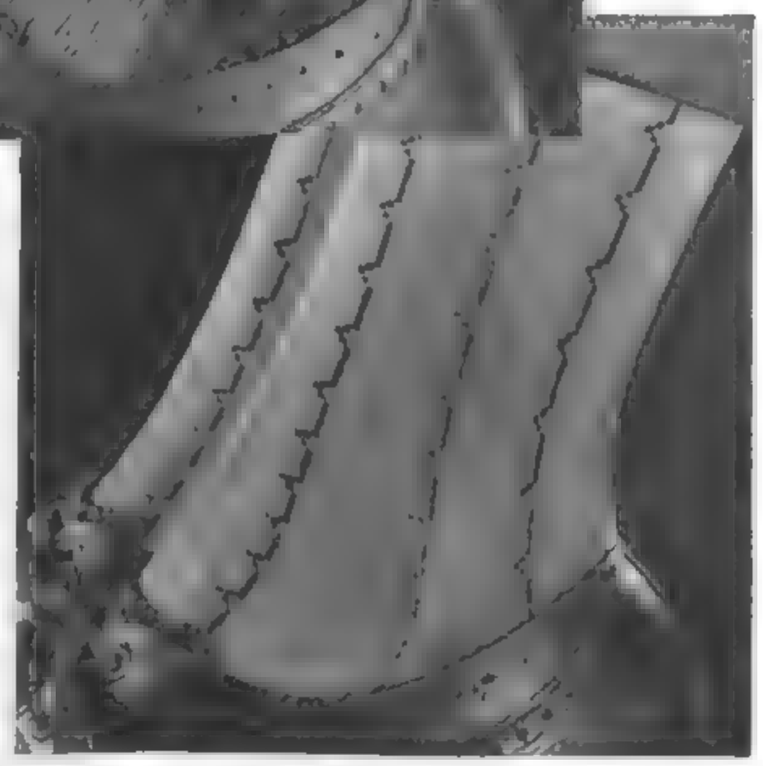


Metropolitan Cities



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CREATORS OF ADVANCE STYLES IN MEN'S SOCKS

(Continued from Page 162)

The chief whistled. "We're getting there, Charlie!" he cried.

Chan shrugged. "You overlook Tarneverro's alibi."

"No, I don't. I'll attend to that later. By the way, if you see that old couple from Australia about, keep out of their way. I've arranged for them to come to my office, as I told you, and I don't want to talk with them here. We can handle them better amid the proper surroundings. Now, what is it you want to do?"

"I desire," Chan answered, "to make complete search of Tarneverro's apartment."

The chief frowned. "That's not quite according to Hoyle, Charlie. I don't know. We have no warrant ——"

"Which is why I asked you to come. Big man such as you are can arrange it. We leave everything as we found it, and Tarneverro will not know."

"Where is he?"

Charlie explained the fortune teller's present whereabouts. The chief nodded. "That was a good idea. Wait here, and I'll have a talk with the management."

He returned presently, accompanied by a tall, lean man with sandy hair. "It's all fixed," the chief announced. "You know Jack Murdock, don't you, Charlie? He's going with us."

"Mr. Murdock old friend," Chan said.

"Well, Charlie, how you been?" Murdock remarked. He was an ex-policeman, now one of the house detectives for the hotel.

"I enjoy the usual good health," Charlie replied, and, with the chief, followed Murdock to the fortune teller's apartment.

After the house detective had unlocked the door and admitted them to Tarneverro's sitting room, he stood looking at Chan with a speculative eye.

"Not going to rob us of one of our most distinguished guests, are you, Charlie?" he inquired.

Chan smiled. "That is a matter yet to be determined."

"Quite a little affair down the beach last night," Murdock continued. "And you're in the limelight, as usual. Some people have all the luck."

"Which they pay for by having also all the worry," Chan reminded him. "You are in soft berth here. Fish course last night was excellent. Did you taste it?"

"I did."

"So did I, and that was as far as I got," sighed Chan. "Limelight has many terrible penalties." He glanced about the room. "Our object is to search thoroughly and leave no trace. Fortune favors, however, for we have plenty time."

He and the chief went to work systematically, while the house detective lolled in a comfortable chair with a cigar. The closets, the bureau drawers, and the desk were all gone over carefully. Finally Charlie stood before an enormous trunk.

"Locked," he remarked.

Murdock got up. "That's nothing. I've a skeleton key that will fix it." He opened the trunk, which was of the wardrobe variety, and swung it wide. Chan lifted out one drawer and gave a little cry of satisfaction.

"Here is one thing we seek, chief," he cried, and produced a portable typewriter. Placing it on the desk, he inserted a sheet of note paper and struck off a few sentences: "Just a word of warning from a friend. You should go at once to the Honolulu Public Library and ——." He finished the note, and taking another from his pocket, compared the two. With a pleased smile he carried them to his chief.

"Will you kindly regard these missives and tell me what they suggest to you?" he said.

The chief studied them for a moment. "Simple enough," he remarked. "Both were written on the same machine. The top of the letter e is clogged with ink, and the letter t is slightly out of alignment."

Chan grinned and took them back. "Long-time confinement in station house does not cause you to grow rusty. Yes, it is as you say. Two notes are identical, both being written on this faithful little machine. Happy to say our visit here is not without fruit. I must now put typewriter in place so our call will go unsuspected. Or would go that way, if it was not for lingering odor of good friend Murdock's cigar."

The house detective looked guilty. "Say, Charlie, I never thought of that."

"Finish your weed. Damage is now done. But take care luxury of present job does not cause brain to stagnate."

Murdock did not smoke again, but let the cigar go out in his hand. Charlie continued to explore the trunk. He had about completed his search without further good fortune, when, in the most remote corner of the lowest compartment, he came upon something which seemed to claim his interest.

He walked up to his chief. In the palm of his hand lay a man's ring, a large diamond in a heavy setting of gold. His superior stared at it.

"Take good look," Chan advised, "and fix same in your mind."

"More jewelry, Charlie?"

Chan nodded. "Seeking to solve this case, it seems we wander lost in jewel store. Natural, perhaps, since we deal with Hollywood people." He restored the ring to its place, closed the trunk and locked it. "Mr. Murdock, that will end business here."

They returned to the lobby, where the house detective left them. Chan accompanied the chief out to the drive.

"What did you mean about the ring, Charlie?" asked the latter.

"Little story which I have been perhaps too reluctant to repeat," smiled Chan. "Why? Perhaps because it concerns most distasteful moment of my long career. You will recall that last night, in house down the beach, I stood in middle of floor with letter written by Shelah Fane held firmly in my hand. Suddenly light goes out. I am most rudely struck in the face—struck and cut on the cheek, proving the assailant wore a ring. Lights go on and the letter is gone."

"Yes, yes," cried the chief impatiently.

"Immediately I make a survey—of the men in the room, who wears ring? Ballou and Van Horn—yes. Others do not. Mr. Tarneverro, for example, does not. Yet yesterday morning, when I visited him in room, I noted that ring I have called to your attention on his finger. What is more, when we rode down to Shelah Fane's house after news of murder, I perceived the diamond gleaming in the dark. I saw it again when he helps me make investigation in pavilion. Yet when lights flash on after theft of letter, ring is no longer in evidence. What would be your reaction to that?"

"I should say," the chief returned, "that Tarneverro struck that blow in the dark."

Charlie was thoughtfully rubbing his cheek. "Oddly enough," he remarked, "such was my own reaction at the time."

XX

THEY went over and stood by Charlie's car. A puzzled frown wrinkled the chief's brow. "I don't get this, Charlie."

"On which point," returned Chan placidly, "we are like as two reeds bending beside stream."

"Tarneverro hit you. Why?"

"Why not? Maybe he feels athletic."

"He'd just been telling you about that letter—hoping that the two of you would run across it somewhere—and when you got it he knocked you down and took it away from you."

"No doubt he wished to examine it in private."

The chief shook his head. "Beyond me—way beyond me. He stole a cigar from Jaynes, hurried down and dropped the butt outside the pavilion window. He wrote a note to Van Horn, sending him off to the library on a fool's errand. He—he—what else has he done?"

"Perhaps he has murdered Shelah Fane," Charlie suggested.

"I'm sure he did."

"Yet he owns fine alibi."

The chief looked at his watch. "Yes, I'll attend to that alibi at 5:30, if those old people show up as they promised. What are you going to do now?"

"I follow you to join in that interview, but first I make stop at public library."

"Oh, yes, of course. Come as soon as you can. I—I think we're getting somewhere now."

"Where?" inquired Chan blandly.

"Lord knows—I don't," replied the chief, and hurried to his own car. He got away first, and Charlie followed him through the big gates onto Kalakaua Avenue.

It was nearly five o'clock, the bathing hour at Waikiki was on, and along the sidewalk passed a perpetual parade of pretty girls in gay beach robes and stalwart, tanned men in vivid dressing gowns. Other people had time to enjoy life, Charlie reflected, but not he. The further discoveries of the afternoon baffled him completely, and he had need of all his Oriental calm to keep him firmly on the pathway of his investigation. Tarneverro, who had sworn that his dearest wish was to assist in finding the murderer of Shelah Fane, had been impeding the search from the start. The fortune teller's dark face, with its deep, mysterious eyes, haunted Chan's thoughts as he flivvered on to town.

Stopping at the public library, he again appeared at the desk.

"Would you kindly tell me if the young woman in charge of reading room is now on scene?" he asked.

The girl appeared, upset and indignant over the morning's events. She would never again leave a newspaper file idle on a table, but the Japanese boy whose work it was to return such items to the shelves was taking the day off. She remembered Van Horn, of course; she had seen him in the films.

"Were other striking personalities present in reading room during the morning?" Charlie inquired.

The girl thought. Yes, she remembered one. A rather peculiar-looking man—she recalled especially his eyes. Chan urged her to a further description, and was left in no doubt to whom she referred.

"Did you perceive him examining newspaper file left by actor?"

"No, I didn't. He came in soon after Mr. Van Horn left, and stayed all morning, reading various papers and magazines. He seemed to be trying to pass the time."

"When did he leave?"

"I don't know. He was still here when I went out to luncheon."

"Ah, yes," Chan nodded. "He would be."

"You think he cut the book?"

"I have no proof, and never will have, I fear. But I am sure he mutilated the volume."

"I'd like to see him in jail," said the girl.

Charlie shrugged. "We have tastes in common. Thank you so much for significant information."

He drove quickly to the police station. The chief, alone in his room, was gruffly talking over the telephone. "No—no—nothing yet." He slammed the receiver onto its hook. "Good Lord, Charlie, they're hounding me to death. The whole world wants to know who killed Shelah Fane. The morning paper's had more than a hundred cables. Well, what about the library? . . . Wait a minute."

The telephone was ringing again. The chief's replies were none too gentle.

"That was Spencer," he announced, hanging up. "I don't know what's got into the boys—they seem to be helpless. They can't find a trace of that confounded beach comber anywhere. He's of vital importance, Charlie; he was in that room last night."

Charlie nodded. "He must assuredly be found. I am plenty busy man, but it seems I must go on his trail myself. As soon as interview with old people is ended."

"Good! That's the ticket. You go out the first chance you get. What was I saying—oh, yes, the library. What did you find there?"

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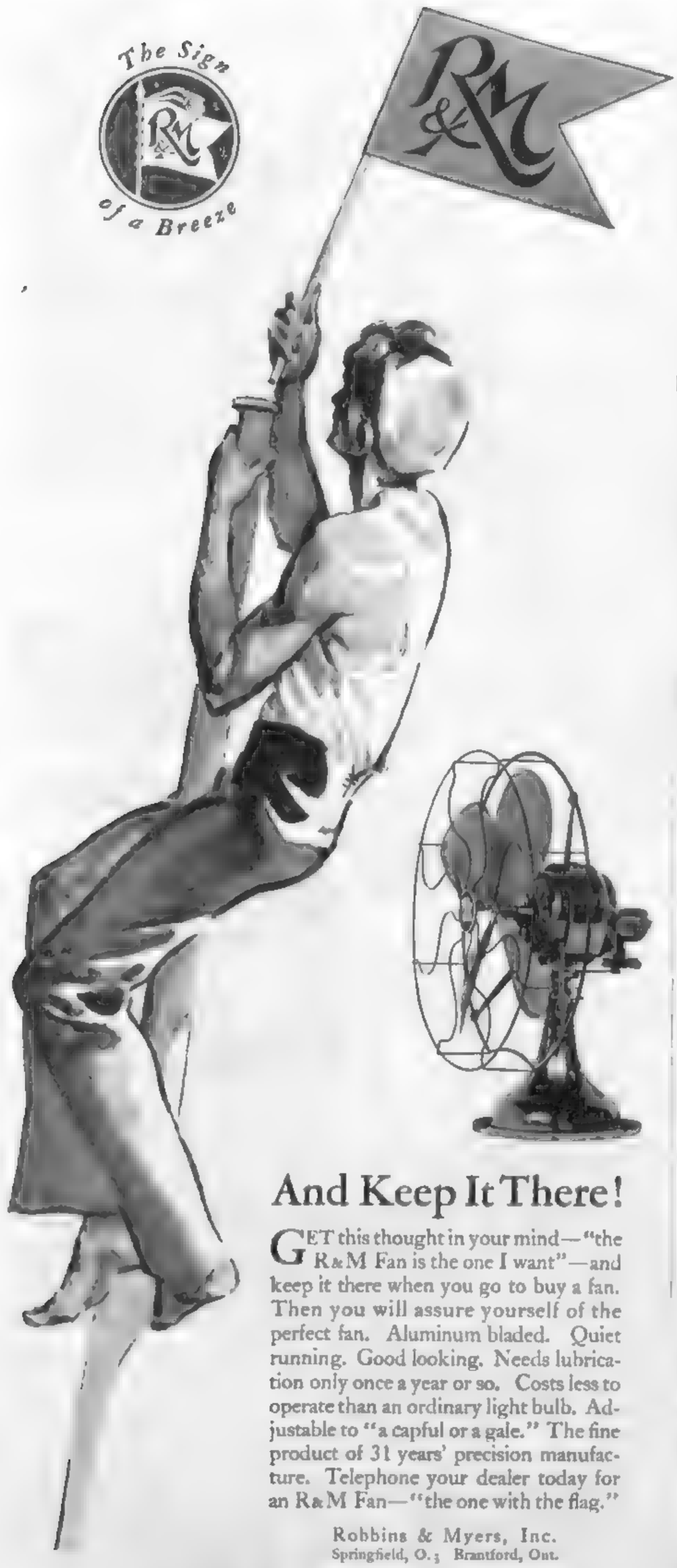

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"No question about it," Charlie replied. "Tarneverro is man who destroyed pictures of Denny Mayo."

"He is, eh? Well, I thought so. Doesn't want you to know what this Mayo looked like. Why? . . . I'll go mad if this keeps up. But there's one thing sure and I'm clinging to it. Tarneverro's our man. He killed Shelah Fane and we've got to pin it on him." Chan started to speak. "Oh, yes, I know—his alibi. Well, you watch me. I'll smash that alibi if it's the last act of my life."

"I was going to name one other objection," Chan told him gently.

"What's that?"

"If he contemplated killing of Shelah Fane, why did he announce first to me that we are about to arrest killer of Denny Mayo? Why, as my boy Henry would say, bring that up?"

The chief put his head in his hands. "Lord, I don't know. It's a difficult case, isn't it, Charlie?" A plain-clothes man appeared at the door, announcing Mr. Thomas MacMaster and wife. "Show them in," cried the chief, leaping to his feet. "We can do one thing, anyhow, Charlie," he said. "We can smash that alibi, and when we've done that, maybe things will clear up a bit."

The old Scotch couple entered, and at the guileless and innocent look of them the chief received a severe shock. The old man approached Chan with outstretched hand.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Chan. We meet again."

Charlie got up. "Would you kindly shake hands with the chief of detectives? Mrs. MacMaster, I would also present my superior officer to you. Chief desires to ask a few polite questions." He stressed the polite ever so slightly, but his superior got the hint.

"How do you do, madam," he said cordially. "Mr. MacMaster, I am sorry to trouble you."

"No trouble at all, sir," replied the old man, with the rolled *r* of Aberdeen. "Mother and I have never had much to do wi' the police, but we're law-abiding citizens and glad to help."

"Fine," returned the chief. "Now, sir, according to what you told Inspector Chan here, you are both old friends of the man who calls himself Tarneverro the Great?"

"Aye, that we are. It was in his younger days we knew him, and a splendid lad he was. We're deeply fond of him, sir."

The chief nodded. "Last night you say you sat with him on one of the *lunais* of the Grand Hotel from a few minutes after eight until half-past the hour."

"That is what we said, sir," MacMaster returned, "and we will swear to it in any court you put us in. It is the truth."

The chief looked him firmly in the eye. "It can't be the truth," he announced.

"Why—why, what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean there's a mistake somewhere. We have indisputable evidence that Mr. Tarneverro was elsewhere during that time."

The old man drew himself up proudly. "I do not like your tone, sir. The word of Thomas MacMaster has never been questioned before, and I have not come here to be insulted."

"I don't question your word. You've made a mistake, that's all. Tarneverro left you at 8:30, you claim. Did you verify that by your own watch?"

"I did."

"The watch might have been wrong."

"It was wrong."

"What!"

"It was a wee bit slow—a matter of two minutes. I compared it with the hotel clock, which stood at 8:32."

"You're not—pardon me—a young man, Mr. MacMaster?"

"Is that also forbidden by law in the States, sir?"

"What I mean is—your eyes ——"

"My eyes, sir, are as good as yours, and better. Mr. Tarneverro left us at 8:30—the correct time. He had been with us since we came out from our dinner, save for a brief period when he talked with a gentleman at the far end of the lounge. And during that time he did not leave our sight. That I say, and that I'll stand by"—he banged a great fist on the desk—"until hell freezes over!"

"Now, father, don't get excited," put in the old lady.

"Who's excited?" cried MacMaster. "You have to be emphatic wi' a policeman, mother. You have to talk his language."

The chief considered. In spite of himself, he was impressed by the obvious honesty of the old man. He had planned to bully him out of his testimony, but something told him such tactics would be useless. Hang it all, he reflected, Tarneverro did have an alibi, and a good one.

"You second what your husband says, madam?" he inquired.

"Every word of it," the old lady nodded.

The chief made a helpless gesture and turned toward MacMaster. "All right," he remarked. "You win."

Charlie stepped forward. "May I have honor to address few remarks to these good friends of mine?" he inquired.

"Sure. Go ahead, Charlie," replied the chief wearily.

"I make simple inquiry," Chan continued gently. "Mr. Tarneverro was young man starting career when he visited your ranch, I believe?"

"He was that," agreed MacMaster.

"An actor on theatrical stage?"

"Aye, and not a very successful one. He was glad of the work wi' us."

"Tarneverro very odd name. Was that what he called himself when he worked with you?"

The old man glanced quickly at his wife. "No, it was not," he said.

"What name did he offer at that time?"

MacMaster's jaws shut hard, and he said nothing.

"I repeat—what name did he offer when he worked with you?"

"I'm sorry, inspector," the old man replied, "but he has asked us not to refer to the matter."

Chan's eyes flashed with sudden interest. "He requests that you do not mention his real name?"

"Yes. He said he had done wi' it, and asked us to think of him as Mr. Tarneverro."

Charlie felt his way carefully. "Mr. MacMaster, a serious situation looks us hard in the face. Murder was done last night. Tarneverro is not guilty man. You prove same yourself by offer of alibi, which is accepted by us in sincere spirit, because we know it is spoken same way. You have performed that favor for him. You do it gladly because you love truth. But more even dear friend has no right to ask of you. You have said you are law-abiding, and no one exists who is stupid enough to doubt that. I wish to know Mr. Tarneverro's name when he was with you in Australia."

The old man turned uncertainly to his wife. "I—I don't know. This is a difficult position, mother."

"You will not prove him murderer by giving it," Charlie continued. "Already you have saved him from that. But you will impede our work if you withhold same, and I am plenty certain you are not kind of man to do that."

"I don't understand," the Scotchman muttered. "Mother, what do you think?"

"I think Mr. Chan is right." She beamed upon Charlie, who had evidently made a hit in that quarter. "We have done enough when we swear to his alibi. If you won't tell, father, I will. Why should a man be ashamed of his real name—and it was his real name, I'm sure."

"Madam," said Chan, "you have proper view of things. Deign to mention the name."

"When we knew Tarneverro on the ranch," continued the old lady, "his name was Arthur Mayo."

"Mayo!" cried Chan. He and the chief exchanged a triumphant glance.

"Yes. He told you this morning he was alone when he came to work for us. I can't

(Continued on Page 169)

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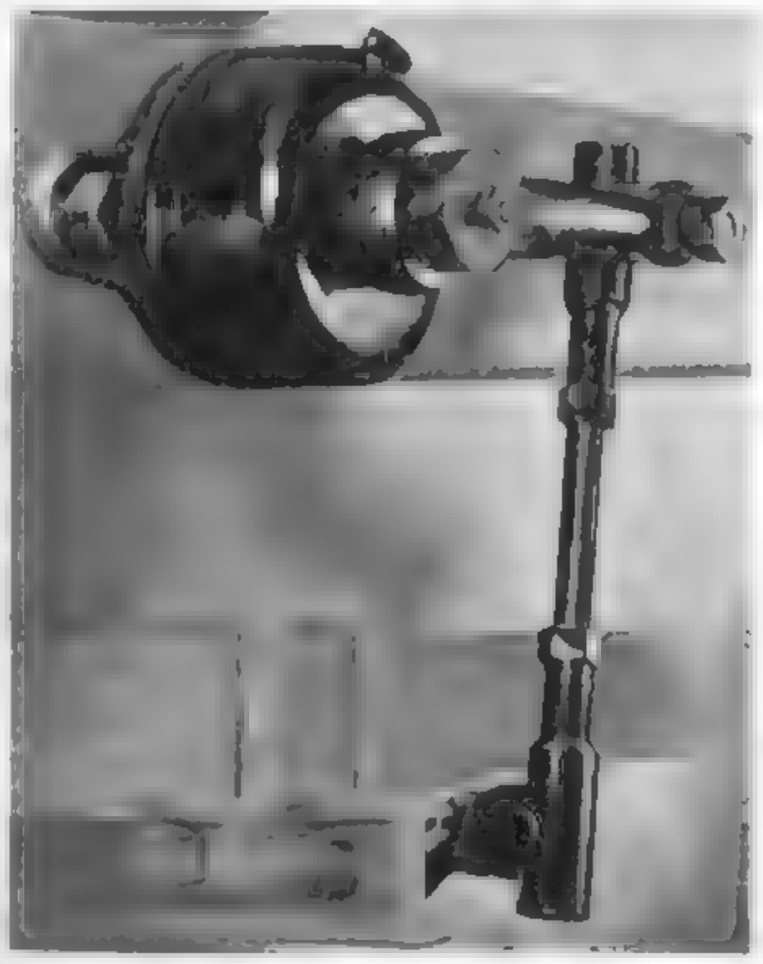

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(Continued from Page 166)

think why he said that—it wasn't true. You see, he and his brother came to us together."

"His brother?"

"Yes, of course—his brother, Denny Mayo."

XXI

CHAN'S breath came a little faster as he listened to this unexpected bit of news. Tarneverro was Denny Mayo's brother! No wonder, then, that the fortune teller had been so eager to learn from Shelah Fane the name of Mayo's murderer. No wonder he had offered to help Chan to the limit of his ability in the task of finding out who had silenced Shelah just as she was, supposedly, on the point of telling.

And yet—had he carried out that promise to assist? On the contrary, he had evidently been placing in Chan's way every obstacle possible. Puzzles, puzzles—Charlie put his hand to his head. This man Tarneverro was the king of mystery.

"Madam, what you say is very interesting," the detective remarked. His eyes brightened. On one point, at least, light was breaking. "Will you be kind enough to tell me—was there resemblance in features between those two men?"

She nodded. "Aye, there was, though many people might not have noticed, because of the difference in age and coloring. Denny was blond, and Arthur very dark. But the first time I saw them, standing side by side in my kitchen, I knew they were brothers."

Chan smiled. "You have contributed something to our solution, madam, though up to moment of present speaking, only the gods know what. I think that is all we now require of you. Do I speak correctly, chief?"

"Yes, that's right, Charlie. Mr. MacMaster, I'm obliged to your wife and you for this visit."

"Not at all, sir," the old man answered. "Come, mother. I—I'm not quite comfortable about this. Perhaps you've talked a wee bit too much."

"Nonsense, Thomas. No honest man is ashamed of his name, and I'm sure Arthur Mayo is honest. If he's not, he's sore changed from what he was when we knew him." The old lady rose.

"As for the alibi," her husband said stubbornly, "we stick to that through thick and thin. Tarneverro was with us from eight to eight-thirty, and if the murder was done in that half hour, he didn't do it. To that I'll swear, gentlemen."

"Yes, yes, I suppose you will," the chief replied. "Good evening, sir. Madam, a great pleasure to meet you."

The old couple went out and the chief looked at Charlie. "Well, where are we now?" he inquired.

"Tangled in endless net, as always," Chan answered. "One thing I know—Tarneverro waits for me at Young Hotel. I will call him at once and request his presence here."

When he had done so, he came back and sat down beside his superior. His brows were contracted in thought.

"The case spreads itself," he remarked. "Tarneverro was Denny's brother. That ought to give us big boost toward our solution, but other way about, it only increases our worry. Why did he not tell me that? Why has he, as matter of fact, fiercely struggled to keep it from me? You heard what lady said about resemblance. That explains at once why all pictures of Mayo were torn to bits. Tarneverro was willing to travel long length to make sure we do not discover this fact just related to us." He sighed. "Anyhow, we have learned why portraits were destroyed."

"Yes, but that doesn't get us anywhere," the chief replied. "If it was his brother who was killed, and he was on the point of asking you to arrest the murderer as soon as Shelah Fane revealed the name, I'd think that he would naturally tell you of his connection with Mayo—especially after the news of Miss Fane's death. It would have been a logical explanation of his interest in the case. Instead of telling you, he tries desperately to keep the relationship hidden." The chief paused. "Strange none of these Hollywood folks ever noticed a resemblance between Mayo and the fortune teller."

Chan shook his head. "Not likely they would. The two visit town at wide separated times, and were not seen together there. Many people, the lady said, would not note resemblance, but Tarneverro flatters me by assuming I am one who would. As for others, he knows well it is the kind of likeness almost no one sees until it is pointed out. Then everybody sees it. Human nature is like that."

"Human nature is getting to be too much for me," growled the chief. "What course do you propose to take with this fortune teller when he gets here?"

"I plan to walk softly. We will say nothing about his many misendeavors, but we will speak of this thing we have just learned, and note his reaction. What reasons will he give for his silence? They may have vast significance."

"Well, I don't know, Charlie. It might be better to keep him in the dark even on that point."

"Not if we pretend we hold no suspicion whatever. We will assume instead a keen delight. Now we know he has every reason to help us, and the skies brighten above our weary heads."

"Well, you handle him, Charlie."

A few moments later Tarneverro strode debonairly into the room. His manner was aloof and a bit condescending, as though he found himself in quaint company, but was man of the world enough to be at home anywhere. He nodded at Charlie.

"Ah, inspector, I waited for you a long time. I'd about given you up."

"A thousand of my humbliest apologies," Chan returned. "I was detained by heavy weight of business. May I present my honored chief?"

The fortune teller bowed. "A great pleasure. How are you getting on, inspector? I've been very eager to know."

"Natural you should be. Only a moment ago did we upearth fact which makes us realize how deep your interest is."

Tarneverro glanced at him keenly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean we discover that Denny Mayo was your brother."

Tarneverro stepped over and laid his walking stick on a desk. The act, it seemed, gave him a moment for thought.

"It's true, inspector," he remarked, facing Chan again. "I don't know how you found it out ——"

Charlie permitted himself a quiet smile of satisfaction. "Not many things remain buried through investigation such as we are making," he remarked gently.

"Evidently not." Tarneverro hesitated. "I presume you are wondering why I didn't tell you this myself?"

Chan shrugged. "Undoubtedly you possessed good reason."

"Several reasons," the fortune teller assured him. "For one thing, I didn't believe that such knowledge would help you in any way in solving the case."

"Which is sound thinking," Chan agreed readily. "Still, I must confess slight hurt in my heart. Frankness between friends is like warm sun after rain. The friendship grows."

Tarneverro nodded and sat down. "I suppose there's a good deal in what you say. I'm rather sorry I kept the relationship to myself and I apologize most humbly. If it's not too late, inspector, I will give you the whole story now."

"Not at all too late," Chan beamed.

"Denny Mayo was my brother, inspector—my youngest brother. The relationship between us was more like that of father and son. I was intensely fond of him. I watched over him, helped his career, took pride in it. When he was brutally murdered, the shock was a terrible one for me. So you can easily understand why I say"—his voice trembled with sudden passion—"that to avenge his death has been for three years my chief aim; indeed, my only aim. If the person who killed Shelah Fane is the same man or woman who murdered Denny, then, by heaven, I cannot rest until justice is done."

He rose and began to pace the floor.

"When I heard the news of Denny's murder I was playing in a London production. There was nothing I could do about it at the moment—I was too far away. But at my earliest opportunity I went to Hollywood, determined to solve the mystery of his death. I thought that the chances of my doing so would be better if I did not arrive in the picture colony as Denny's brother, but under an assumed name. At first I called myself Henry Smallwood—it was the name of a character I had lately played.

"I looked around. The police, it was evident, were completely at sea on the case. Gradually I became impressed by the number of seers and fortune tellers of various sorts in Hollywood. They all seemed to be prospering, and it was rumored that they were the recipients of amazing confidences and secrets from the lips of the screen people. A big idea struck me. In my younger days I had been an assistant to Maskelyne the Great, one of a long line of famous magicians, and a man of really remarkable powers. I had some talent in a psychic way, had told fortunes as an amateur, and had the nerve to carry the thing through. Why not, I thought, take an impressive name, set myself up as a crystal gazer, and by prying into Hollywood's secrets, seek to solve the mystery of poor Denny's death? The whole thing looked absurdly simple and easy."

He sat down again.

"So for two years, gentlemen, I have been Tarneverro the Great. I have listened to stories of unrequited love, of overwhelming ambition, of hate and intrigue, hope and despair. It has been interesting, many secrets have been whispered in my ear, but until recently the one big secret I longed to hear was not among them. Then, out of a blue sky, yesterday morning at the Grand Hotel, my moment came. I finally got on the trail of Denny's murderer. It took all my will power to control myself when I realized what was happening. Shelah Fane told me she was in Denny's house that night; she saw him murdered. I had difficulty restraining myself—I wanted to leap upon her then and there and wring the name of his killer from her reluctant lips. Three years ago I would have done it, but time—well, we grow calmer with the passage of time.

"However, once I discovered she knew, I would never have left her until she told. When you saw me last night, inspector, my hopes were running high. I proposed to take you with me to her home after the party, and between us I felt certain we could drag out that name at last. I intended to hand the guilty person over to you immediately, for"—he looked at the chief—"I need hardly tell you that I have never thought of avenging the crime in any other manner. From the first, I proposed to let the courts deal with Denny's killer. That was, of course, the only sane way."

The chief nodded gravely. "The only way, of course."

Tarneverro turned toward Chan. "You know what happened. Somehow this person discovered that Shelah was on the verge of telling, and silenced her forever. On the very threshold of triumph, I was defeated. Unless you find out who killed poor Shelah, my years of exile in Hollywood will very likely go for nothing. That's why I'm with you—that's why I want"—his voice trembled again—"the murderer of Shelah Fane more than I've ever wanted anything in all my life before."

Charlie looked at him with a sort of awe. Was this the man who had been scattering all those false clews about the place?

"I am glad of this frankness, lately as it arrives," the detective said with an odd smile.

"I should have told you at once, I presume," Tarneverro continued. "I was, as

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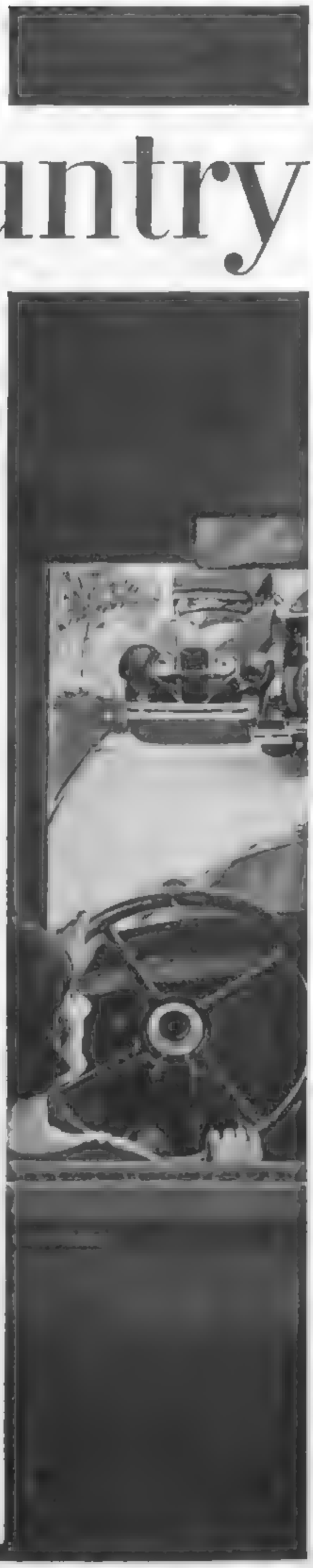

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a matter of fact, on the point of explaining my relationship to Denny as we rode down to Shelah's house. But, I reflected, the information would not help you in the least. And I did not want it to become known why I was telling fortunes in Hollywood. If it did, of course my career there would be ended. 'Suppose,' I said to myself, 'Inspector Chan fails to find Shelah Fane's murderer. In that case I must go back to Hollywood and resume my quest.' They are still coming to me with their secrets. Diana Dixon consulted me today. That is why, until Denny's murderer is found, I do not want my real name made public. I rely on you gentlemen to be discreet."

"You may do so," Chan nodded. "Matter remains buried as though beneath Great Wall of China. Knowing how firmly you are with us in this hunt adds on new hope. We will find Shelah Fane's murderer, Mr. Tarneverro, and your brother's all same time"

"You are making progress?" asked the fortune teller eagerly.

Charlie regarded him fixedly. "Every moment we are approaching nearer. One or two little matters, and we are at journey's end."

"Good," said Tarneverro heartily. "You know now my stake in the affair. I hope you will forgive me that I didn't reveal it fully at the start."

"Explanation has been most reasonable," smiled Chan. "All is forgiven. I think you may now be excused"

"Thank you" Tarneverro glanced at his watch. "It is getting on toward the dinner hour, isn't it? I'm sorry that what I have told you is of no vital importance in your search. If there were only some really valuable contribution that I could make ——"

Chan nodded. "Understand your feeling plenty well. Who knows? Your opportunity may yet arise." He escorted Tarneverro from the room and out the front door of the station house.

When he returned, the chief was slumped down in his chair. He looked up with a wry smile. "Well," he remarked, "what was wrong with that picture?"

Charlie grinned. "Pretty much everything," he responded. "Tarneverro plenty queer man. He wants to help—so he robs cigar from Mr. Jaynes and drops same outside pavilion window. He thirsts for my success—so he writes note that causes me to waste time on innocent Mr. Van Horn. He has mild little reason, of no importance, for not telling me he is Denny Mayo's brother—but he rages about destroying pictures of Denny as though he would keep matter from me or die in the attempt. He beholds letter in which may be written name of Denny's killer, and when I am about to open it, he kicks out light and smashes me in face." Chan rubbed his cheek thoughtfully. "Yes, this Tarneverro plenty peculiar man."

"Well, where do we go from here?" the chief inquired. "It begins to look like one of your stone walls, Charlie."

Chan shrugged. "In which case we circle about, seeking new path. Me, I get renewed interest in beach comber. Why was he in pavilion room last night? More important yet, what was conversation he overheard between Shelah Fane and Robert Fyfe, for suppression of which Fyfe pays handsome sum?" He moved toward the door. "Kashimo has now played his game of hide and seek long time enough. I go to bestow inside small quantity of provisions, and after that I myself will do a little scouring of this town."

"That's the talk," his chief cried. "You go after that beach comber yourself. I'll eat downtown, too, and come back here as soon as I've finished. You'll find me here any time after seven."

Charlie went to the telephone and called his house, getting his daughter Rose on the wire. He announced that he would not be home for dinner. A sharp cry of protest answered him.

"But, dad, you must come home. We all want to see you."

"Ah, at last you begin to feel keen affection for poor old father."

"Sure. And we're dying to hear the news."

"Remain alive a small time longer," he advised. "There are no news as yet."

"Well, what have you been doing all day?" Rose wanted to know.

Chan sighed. "Maybe I should put my eleven children on this case."

"Maybe you should," she laughed. "A little American pep might work wonders."

"That is true. I am only stupid old Oriental."

"Who says you are? I never did. But, dad, if you love me, please hurry."

"I will speed," he answered. "If I do not, I perceive I cannot come home tonight."

He hung up the receiver and went to a near-by restaurant, where he ate a generous dinner.

Refreshed and fortified, he was presently strolling down King Street toward Aala Park. Dusk was falling over that littered stretch of ground, the campus of the undergraduates in the hard school of experience. They lolled about on the benches, some of them glancing up at Charlie with hostile eyes under discreetly lowered lids. There was muttering as he passed, an occasional curse from the lips of someone who had met the detective under circumstances none too pleasant. He paid no attention to any of them; he was seeking a man in a velvet coat and duck trousers that had once been white.

The park yielded nothing. He crossed to a street of mean shops and shabby business. Above his head, on a fragile balcony, an enormous Filipino woman in a faded kimono puffed on an after-dinner cigar. Charlie moved along into a section of Honolulu quite unknown to tourists who breathed the pure air of the beach and raved about the beauty of these islands.

There was no beauty in the River District, only squalor and poverty; seven races jumbled together in an international slum. He heard voices raised in bitter argument, the weeping of children, the clatter of sandals, and, even here, the soft whine of Hawaiian music. The Song of the Islands floated lazily on the fetid air. Over a doorway that led to a dark and dirty stair he saw the sign:

ORIENTAL CABARET.

He paused for a moment in the glare of the lights that formed this sign. A girl was approaching, dark-skinned, slender, graceful. He stood aside to let her pass and saw her face. The tropics, lonely islands lost in vast southern seas—a lovely head against a background of cool green. Quickly he followed her up the stairs.

He came into a bare room with a sagging roof. There were many tables with blue-and-white-checkered cloths; painted girls were eating at the rear. A suave little proprietor came forward, rubbing his hands with outward calm, but somewhat disturbed inside.

"What you want, inspector?"

Charlie pushed him aside and followed the girl he had seen below. She had taken off her hat and hung it on a nail; evidently she worked here.

"Begging your pardon," Chan began.

She looked at him, fear and defiance mingling in her smoldering eyes. "What you want?"

"You are acquainted with *haole*—white man—Smith, the beach comber?"

"Maybe."

"He painted your portrait—I have seen it. A beautiful thing."

The girl shrugged. "Yes, he come here sometimes. I let him make the picture. What of it?"

"Have you seen Mr. Smith lately?"

"Not for long time—no."

"Where does he live?"

"On the beach, I think."

"But when he has money—where then?"

The girl did not reply. The proprietor came forward. "You tell him, Leonora. Tell inspector what he asks you to."

(Continued on Page 172)

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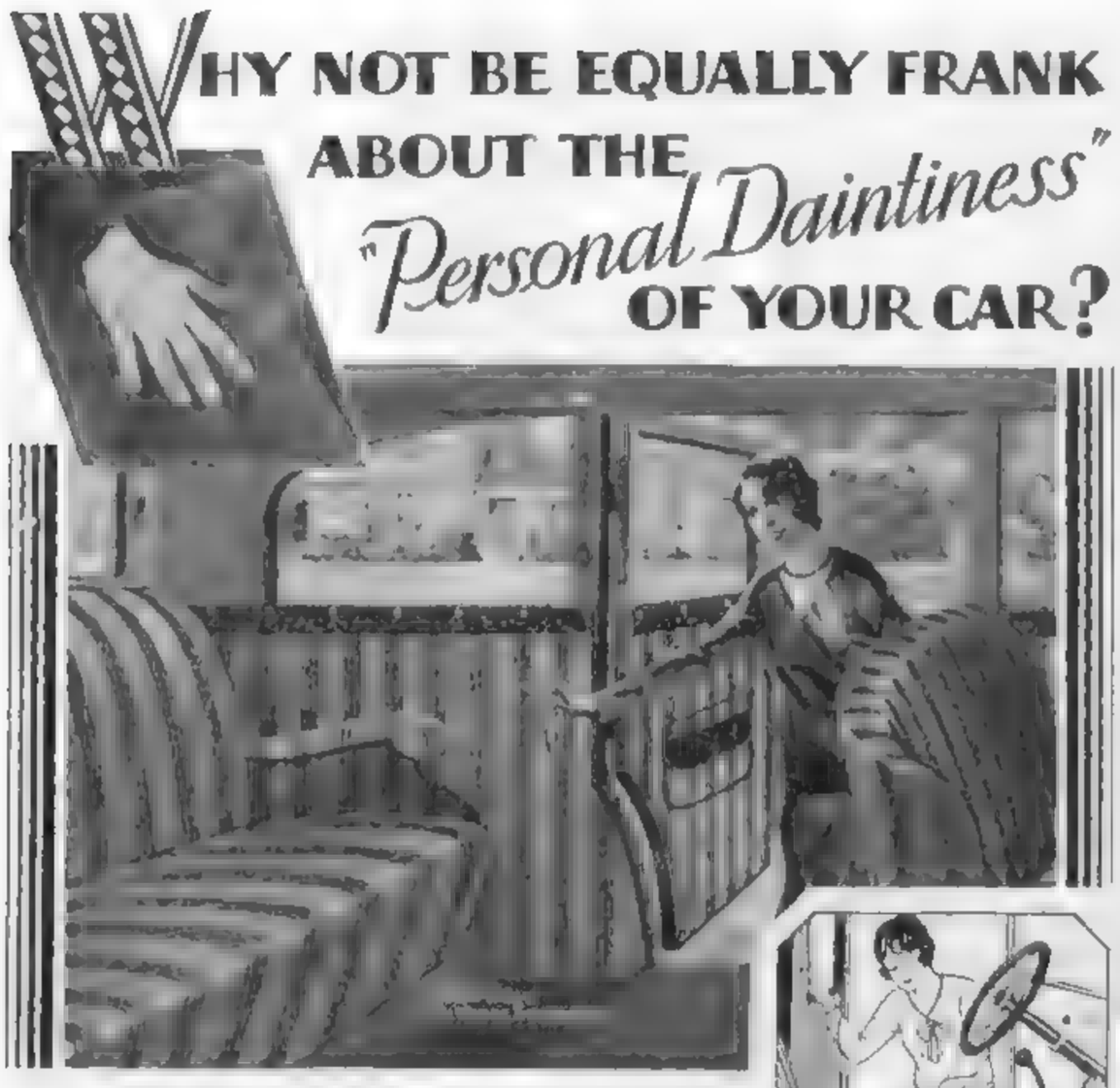

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(Continued from Page 170)

"Oh, well. Sometimes he live at Nippon Hotel, on Beretania Street."

Chan bowed. "Thank you so much." He wasted no time in that odorous, cluttered room, but hastened down the dark stair. In a few moments he entered the Nippon Hotel. The sleek little Japanese behind the desk greeted him with a cordiality Chan knew was rankly insincere.

"Inspector, you honor my house."

"Such is not my purpose. *Haole* named Smith—he stops here?"

The clerk took a register from beneath the desk. "I look see."

Charlie reached out and took the book from his slightly resisting hands. "I will see. Your eyes are notably bad. Archie Smith, room seven. Lead me there."

"Mr. Smith out, I think."

"We will discover if he is. Please make haste."

Reluctantly the Japanese led him across an open courtyard, filled with a neglected tangle of plants and flowers. The Nippon Hotel was a cluster of shabby sheds, antiquated outbuildings. They stepped onto a *lanai;* a Japanese woman porter, bent low under a heavy tin trunk, staggered by. The clerk moved on into a musty hallway and pointed to a door. The numeral seven—or what was left of it—hung by one nail on the panel.

"In there," said the Jap, and with a hostile look, disappeared.

Chan opened the door of No. 7 and entered a dim, low-ceilinged room. One dirty bulb was burning over a pine table, and at that table sat Smith, the beach comber, with a canvas on his knees. He looked up, startled.

"Oh," he said. "So it's you?"

Chan regarded him sleepily. "Where you been all day?"

Smith indicated the canvas. "The evidence is right here, inspector. I've been sitting in my palatial studio painting that courtyard outside. Glad you dropped in. It's been a bit dull since I finished." He leaned back in his chair and critically surveyed his work. "Come and look at this, inspector. Do you know, I believe I've got something into it—a certain miasmic quality. Did you ever realize before that flowers can look mean and sinister? Well, they can—in the courtyard of the Nippon Hotel."

Chan glanced at the painting and nodded. "Yes, plenty good, but I have no time to be critic now. Get your hat and come with me."

"Where are we going—to dinner? I know a place on the Boulevard St. Germain —"

"We go to the station house," Charlie replied.

"Wherever you say," nodded Smith, and putting aside the canvas, picked up his hat.

They crossed Aala Park to King Street. Chan regarded the derelict with an almost affectionate gaze. Before he and Smith parted company again, the beach comber was going to tell him much—enough, perhaps, to solve his problem and put an end to all his worries.

The chief was alone in the detectives' room. At sight of Charlie's companion he brightened visibly. "Ah, you got him. I thought you would."

"What's it all about?" Smith asked jauntily. "I'm flattered, of course, by all these attentions, but ——"

"Sit down," said the chief. "Take off that hat." Thank heaven, here was someone who needn't be handled any too gently. "Look at me. A woman was killed last night at Waikiki, in a separate building on the grounds of her home. What were you doing in the room where she was killed?"

Beneath the yellow beard Smith's face paled. He wet his lips with his tongue.

"I was never in that room, chief."

"You lie! We found your finger prints on the window sill. Look at me! What were you doing in that room?"

"I I "

"Come on, brace up. You're in a tight place. Tell the truth, or you'll swing for this. What were you doing ——"

"All right," said Smith in a low voice. "I'll tell you about it. Give me a chance. I didn't kill anybody. It's true, I was in that room—in a way."

"In a way?"

"Yes, I opened the window and climbed up on the sill. You see ——"

"Kindly start at beginning," Chan cut in. "We know you arrived at window of pavilion to hear man and woman talking inside. What was said we pass over for the minute. You heard the man leaving the room ——"

"Yes, and I went after him. I wanted to see him, but he got into a car and drove away down the avenue. I couldn't catch him. So I ambled back and sat down on the beach. Pretty soon I heard a cry—a woman's cry—from that pavilion. I didn't know what to do. I waited a while, and then I went over and looked through the window. The curtain was down, but it flapped about. Everything was quiet; I thought the place was empty. And then—well, really, I'm a little embarrassed about this. I'd never done such a thing before. But I was desperate—strapped—and when you're that way you get the feeling, somehow, that the world owes you a living."

"Get on with it!" barked the chief.

"Well, just inside the window I caught a glimpse of—of a diamond pin. I thought there was no one inside, so I pushed up the screen and climbed onto the sill. I stooped over and picked up the pin, and then I saw her—the woman—lying over there by the table—stabbed, dead. Well, of course I realized at once that was no place for me. I lowered the screen, hid the pin in a little secret safety-deposit box of mine on the beach, and strolled as casually as I could to the avenue. I was still moving when that cop picked me up, an hour later."

"Is pin still on beach?" Chan inquired.

"No, I got it this morning." Smith reached into his trousers pocket and produced it. "Take it, quick. I don't want it. Don't let me ever see it again. I must have been crazy, I guess. But as I say, when you're down and out ——"

Charlie was studying the pin. It was a delicate affair—a row of fine diamonds set in platinum. He turned it over. The pin itself was broken midway and the end of it was lost.

The chief was looking sternly at the beach comber. "Well," he said, "you know what this means. We'll have to lock you up."

"One moment, please," broke in Charlie. "Finding of pretty pin is good enough, but it is not vital to us. Vital matter is, what did this man hear Shelah Fane and Robert Fyfe saying to each other while he lingered outside pavilion window? Something of great importance—something Mr. Fyfe made false confession to quiet—something he has paid Mr. Smith nice sum to conceal. But now Mr. Smith changes mind. He will not conceal it any longer."

"Oh, yes, I will," cried Smith. "I mean, it was nothing—nothing ——"

"We hold you for theft," cut in Charlie Chan. "Do you enjoy prisons? I think not. Neither does territory enjoy supporting you there. Under a certain circumstance, memory of theft might fade from our minds forever. Am I speaking correctly, chief?"

The chief was dubious. "You think it's as important as that, Charlie?"

"It is of vast importance," Chan replied.

"All right." He turned to the beach comber. "Tell us the truth of what you heard last night, and you can go. I won't press the charge. But it's got to be the truth this time."

Smith hesitated. His rosy dream of the mainland, decent clothes, respectability, was dying hard. But he shuddered at the thought of Oahu Prison.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll tell you. I hate to do it, but—oh, well, there's Cleveland. My father—a most punctilious man. Easily annoyed—growing old, you know. I've got to get out of this jam for his sake, if not for my own. When I came up to that window, inspector ——"

Chan raised his hand.

"A moment, please. I have keen desire to see Robert Fyfe in this room when you tell the story." He looked at his watch. "I can reach him at hotel, I think. Excuse me." He took up the telephone and summoned Fyfe. Then he went over and sat down in a chair at the beach comber's side. "Now we will rest as comfortable as may be until Mr. Fyfe come. You, Smith, explore your mind and arrange story in advance. Kindly remember—the truth."

The beach comber nodded. "You're on, inspector. The truth this time." He looked down at his battered shoes. "I knew it was too good to last. . . . Got a cigarette? . . . No? Neither have I. Oh, well, life's like that."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

TARIFF—A Two-Edged Sword

(Continued from Page 29)

trade competition is based on likeness or similarity as between the same species of commodity. We are now asked to accept the doctrine of substitutional competition based not on identity of species but upon identity of uses. We grow no bananas for commercial purposes in this country, but we do import some $30,000,000 worth of bananas from the Caribbean countries every year. We have no banana industry to protect, but we do grow apples. The apple, like the banana, is a fruit, and both are grown for edible purposes. Make the banana scarce and expensive enough by raising the tariff, and the banana-craving individual will be compelled to satisfy his taste for fruit by buying apples. "Yes, we have no bananas today, but we have something just as good in the form of Oregon apples." Some killjoy may object that the banana has a field of its own, that it is eaten for its food value rather than its fruit value, that it is essentially a food of our city poor, that it contains more nutriment than the apple, that free-born citizens cannot be dragooned into eating one product by making another product more expensive. If the substitutional theory is carried out logically the superfluous sassafras bushes which encumber our fields might be turned to profitable account. Make Oriental tea by tariff manipulation scarce and expensive and we may be driven to sassafras-root tea as a substitute. Returning to the banana, we import $30,000,000 worth of bananas from the Caribbean countries, which in turn buy $187,000,000 worth of our agricultural products, such as flour, lard and canned goods, thus helping our farmer to dispose of his surpluses in these commodities.

Jute is another tropical commodity we do not produce. Jute is the raw material out of which we manufacture cheap twine string and bagging material. We import about 900,000,000 pounds of the stuff annually. It is proposed, in the interest of our cotton growers, to raise the tariff so high that manufacturers of jute twine and bagging will be compelled to turn to cotton as a substitute for jute. Opponents of the proposed tariff on jute declare that the cost, even to the cotton planter, through the increased expense of his bagging material, would more than offset his augmented returns through a better demand for cotton. It is stated that the increased cost to the cotton growers of substituting cotton fiber for jute burlap in baling cotton would run to $7,000,000 yearly.

Desperate, Doubtful, Hopeful

How would the substitutional theory be applied to olive oil, of which we import 10,000,000 gallons yearly? We produce in circumscribed districts in California and Arizona about 100,000 gallons annually or approximately 1 per cent of our requirements. We can tax imported olive oil out of our market if it is expedient to do so and supplement our meager outturn of olive oil by other domestic edible oils extracted from peanuts, cottonseed and corn. Perhaps the world would go on none the worse, but how far can we trifle with the human palate by tariff legislation? When Mehemet Ali raised the tax on Egyptian dates the palm growers of the Nile Valley responded by cutting down their trees.

Lawyers have a way of listing claims due the estate of a decedent in three classes—to wit: Desperate, doubtful, hopeful. We may thus classify proposals that have been made to assist the farmer through tariff manipulation. Certain of these proposals may be classified as counsels of desperation; others of problematical merit; others are undoubtedly sound and helpful. The tariff is a two-edged sword which may cut not only two ways but a dozen ways. To single out an individual item for rate readjustment is sometimes like pulling a thread out of a skein. It entangles a lot of other threads with it.

Take the case of alfalfa seed, which stands alphabetically at the head of the list of farm commodities. Why let an import business, worth about $6,000,000 annually, go to the foreigner, when we are in the alfalfa-seed business ourselves? Of course the farmer who produces seed alfalfa for market would benefit by slowing down foreign competition, but looked at in the light of advantage to our entire agricultural establishment the matter is debatable. We are importing just about one-fifteenth of the alfalfa seed we need. It happens, however, that considerably less than 200,000 farms produce alfalfa and clover seed, while considerably more than 2,000,000 farms produce clover and alfalfa hay, and are under the necessity of purchasing alfalfa and clover seed. Would we benefit our national agriculture by helping the one man who sells at the expense of ten men who must buy?

Help That Harms

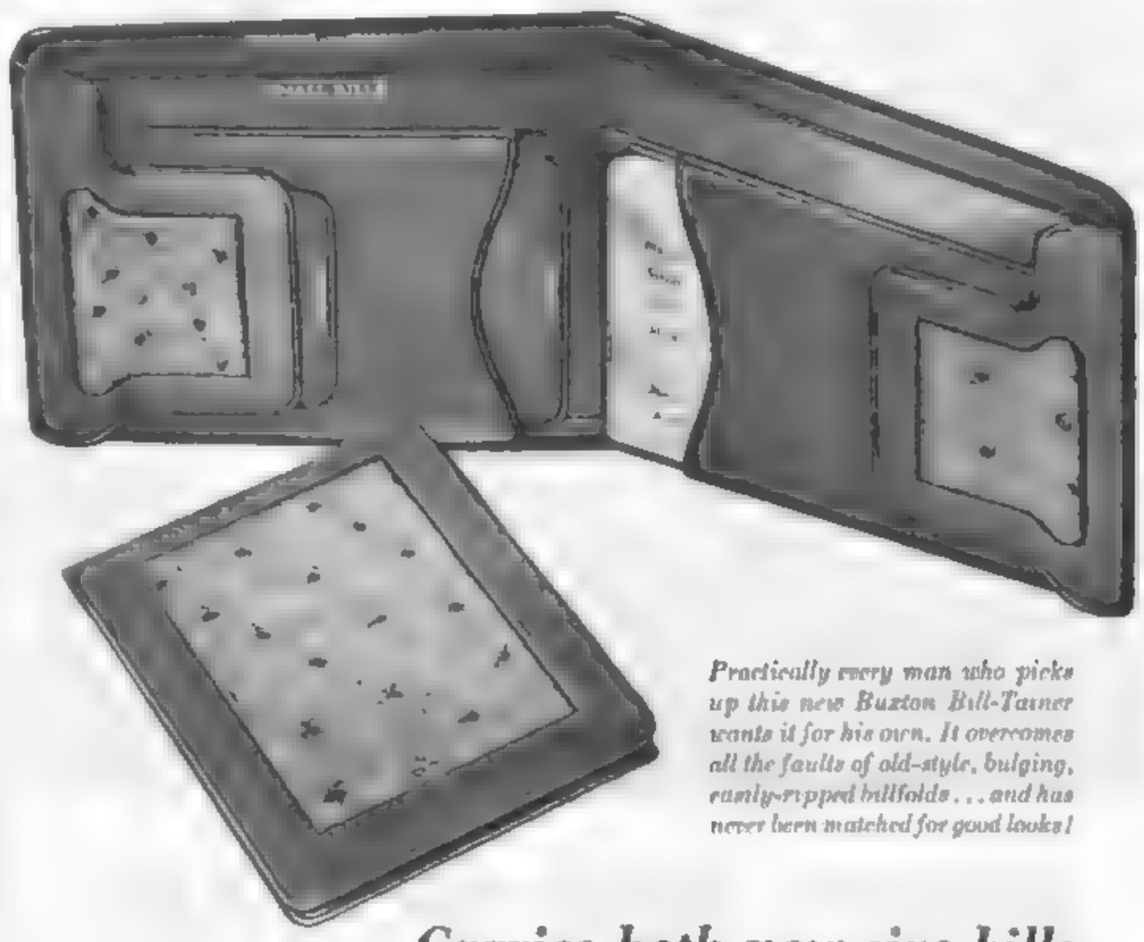
The help that harms! It is proposed to take hides from the free list. How about a duty on hides? We can't begin to supply our own needs, and here lies a great unappropriated market in our own country which we might retain for ourselves. Many of our important farm commodities, such as wheat, corn, cotton and tobacco, are produced in excess of our home-market requirements. It's hard to protect from foreign competition an industry that is on a heavy export basis. It is a piece of luck, therefore, that we produce a commodity—hides—for which a great latent and unappropriated market exists in our own country. Take hides from the free list and impose a moderately high tariff of say 30 per cent ad valorem, or five cents a pound green weight. What would follow? Hides are the raw material of which leather is the manufactured product. If a duty is imposed on hides the existing duty on leather must be revised upward. The price of leather in turn affects the cost of making shoes. We can't stand up under the competition of Czecho-Slovakian shoes if the crafty Czechs are to enjoy the advantage of cheaper raw material. With dearer leather reflecting dearer hides, we must of necessity advance the duty on shoes. At all hazards avoid being checkmated by the Czechs! The price of shoes, of course, will be affected by the increased duty on leather. How would these increases all along the line affect the American farmer? Our farmers sell, on the average, two and a half hides a year. The maximum profit that would go into the farmer's pocket as a result of a 30 per cent duty on hides would approximate $5.60 per year, as spread over the entire number of farmers engaged in raising cattle and producing hides. But the higher price of hides would be reflected in the increased cost of leather. The average farm family contains three and a half people above ten years of age. Each of these three and a half

Three experts on leather goods say—

"The only billfold that won't buckle"

"Strongest billfold made"

"Handsomest thing of its kind"



Practically every man who picks up this new Buxton Bill-Tainer wants it for his own. It overcomes all the faults of old-style, bulging, easily-ripped billfolds . . . and has never been matched for good looks!

Carries both new-size bills and old, in separate compartments . . .

THREE successful leather goods merchants (whose experience in buying, selling and using billfolds averages more than 25 years) are quoted in the headlines above. Wm. Wilmington, C. W. Weeks, and James W. Likly have each served as president of the National Luggage Dealers Association. They know billfolds from every angle—and each man prefers and uses a Buxton Bill-Tainer.

Even those who produced the new Buxton Bill-Tainer have been amazed at the instant recognition accorded this different, modern billfold. Leather goods experts and the public alike have welcomed the Bill-Tainer as a real triumph of creative craftsmanship.

• • •

First billfold to offer a separate and smaller compartment for the smaller-size bills soon to be issued, the Bill-Tainer exclusively combines this advantage with the non-buckling feature. Patented "sliding" and stitchless construction enables the Bill-Tainer to fold flat and compact even when very full.

Furthermore, there isn't a stitch or a seam in the Bill-Tainer to rip or tear. Another exclusive Buxton feature! Ingeniously folded, instead of sewed together. Outlasts ordinary billfolds by years. *Guaranteed* to last as long as the leather. If it gives out at any point it is replaced free.

• • •

Not only bills, but checks, notes, cards, stamps, etc., can be carried in the Bill-Tainer—each in its place. A special double vision window for auto license and identification cards.

Buxton hand workmanship throughout. Illustration shows the Bill-Tainer finished in Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin—a new, smart creation in leather goods. Priced at $10. Other distinctive leathers from $3.50 up.

If your dealer does not carry the new Bill-Tainer, write to Buxton, Inc., 106 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

BUXTON Bill-Tainer

Made by the makers of the famous
BUXTON *Key-Tainer*

THE KEY-TAINER, *originated by Buxton, carries the keys of millions of people—more conveniently and more safely. Only the owners of genuine Key-Tainers are protected by the Buxton Free Key Return Service, through which thousands have recovered lost keys.*

The Amazing COROZONE!

makes bad air fresh and odorless by electricity!

Now you can have a daily supply of clean, invigorating air—filled with ozone—like the clarified air after a sharp electric storm—for your home, your office, your bank, your restaurant, your store, these hot, humid summer days.

This unique service is now available at very nominal cost—through a new and wonderful electrical invention called COROZONE. It assures fresh, odorless INDOOR AIR, in any close, stuffy indoor room—from an ordinary A. C. electric light socket. A wonderful convenience in summer as well as in winter.

Eliminates offensive odors

This amazing Corozone is not a disinfectant. Corozone generates a mild form of *pure ozone* and liberates it into the air. This active ozone is what does the work. It is Nature's purifier.

Corozone promptly oxidizes impurities. Destroys cooking odors—stale cigar and cigarette odors—paint odors—bad air odors—human body odors—and many others. Clears the atmosphere of tobacco smoke.

Dispels humidity. *Revitalizes* lifeless air. Makes it clean, fresh, invigorating.

Recommended by authorities

Ventilating experts of high standing recommend Corozone. Banks, railway dining cars, restaurants and stores, as well as thousands of homes, are now using it.

Corozone measures only 4 x 5 x 8 inches. Easily installed anywhere. Costs no more than an electric fan to operate. Sold on a "money-back" guaranty.

WRITE OR WIRE US!—for literature, testimonials of experts and users, and name of a Corozone representative near you.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a Corozone Unit upon receipt of $40.

THE COROZONE COMPANY
General Offices
The Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributors:

Corozone has an unlimited market. Wonderful profit possibilities. Easily sold. Be the first in your territory. Write or wire for details.

COROZONE
makes bad air fresh by Electricity

persons buys in the course of a year one and a half pairs of work shoes and not less than one pair of Sunday-go-to-meetin' shoes. The added cost to the farmer's family for leather in the shape of belting, harness and shoes would run to something like seven dollars annually. Even if the farmer should extract 100 per cent advantage—he probably wouldn't get 90 per cent—from the tariff on hides, he would be debited at the end of the year with a $1.40 loss on the hide-tariff proposition.

Similarly the live-cattle tariff problem is one of those two-edged-sword problems that are as hard to settle as a theological doctrine. Our cowmen cannot agree among themselves as to whether their industry stands to profit or lose by raising the present duty on live steers. Canada ships lean steers across the border to the American farmer who finds it profitable to convert his corn, clover and alfalfa into beef. This influx of Canadian steers represents about 1½ per cent of the 14,000,000 head of cattle we annually slaughter.

This small importation, profitable to both Canadian farmers and our Corn Belt cattle feeders, is considered an intrusion by cattle breeders of the ranges and they pray to have the existing duty doubled. Which side has the better of the argument? Who shall say? Taking a broad view of the situation, it is well to remember that the 200,000 lean cattle purchased annually of Canada means $13,000,000 of American money sent into Canada, but, against this outflow, $39,000,000 of Canadian money flows into this country for our agricultural machinery. Canada, by the way, is our best customer. Salesmen should have a care not to offend a customer to whom they sell their biggest bills of goods.

Friends of the farmer, with the best of intentions, have been asking a higher duty on eggs in the shell. The existing rate—eight cents a dozen—would seem to be rather effective, since we are importing annually—1927—only 286,000 dozen eggs—principally duck eggs from China—as against our domestic production of 2,162,000,000 dozen. This means one foreign egg to about 7595 domestic eggs. The juxtaposition of one egg eater, one old woman, one basket of eggs, constitutes an egg market. But suppose the old woman brings to the market not a basket of eggs but 7595 eggs, or a truckload, and suppose this truckload of fresh eggs is confronted in the market by a single, venerable, pickled duck egg from China. Must the person marketing 7595 fresh eggs cower before the single intrusive duck egg from the celestial kingdom? Will the Chinese duck egg break his market? Will it have any more effect on the market than a lighted parlor match would have upon the polar ice cap?

Eggs to Stop an Argument

I put the case to one of our local intellectuals. "Toads and trollops!" he commented, from which I gathered that he opposed a raise in the egg duty. I asked an opinion of a good friend and whole-souled child of God, Senator Brookhart, of Iowa.

"But we do raise ducks out in Iowa," commented the senator, "and that Chinese duck egg is worth going after."

I gathered from this that the senator approved of the proposed raise in duty. On occasion bad eggs may be used to stop an argument—but not so in this case. A woman's a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke. A duck egg is a duck egg, but an egg in the market is good for an omelet. In the matter of foreign competition our egg market appears to be as vulnerable to intrusion as a soft-shell crab.

The proposal to increase the tariff on corn is another one of those two-edged swords. The present tariff of fifteen cents a bushel appears to be fairly adequate, judging by our relatively meager imports. The 2,000,000 bushels of corn we annually import from Argentina compare with a domestic production of nearly 3,000,000,000 bushels. We are the greatest corn-raising country in the world. In the five-year period, 1923–1927, our output was 13,756,444,000 bushels. We exported during that period 109,807,276 bushels, or an average per year of 21,961,455 bushels; importing during the same period 11,204,146 bushels, or an annual average of 2,240,829 bushels, of which approximately 2,000,000 bushels came from Argentina. One hates to load up a narrative with a lot of figures, but cold statistics are worth any amount of soap-box oratory when it comes to reckoning profit or loss on a business transaction. The imports of foreign corn into the United States in 1926 were one-twenty-fifth of one per cent, and for 1927 were less than one-fifth of one per cent of our national production.

Can this mere trickle of foreign corn be considered harmful competition? The driblets of corn that do seep into this country from Argentina are particularly adapted for feeding pigeons and other small fowl. Argentine corn does not penetrate far inland but is distributed in such coastal markets as San Francisco and New York. Some of our Middle West corn producers object to the enguzzlement of Argentine corn by our seacoast pigeons, and ask to have these driblets of Argentine corn shut off. This proposition does not appeal to the Argentine people, purchasing as they do animal and vegetable products from American farms to the extent of $17,000,000 a year. Our sales to Argentina amount to about $179,000,000 a year, of which $16,000,000 represents agricultural machinery, much of which is used in the cultivation of corn.

Keeping Our Butter Balance

In view of the agitation for increased duties on such Argentine products as corn, flaxseed, hides, the most powerful cooperative rural society in Argentina, and indeed in the entire Southern Hemisphere, has started a campaign for discriminatory duties against American automobiles and American machinery.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain.

We import about 8,000,000 pounds of butter, and export about half as much. Our adverse trade balance in butter of 4,000,000 pounds is a mere drop in the bucket as contrasted with our domestic output of 2,097,712,000 pounds—1927. For every 2000 pounds of domestic butter we are turning out we import one pound of Danish butter.

Our dairy organizations still complain that this is too much, particularly since the New Zealanders shipped us butter last year to the amount of 3,408,684 pounds. London is the world's great free butter market and there was not a week last year 1928—in which the London price of Danish butter did not range higher than the price of Danish butter, duty paid, delivered in New York. The same observation holds true for New Zealand butter for forty-six out of the fifty-two weeks of 1928. Our dairymen have been worrying for a good many years over the competition of Danish butter, but our takings of Danish butter in the last statistical year for which figures are available—1927—were 1,102,940 pounds, valued at $462,399. In the same year we sold to the Danes American farm products to the tune of $24,728,380, the largest items in the bill being corn and cottonseed cake, to be converted by that most wonderful of transforming stations—the cow—into butter.

Beset with dubieties and uncertainties as to whether an increase on a particular duty will really help American agriculture, we find our feet on fairly firm ground with respect to about twenty items. Some of these items are: Spices, such as hot red peppers and mustard seed; canned vegetables—tomatoes and pimientos; various nuts—almonds, walnuts, filberts, peanuts; winter vegetables—tomatoes, green peppers, fresh peas, string beans; dairy

(Continued on Page 177)

Marie de Narde of Paris Designed these Diamond Rings O' Romance

Here are the seven ring creations that I have just made for you—and I am very proud of them. They have caught the new note in fashion. They are jewel originations that I feel sure will capture the smart American—the chic Continental. The beautiful designs of the settings do much to glorify the superb diamonds that they will hold.

Marie de Narde

AND now diamond rings, in the authentic Parisian fashion! Rings O'Romance—for engagements, for the bride, for the groom, for the graduate for anniversaries, for *every* occasion, have been designed by a prominent French style creator. Their exquisite modern motifs are engraved in 18 K white gold or platinum. The newest and loveliest in ring-fashions—in over one hundred strikingly original, interpretations—each with a delicacy of design which enhances the sparkling brilliance of precious diamonds.

* * * * * *

Your finest sentiment will find expression in a Ring O'Romance . . . authoritatively correct; distinctively beautiful. With each Ring O'Romance goes the guarantee of the worthy jeweler from whom you buy it—a guarantee supported unqualifiedly by the makers.

BENJAMIN & EDWARD J. GROSS CO., Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rings O' Romance

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DIAMOND RINGS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Mr. Food Merchant ~ *this is Why McCray Refrigerators* Mean More Profit

SALES VOLUME in the food store depends on perishables. Your own experience tells you that, Mr. Merchant. And Uncle Sam has just proved it. The official investigation in Louisville* shows *dairy products, fresh fruits and vegetables, and meats make up 60 per cent of the business of successful stores!*

McCray equipment keeps these perishables pure and wholesome in their original freshness and flavors. And McCray equipment displays these foods temptingly, creating more sales.

This is why, Mr. Merchant, McCray equipment means more profit to you. Spoilage loss is eliminated. The cost for ice or current is less. Customers are satisfied. And sales are increased.

Ask any McCray user to verify these facts. Thousands of food merchants all over the country know by experience that McCray equipment means more profit for them.

See the new models at the McCray salesroom. Or write today for catalogs and information about refrigerators to meet your particular needs. No obligation to you, of course.

*Made by U. S. Dept. of Commerce, in cooperation with the Louisville Grocers Association.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR SALES CORPORATION
Salesrooms in All Principal Cities *(See Telephone Directory)* Dept. E, Kendallville, Ind.

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
for
Grocery Stores·
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Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals·
Institutions··
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SHOWN ABOVE is the new McCray No. 105, the finest Refrigerator Display Case in McCray history. Gleaming white porcelain exterior, with mirror-finish Monel metal trim, and black base. Two courses of plate glass, correctly sloped, afford maximum display. Concealed lighting gives daylight vision at all times. Pure corkboard insulation, sealed with hydrolene.

FOR MECHANICAL REFRIGERATION of any type, or ice. All McCray models are built to the same high standard of quality in every hidden detail. For 40 years McCray has built refrigerators for every purpose—in food stores, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florist shops and homes.

A food store in Columbus, Ohio, showing a typical McCray installation

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 174)

products—milk and cream—on recommendation of the Tariff Commission the duty has recently been raised on both butter and Swiss cheese; onions—on recommendation of the Tariff Commission the duty on onions has recently been raised. The increased duty on onions benefited onion growers in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Virginia, Texas, California, Utah, Idaho, Washington and Colorado—farmers whose incomes had suffered through heavy imports of onions from Spain and the Nile Valley. Similarly, the President, after investigation by the Tariff Commission, raised the duty on wheat from thirty cents to forty-two cents a bushel. Though the increased duty affected all wheat, it benefited mainly the hard-spring-wheat producer in North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Montana. Despite an annual wheat surplus of some 150,000,000 bushels, we have not been growing enough hard spring wheat and must import Canadian wheat for blending purposes. The higher duty has cut imports and increased our production of hard spring wheat correspondingly.

Our peanut crop is not to be sniffed at; it is by no means a picayune industry. Last year we turned out a crop of 867,000,000 pounds. With imports running in some years as high as 100,000,000 pounds, this means an unappropriated market margin of several million dollars for our tariff makers to play with. Recently the President substantially increased our peanut duty on recommendation of the Tariff Commission. The states that benefit from the increased duty are Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Texas.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul

Similarly the Tariff Commission has reported to the President a rate of duty that should equalize the cost of producing canned tomatoes. Our imports of canned tomatoes—principally from Italy—have risen from 11,500,000 pounds to 93,646,672 pounds last year—1928. One can readily understand that our tomato growers in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Ohio, Utah and California stand to gain by putting a curb on imports.

Down in Louisiana we have some impoverished white folk locally known as Cajuns who have learned from bitter experience that growing cotton, corn and sugar cane is no insurance against the poorhouse. These simple folk have turned their attention to growing tropical spices. In 1928 they produced 1,000,000 pounds of dried red peppers. But they will have a hard scrabble of it unless they are adequately protected from tropical peppers grown in Africa, India and the Malay Peninsula.

One of the most picayune articles of commerce is a grain of mustard seed. But even the tiny mustard seed, according to the Scriptures, is capable of germinating and producing a tree sizable enough to provide a roost for the fowls of the earth. The infant mustard-seed industry, just emerging from its swaddling clothes, is being developed in California, Idaho and Montana, but it must have adequate protection from foreign competition.

As to green winter vegetables, Florida and Texas stand to gain by having a curb put on the influx of winter vegetables from Mexico, Cuba and the Bahama Islands. Despise not the day of small things. The tomato—love apple as it was whimsically called fifty years ago—has risen from the position of a wall-flower freak to that of the belle of the vegetable ball. Its use is extending all over the world.

In England, where it cannot be grown successfully out-of-doors, it is being propagated on a broad scale under glass. In 1923 we imported less than 50,000,000 pounds of winter-grown, raw tomatoes. In 1927 the imports had risen to 132,000,000 pounds. Florida, Texas and Louisiana would undoubtedly benefit from a higher tariff on fresh tomatoes and green peppers.

The soy bean offers wide possibilities on the side of farm relief. In portions of the Corn Belt infested by the borer the soy bean may be used as a substitute cash crop. As a leguminous plant its cultivation improves the soil. Great quantities of soy-bean oil can be used both in the paint industry and for food. Soy-bean cake is a valuable adjunct to our dairy industry. Each prospers by a firm and fast alliance.

The expansion of flaxseed growing offers wide opportunities for the diversification and enrichment of our national agriculture. Our flaxseed production is concentrated in the states of North and South Dakota, Minnesota and Montana. We split about fifty-fifty with the foreigner in supplying our consumptive needs. That portion of our home market yet unappropriated by the farmer would amount, let us reckon, to about 20,000,000 bushels, which would mean a return to the industry of nearly $50,000,000 a year. Greater expansion of our flaxseed industry would serve to divert some of our farmers from wheat, of which we have an annual surplus of something like 150,000,000 bushels. We hear this season, for the first time, of flax plantings in the East. The two Eastern Shore counties of Virginia are trying it out experimentally. If the growing of flaxseed were made more profitable flax culture would no longer be localized in the northwestern parts of the country. Under the evolution of the industry, mills have gone to flaxseed rather than flaxseed to the mills. Mill concentrations may be found in the Minneapolis-St. Paul district hard by domestic flaxseed farms, while other mills depending upon raw material from Argentina have sprung up on the Atlantic seaboard. The flaxseed farmer can be clearly benefited by increasing the present duty of forty cents a bushel. But again the flash of the two-edged sword! How about the great mass of American farmers who are not interested in the production of flaxseed? Flaxseed is the source of linseed oil, which in turn goes into the paint that covers the farmer's frame buildings and the linoleum that goes on his kitchen floor.

George Sand remarks in one of her novels: "In this ill-regulated world of ours all happiness seems a theft, since we cannot enjoy our peace and security but to the detriment of our fellow creatures."

By an ironical turn of fate it seems that we can't confer tariff benefit on a particular group of our farm population without risking injury to other groups of our population. The farmer's answer to this is that under our protective system special classes have benefited through tariff favors for years and years, and it is high time the farmers were getting a look in.

Cultivated and Uncultivated Lands

How about raising the duty on beef? Here's a deficiency article. With our population expanding fanwise our beef resources remain stationary or decline. This would seem to offer a pretty clear case for farm benefit through the tariff. Our cattlemen are in a strong position. Up to twenty years ago we were on a heavy beef-export basis, but our herds have dwindled as our frontiers have receded. Cattle raised on cultivated lands cannot compete in cost with cattle turned out to prog for their living on prairies and mountain slopes. With our disappearing frontiers we can no longer compete in the world market with frontier countries such as Brazil, Argentina, Australia and New Zealand. Being on a deficiency basis, a higher duty on beef would be helpful at this time but for the fact that we do not need it. We have something more effective. Argentine beef is excluded from the country by our Department of Agriculture because of the presence of the foot-and-mouth disease in Argentina. So long as the foot-and-mouth disease exists in Argentina we are immune from competition from that country. We have been hearing much complaint of the competition of Argentine corn, but by an ironical turn of fortune, and much to the confusion of our enterprising entomologists, Argentina has suffered not at all from infestation of the corn borer, while the dratted insect has descended upon us in the most copiously offensive fashion.

Now as to the proposition of putting more money in the pockets of the American farmers through raising the wool duty: The thing can be done if we are willing to pay the price in an increased toll taken out of purchasers of woolen clothing and woolen blankets. At present our farmers raising sheep number about 1,000,000. It would be a wonderful help to our national agriculture if we could double this number. Our sheep population has increased 9,000,000 since 1922. With better breeds and better attention the wool clip has increased one-third over what it was seven years ago. On the general farm of say 160 acres a flock of about fifty ewes could be kept without interfering appreciably with any other farm enterprise. There is much roughage on every farm, much that goes to waste, much meadow and rough land, all of which could be turned to profitable account by sheep breeders.

Too Many Dogs

Returning from an excursion down Chesapeake Bay on the Mayflower, the writer settled himself comfortably on a settee to enjoy without intrusion the beauty of the soft May afternoon as the stately vessel slowly steamed up the Potomac River. Mr. Coolidge, then commander in chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, approached quietly—he does everything quietly—seated himself by my side and remained silent in all languages. He had something on his mind.

"These hills along the river remind me somewhat of our country down East. But I don't see any sheep on the farms," he rasped, with an injured droop to the corners of his mouth.

"Well, you wouldn't, because these farmers over in St. Marys County, Maryland, have never gone in for much except corn and tobacco since Colonial times."

"But why don't they have more enterprise," he queried, "and go in for sheep raising?"

"It's a matter of inertia and the presence of countless dogs. At least half the population are negroes. They find some compensation for the lack of liquid capital in the possession of numerous dogs. Dogs and sheep don't go together."

"Somebody ought to get them either to kill the worthless dogs or run dogproof fences around their pasture lands. Now, my father kept a bunch of sheep on our Vermont farm, and taking it year in and year out, made a good thing out of sheep raising. There was hardly a year he didn't realize anywhere from fifty to seventy-five dollars clear profit on his sheep."

A good thing out of sheep raising! Let it be observed that our sheepmen are entering upon their ninth consecutive year of prosperity. It undoubtedly would be highly profitable for many small farmers to maintain small flocks of sheep on their farms.

We may confer, through the tariff, a huge benefit upon the beet and cane-sugar producers of twenty states if we are willing to pay the price. The situation suggests Mussolini's proposal to make Italy independent of foreign wheat supplies. Italy fails by 40 per cent of producing enough wheat to satisfy its teeming population. Sufficient wheat can be grown at home if the Italians are willing to pay the price. Get the domestic price level up to say three dollars a bushel by curbing imports and the Italian *contadini* will do the rest. But how about the 40,000,000 Italians who must pay two or three times more for their daily bread?

We have the widest unappropriated domestic market in sugar of any important farm commodity. We are barely producing one-sixth of our huge requirements. We import duty free from our colonial possessions—Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines—about 1,700,000 tons. We import, in addition, 4,000,000 tons of

William G. Jones, Pennsylvania, knows how to earn extra money when he wants it.

Want Extra Money?

"How can I stretch my salary to pay for all the extra things I need?"

IF YOU'RE like most folks you've asked yourself that question perhaps a hundred times—and put it aside unanswered. But if you're like William G. Jones, of Pennsylvania, you've discovered that the question need never be asked but once.

For, like hundreds of other Curtis representatives, Mr. Jones has learned how to meet his money needs by a few hours of easy work in his spare time. Simply by forwarding to us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, Mr. Jones often earns up to $1.50, and *much more*, an hour. And he's found that the job may be done without stepping outside his home—without a bit of capital or previous experience.

Right now there's an excellent opportunity with us for other men and women to earn extra cash, just as Mr. Jones does. The coupon will bring you all the details, and no obligations. Why not write us today?

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Please tell me how to earn extra money in my spare time.

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The FLORSHEIM SHOE
With FEETURE ARCH

COMFORT plus *for all feet*—the built-in FEETURE ARCH braces the foot arch firmly, relieving the muscles of that tense, tired feeling—giving support without stiffness, comfort with regular FLORSHEIM STYLE—restful relief for both normal and weakened arches.

The SENECA—*Style* M-349

$12

The built-in arch flexes with the movement of the foot and gives rigid support under pressure.

FLEXIBLE

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

3 reasons why you will pick DENTYNE!

IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Chicle experts say it's the finest gum on the market. Thousands of people say that no other brand comes within a mile of its delicious flavor . . . Dentyne keeps teeth WHITE.

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

foreign sugars. If, through tariff manipulation, we made beet and cane growing sufficiently profitable we could yearly put several hundred million dollars more in the pockets of the American farmer. The profits, too, would far outrun the cash returns, since beet culture enriches the soil and beet pulp feeds directly into our dairy industry. In brief, we could doubly diversify through expansion of our beet-sugar industry.

The Europeans appreciate the potentialities of beet growing in their agrarian policies, as all European countries with the exception of Greece, Turkey and Norway cultivate sugar beets. It is vain to warn the American farmer against concentrating on such surplus crops as corn and cotton and practice diversification by growing beets, if beet growing can't stand up under the competition of cheaply produced tropical cane sugar. Beet growing in this country is associated with highly intensive agriculture and has made headway in such states as California, Utah, Colorado and Idaho, where the crop is grown under irrigation. Indeed, the sugar beet, along with fruit, constitutes the sheet anchor of irrigated agriculture in the far West.

Now as to the price we shall have to pay for conferring millions upon our raw-sugar industry through raising the tariff, say, to a point that will place the business of beet and cane growing on a stable base of prosperity. First, it will mean an increased charge laid upon every man, woman and child in the United States. It would be hard to think of a living soul who doesn't use some sugar in some form. Let somebody else try to compute the amount in millions based on per capita consumption of about 108 pounds of sugar by American people. If the tariff were raised two cents a pound, there's a bill of about $432,000,000 which the public would have to pay. This includes, of course, the present duty of 1.76 cents per pound on Cuban imports. This is a rather heavy bill to pay when it is remembered that the value of our entire farm production of sugar cane and sugar beets is less than $75,000,000. Aside from the consumers, the parties in adverse interest are legion. Think of our dollars invested in Cuba, running quite over a billion, with the big sugar refineries and the huge soft drink, ice cream, baking and confectionery industries, heavily interested on the side of cheap sugar.

If beet growing could be made as profitable to our farmers as to growers in Belgium, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, it would be a huge benefit to American agriculture. In contrast to our full duty on raw sugar 2 2 cents a pound—and the Cuban preferential duty—1.76 cents a pound—Poland imposes a raw-sugar duty of 4 57 cents, Czecho-Slovakia 4.53 cents, Belgium 5.72 cents. Brazil tolerates no nonsense about sugar imports, exacting a levy of more than seventeen cents a pound on raw sugar of foreign origin. England taxes imported raw sugar nearly two cents a pound, and in addition subsidizes domestic beet growing Sugar is the only important food commodity that is selling in this country below its prewar index. Is it fair, asks the beet grower, to expect us to produce an essential food that fetches in the market less than the 1913 index—100—while we are compelled to buy our labor and our supplies on the general commodity price index of 147? Can't the farmer be put on at least a parity with the work animal and be entitled to his keep? Can he be asked to labor and sweat for the urban consumer for less than a decent wage any more than the factory worker should be asked to labor for less than a living wage?

As between conflicting interests, who shall judge? Well, Congress is judging as I write—April thirtieth—and Congress will perhaps have enunciated its will before these words will have appeared in print. It will be interesting to see what Congress does about hides, butter, eggs, corn, wool, sugar—what will be the tariff resultant as between powerful forces pulling in different directions. The House Committee on Ways and Means has taken 12,000 closely printed pages of testimony. These men up on Capitol Hill know what they are about. They know that sick men cannot be cured by bread pills and that hungry men cannot be nourished by pious platitudes. It is safe to prophesy that the farmer will receive substantial help through increased duties on such deficiency products as wool, soy beans, sugar, flaxseed and winter vegetables. One may also predict that certain enthusiastic spokesmen for the farmer will not be satisfied whatever tariff benefit is conferred upon the farmer by the bill that is now being written.

Quoting from memory, and no doubt with verbal inaccuracy, Herbert Spencer has observed: While admitting that the fanatic must have great immediate results as a stimulus to his hopes, the man of sense, knowing how much there is to be done and how difficult the means for its accomplishment, will be content to labor on with greatly moderated expectations, so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm.

STEAMBOAT AROUND THE BEND

(Continued from Page 27)

above what they were thirty years ago. Yet my margin of profit is smaller.

"Thirty years ago I got a dollar a bale for hauling flat cotton from Monroe to New Orleans. Now I get $2.50 a bale, or, in this case, 150 per cent increase in rates. My operating expenses are, say, 12 per cent more. But instead of leaving me with 138 per cent profit, it actually leaves me with about 10 per cent less. In other words, I clear a smaller percentage of the money I take in at $2.50 a bale than I did at a dollar. Figure that out "

The solution, he said, lay somewhere in the difference in volume due to railroad competition and the boll weevil.

"The railroads bluffed a lot of rivermen," he stated, "and the good roads are bluffing the railroads. Right now, the good roads are helping the river trade more than they are harming the railroads, because, in addition to the business the rails are losing because people can haul to the river cheaper than they can ship by rail, there is business made possible by the roads that, but for them, never would have materialized. Things are certainly beginning to look up."

It was suggested that the time element of the fast freight trains might counteract the cheapness of water rates, except for the bulkier, slow-moving freight.

"That," he said, "is the mistake that a lot of people who should know better make continually. In the first place, heavy, bulky freight or such things as brick and lumber, that are tedious to load, can be handled more economically by rail than by water, because a railroad can spot a car, leave it there until it is loaded, then pick it up and cut it out at its destination for it to be unloaded. A steamboat can't do that; it has to tie up its whole plant and load with its own labor, paying its pilots, officers and help during the whole process

"Where the steamboat comes in is on freight that needs to move rapidly and certainly, and can be handled with expedition. A man can ship a bale or a hundred or a thousand bales of cotton to New Orleans by boat. First, he can tell within an hour what time that cotton is going to arrive in New Orleans, and just exactly where it will be when it is unloaded. He can have it sold definitely for that delivery

"And here's another thing: A few years ago the railroads computed the average movement of a freight car in one day and found it to be twenty-five miles. I believe

(Continued on Page 180)

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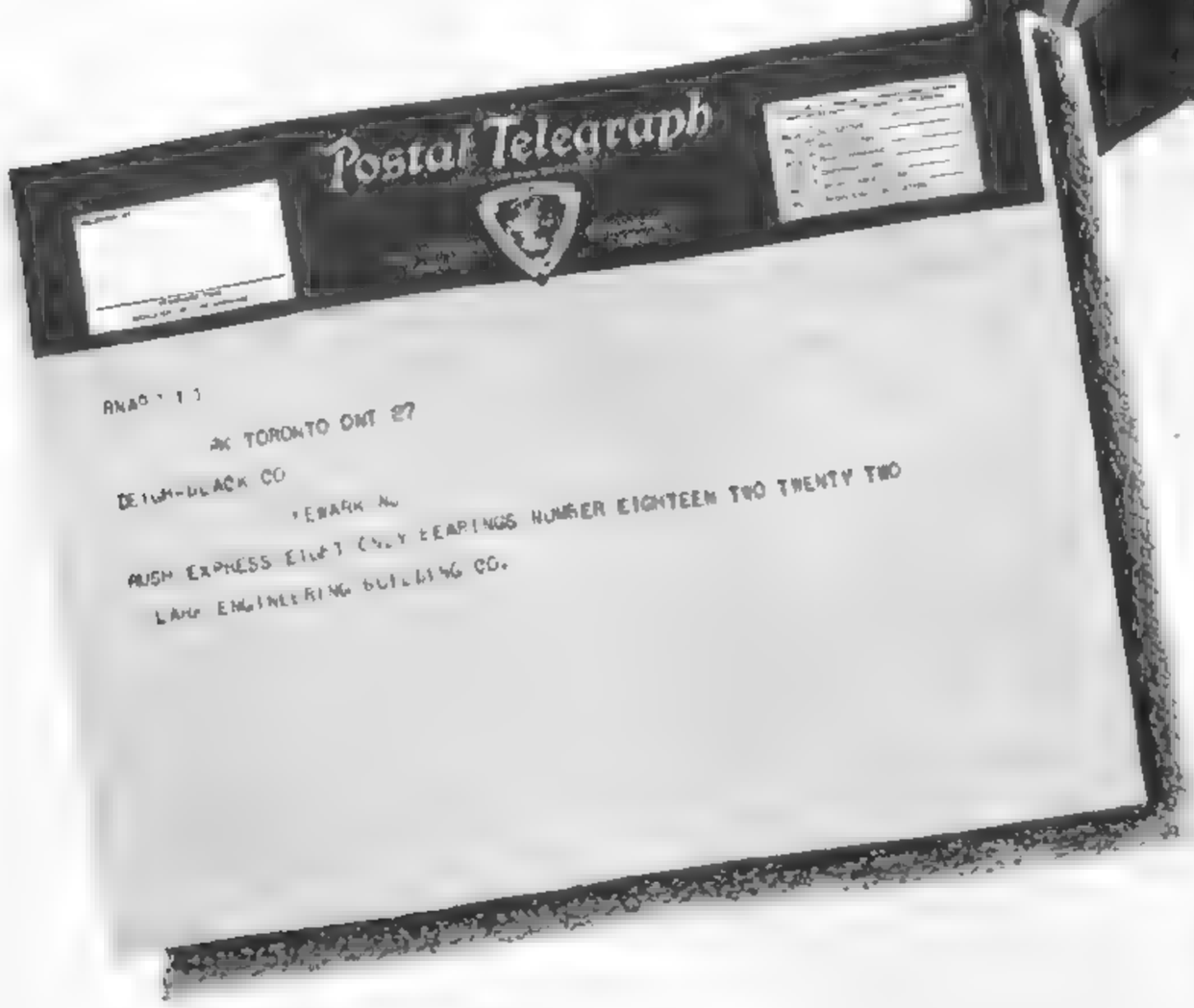
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(Continued from Page 178)

they claim twenty-eight miles a day now, although I have never seen their figures.

"The average packet movement is seventy-five miles a day. That means freight by packet in carload lots or in broken doses, including all way stops, moves on the average nearly three times as rapidly as it does on the rails. I'm doing a little better than that. I'm covering 100 miles every fourteen days."

Barge service, Captain Cooley thinks, is ideal for long runs where speed and reliability are required, but their inability to make way landings handicaps them for local freight.

"I mind in the 80's, in the days of the Mississippi Transportation Company, there were three ways to get express freight from St. Louis to New Orleans: The barge line, the Anchor Line of packet steamboats, and the railroads. The barges required five days, the Anchor Line took eight days, and the rails much longer. Of course the Anchor Line and the rails made way stops all the way down."

It was suggested that since 1880 the railroads have speeded up their business a great deal by putting on faster trains, shortening their trunks and organizing generally to facilitate freight handling.

"Considerably, yes," he admitted. "They have got it down to a point now where they can average twenty-eight miles a day. Understand," he added, "if they want to give a car special handling they can beat that. They can, I suppose, put a carload of freight from St. Louis to New Orleans almost as quickly as they can put a passenger train. But while they are doing that to one special car, they are slowing down the routine freight movement in proportion, and the average freight movement by rail still remains much slower than by water. You can't go far wrong if you estimate the freight movement by rail at twenty-eight miles a day, by packet at seventy-five miles a day and by barge at a hundred."

To return to Captain Cooley and his first steamboat, the Tensas.

"I was young and impetuous then. My father always carried a young crew, and he held them down. But I didn't try to hold them down when I first bought the Tensas. Her normal speed from New Orleans to Old River was thirty hours. I put her there in twenty-four or less, and felt mighty proud of myself for beating my own father at steamboating."

Steadying the Youngster

"Then, one day, a thing happened which completely opened my eyes. I was standing on the wharf at New Orleans, just about ready to pull out, and I noticed two Red River captains standing near the head of my stage, talking. I have always had a high regard for Red River steamboat men; the Red is a hard river and none but the best can stay in it.

"I walked up behind the two captains, intending to speak to them as I went aboard. But when I got behind them I heard one of them say, 'It won't take that youngster long to undo everything his father did.'

"'No,' said the other, 'the river isn't fast enough for him; he'll blow up before long.'

"That stunned me for a minute. I didn't speak to the captains; instead, I walked around them and got on my boat and did some thinking. And before I left New Orleans on that trip I sent three telegrams one to a mate named Skelton in Port Byron, Illinois, one to a clerk named Dolley in Le Claire, Iowa, and one to an engineer named Webster in Cassville, Wisconsin. These three men were the very best, or were regarded so—and I think they were—in their lines, and all of them were more than sixty years old. I asked them to join me immediately, and they did.

"Well, sir, I've patted myself a thousand times for doing that. They steadied me down until I really learned something about steamboating. Frequently I yelled for more speed, but those old gentlemen wouldn't be hurried. I went back to normal speed, and I later learned that it saved me from many a pitfall that only experience and a steady hand can avoid."

The Tensas went straight into the tributary trade in 1875, and Captain Cooley has been in the same trade ever since. Her route took her up the Mississippi River from New Orleans 200 miles; through Old River ten miles; up the Red for thirty miles; the Black for seventy miles to what was then Troy Plantation and what is now Jonesville, Louisiana. There the Tensas, the Little and the Ouachita rivers join to form the Black River.

The Tensas turned into the Tensas River at Troy Plantation and went fifty-five miles upstream to Tensas Lake. There she turned into Bayou Macon, going to the head of navigable waters at Floyd, Louisiana, a distance of 200 miles. Then back to the lake and up the main river seventy-five miles to Locust Ridge. There she turned and went straight to New Orleans, picking up way cotton all the way down.

"There was one other boat in the Tensas when I went in," said Captain Cooley; "the Yazoo, owned by a Vicksburg concern and chartered and operated by Jerry Sullivan. There was plenty of trade for both of us and we got along well together."

Eleven Against One

The Ouachita River, from its mouth at Jonesville to its highest navigable point at Camden, Arkansas, is more than 300 miles long. The land along this stretch of river produces premium cotton, long and strong staple that goes on the table with the famous Benders variety. All of which makes it a very rich and very desirable trade territory.

When Captain Cooley started in the tributary trade, the Ouachita River business was handled by a Monroe, Louisiana, concern called the Ouachita Consolidated Lines. They operated eleven large boats, some on the main river between Monroe and New Orleans, some on the upper river to Camden, and others on the feeder streams, Bayou Louis, Bœuf River, Bayou D'Arbonne, Bayou Bartholomew and the Saline River. These feeder streams were navigable variously from twenty-five to 200 miles and added materially to the trade of the Ouachita River proper.

It was generally conceded by steamboat men that the Ouachita Consolidated Lines had the trade so well organized that opposition to them was suicide.

"I was making good money up the Tensas," said Captain Cooley, "and was willing to let well enough alone. But the Monroe people wouldn't have it that way. In the fall of '82 they pulled one of their boats from the Ouachita and sent her up the Tensas and Bayou Macon trade. There wasn't enough business for three boats and it looked like a rate-cutting war of two small independent steamboats against one of the biggest concerns on the river.

"Well, I didn't want to stay there and fight for a third of the business that I rightly should have been getting half of. And I didn't want to get run out of my legitimate trade. So I just bought the Yazoo, which Sullivan had on charter, hired him to run it under my management and left her where she was.

"Then, on my next trip up from New Orleans, I headed my own boat up the Ouachita River instead of the Tensas. That was the first time I went into the Ouachita trade. There were eleven boats against me and no more trade than they could handle. They were organized from Camden down. They were old, experienced boatmen and I was a youngster. But, by gosh, that was forty-seven years ago this fall, and I'm still in the Ouachita trade!"

"And the Monroe crowd?"

"They've quit steamboating," he said modestly.

"But," he continued, "they gave me a fight, and don't you forget that. I was out for blood and so were they. They were getting a dollar and a quarter a bale for cotton

between Monroe and Bayou Bartholomew and a dollar-fifty above that. I went into the Ouachita River and didn't say a word until I got to the mouth of Bartholomew. There I turned into the bayou instead of continuing up the river to Camden. Well, that rather surprised them. They were loaded for me on the main river. They controlled things up there and had cracked their whip. But Bartholomew had a haphazard feeder-boat service, and they hadn't pledged a bale of cotton up that way. So I ripped in and advertised cotton to New Orleans for fifty cents a bale!

"Well, sir, a funny thing happened. There was a man named Steel who was a very influential and widely known gentleman in that section. He was friendly with the Monroe outfit too. But it just happened that on my first trip up, Mrs. Steel and a Miss Young, who also was of a distinguished family up there, were among my passengers. Maybe they didn't understand the situation, or maybe they did and had pity on me; but anyway, they introduced me to all the big planters up Bartholomew. And the planters wouldn't listen to my fifty-cent rate! They insisted that what they wanted was steamboat service and that they wanted to pay full rates for it. I gave them service too."

The fight lasted nine months. The opposition presented Captain Cooley with the Clara S., an 1800-bale boat, to call off the fight.

"Well, you couldn't hardly call it a present, at that," said the captain. "There were strings tied to it. The Consolidated Lines operated as a holding company for a bunch of pooled boats. They gave me the Clara S. on the condition that I put both her and the Tensas into the pool."

The arrangement, though highly advantageous from a financial standpoint, was not to Captain Cooley's liking. He waited. As time went on some of the boats in the pool went out of service for various reasons, until finally it was decided that new boats were needed. It was proposed that the Consolidated Lines build a new boat, each share to be assessed to finance the construction.

"I balked at that," he said. "I had enough of this pool business. I had been saving my money and I knew how my credit was in New Orleans. So the upshot of it was that I built the boat myself that the Consolidated wanted to build and shot her into the river as an independent. It was the first Ouachita. She carried four thousand bales of cotton and ranked with the biggest boats on the Mississippi River. I put her on a weekly schedule from New Orleans to Monroe—she was too big for the upper river—and fed her with smaller boats from the tributaries. I got my fair share of the freight and more than my share of the passenger trade. She was the biggest and finest packet ever on the tributaries up to that time, and our Mardi Gras excursions to New Orleans were the funniest thing you ever saw."

Card Sharps on the River

While on the subject of passengers, Captain Cooley paused to dispel a popular idol of river fiction—the professional gambler who rides the boats to mulct the passengers with crooked playing.

"The success of a steamboat," he explained, "depends a great deal upon the esteem in which she is held by the people with whom she does business. The captain deals with the same people year after year. He gets to know them, and if he is smart he will get to know their business in so far as it will affect his business. In other words, the relationship between him and his patrons should be personal and friendly. And to be friendly, he must justify their friendship. How long do you suppose a captain or a boat could hold the confidence of the people if card sharps cheated and swindled them every time they came aboard?

"No, sir; the card sharp is a largely overrated gentleman, as far as steamboating is concerned. Of course there were a few, no doubt, here and there. But they never lasted long. As soon as they were discovered—which was pretty quick—they were put off. Personally, if I'd ever caught one on my boat I'd have pitched him into the river. I'd have owed my friends that courtesy."

It was during the régime of the first Ouachita that the blackmail boats made their appearance along the lower river, where they lasted for three or four seasons and finally forced the issue with Captain Cooley and his big boat on the New Orleans-Monroe run.

The lower river, in the fall of the year, always offered a tempting field for steamboat men above St. Louis. In the first place, it was the one grand steamboating season—the cotton season. Boats in the regular trade exerted every energy to move the cotton as rapidly as it was ginned. Bales were piled smokestack-high on the boats, and barges frequently were loaded and pushed along in front. People were selling cotton for cash money, and were buying heavily in the city. Business everywhere was good. In addition to the flushed condition of the South, the upper rivers jammed with ice and menaced or even blocked navigation.

Launching a New Attack

"I never objected to fair, honest competition," Captain Cooley said. "A man with a steamboat is entitled to what business he can get honestly and fairly. But these scoundrels weren't after business. They were after money. Their trick was to jump into a well-organized trade and advertise a trip, generally offering smaller rates. Then, just before time to start the trip, they would go to the regulars on the route and offer to call off their campaign for a cash consideration. Frequently the legitimate operators would spend a few thousand dollars rather than have their whole trade disorganized in the busiest season. But things like that went against the grain with me, and I swore I wouldn't buy one off.

"It wasn't long before one of these so-and-so St. Louis outfits came into the Ouachita trade. They put a boat just as big and as powerful as my big Ouachita in against me, and advertised weekly trips alongside me to Monroe. Well, sure enough, just before sailing time one of their men came to me and in a roundabout way offered to keep her off for $1000 a trip.

"'I wouldn't give you two bits a week to keep out of the Ouachita River,' I told him. 'There's the river and, as far as I know, you've got a steamboat. Run it anywhere you please! That's what I'm going to do with my boat!'

"The St. Louis boat made the trip, leaving the same time I did, at five o'clock Wednesday evening. Their boat was somewhat faster than mine and was traveling light, too, so they soon left me behind. I knew they would cut prices on me, so I telegraphed ahead that their price was mine. And the result of that was, with my own feeder boats at Monroe and an even break everywhere else, I came in with thirty-six hundred bales and they had between five and six hundred.

"Well, the second trip, the skipper of the blackmailers tried a new tack. He went along ahead of me telling the people that he was a friend of mine, that there was no fight between us, that there was more cotton than I could handle, and all he wanted was a fair share. That kind of talk worried me, but I came in with a good load and he got only about 600 bales.

"On the next trip, when I got to Monroe he was waiting for me. He came over as cordially as you please, shook hands and said, 'Well, captain, you beat me when I outran you, and I congratulate you. Now, I am going to try trailing you.'

"I told him the river was still free, and then I got busy. I knew his new plan was going to hurt, and he knew it too. You see, a farmer works all the year for his cotton, and as soon as it is ready to sell he wants the money for it. In those days the buyers

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were right on the bank with the money. But in the flush season the cotton comes in so rapidly that the buyer has to turn over his money as rapidly as he can to keep going. If he can turn it over twice a week instead of once a week he can buy just twice that much cotton. And he's going to do it too.

"That is what the St. Louis outfit was laying for. They expected me to go on down, taking all the cotton in sight. Then they were going to trail me three days later and pick up what had been ginned in the meantime. Here's what I did: I got the buyers in Monroe to hold over the cotton already there for a week by paying storage and interest on their money. Then I sent my clerk ashore to draw $10,000 from the bank. And I lit out down the river, leaving all the Monroe cotton.

"I made every landing personally between Monroe and New Orleans, picked up the cotton in sight, and talked with the buyers about pledging the incoming cotton for the next week. They were willing enough, they said, but they were awfully pressed for money.

"'I've got some money,' I told them. 'How much do you want?'

"That turned the trick. A few hundred dollars advanced here and there persuaded them that they could hold the rest of it for me, and I went on to New Orleans with every bale from Monroe down pledged to me. And when that St. Louis fellow came in he hardly had enough cotton to wipe his gears with.

"They made another trip or two, but it wasn't long before his owners had to come down and put up $10,000 for supplies and labor so they could get their boat out of the marshal's hands."

Freight for the Taking

Northern Louisiana and Southern Arkansas produce some of the finest white oak in the world. This is especially adaptable for pipe staves. For years and years the small farmers along the tributaries did—and still do—a considerable stave business. They split the staves and haul them to the river bank, where they are loaded on the boat, to be sold to brokers in New Orleans. This by-product of farming supplies the farmers with ready money during the summer, and incidentally provides cargo for the boats during the slack freight season.

"There never was a great deal of formality about stave hauling," Captain Cooley explained, speaking of that phase of his business. "I'd see a stack of staves on the bank, and if I was loaded I'd pass them up, or if I wasn't I'd pull in, load them, and take them to New Orleans, where the dealer would pay me my freight and mail a check for the difference to the man that owned them."

The big Ouachita was in the river trade eight years and was sold to an unfortunate Memphis concern. She was replaced by the America, a boat of the same class, but with a number of improvements worked out by Captain Cooley after observing the Ouachita. And it was not long before the America had to fight the old Ouachita for the Monroe trade.

"Shortly after I sold the Ouachita," Captain Cooley explained, "she caught fire and her upper structure was damaged. The new owners were short of money and had to sell her wreck, which was a good steamboat from her boiler deck down. In the meantime there was this old group of people in Monroe. Good people and friendly. But they never believed I had whipped them thoroughly, and they were laying for me. They formed a company and bought the Ouachita wreck, reconditioned her and renamed her the Fred A. Blanks in honor of the president of the old Ouachita Consolidated Lines that I had bucked into with my little Tensas, twenty years before.

"I was loaded for them, however. I was leaving New Orleans on Wednesday of each week, giving good service and handling all the available freight. So in order to split my cargo they scheduled a Saturday run. I didn't do a thing but pull one of my little packets off the Camden-Monroe run and shoot her into New Orleans, scheduled to leave Saturday with the Fred A. Blanks. Of course my packet was smaller and slower than the opposition and didn't have a chance to whip her outright. I even had to turn her at Columbia to get her back in time for the next Saturday sailing.

"But here is the way it worked out. The America, continuing her usual schedule as though nothing had happened, was getting considerable freight. Not anything like a load, but enough to keep her going. The rest of the freight, if I had left it alone, would have gone to the opposition and would just about have supported her too. But by having to split her freight with my little packet, neither the little packet nor the Blanks was getting enough to pay expenses.

"I was losing about $400 a week on my packet, all right, but just think what the big opposition boat was losing. Every time her wheel turned over it cost four or five times as much as it did on my little boat. I could stand a $400 loss a week for a while, but the opposition couldn't stand four or five times that amount very long, and I knew it.

"Well, it wasn't long before the marshal auctioned her off for her debts. I pulled my little packet boat off the Saturday run and put her back in the upper river, and the old America went on about her business, as serene and sedate as though nothing had ever happened."

The steamboat America, launched in 1898, was the biggest and the finest boat ever in the tributary trade, and one of the biggest and finest on the lower Mississippi River.

She was of the same class as the stern-wheel Natchez and the side-wheel Robert E. Lee, and only slightly smaller than the huge side-wheeler, J. M. White, the biggest and fastest boat ever on the lower Mississippi River. During her twenty-eight years of service, from the time she was launched until she sank just off Carrollton Avenue in New Orleans, in 1926, she made steamboat history. When railroads became competitors instead of feeders to the steamboats, packets began disappearing from the river. But the America stayed.

Still the Wednesday Boat

When the boll weevil struck the famous Benders cotton section more steamboats disappeared, and the ones that remained pooled for more economical operation. But the America stayed on as an independent. The J. M. White burned and the Robert E. Lee foundered and sank, neither ever to be rebuilt. The America still was the "Wednesday boat" to Monroe. The Leathers family relinquished possession of the famous old stern-wheel Natchez and quit steamboating. Captain Cooley still commanded the America.

Captain Billie Duke, famous buckaroo mate of the Natchez during the Leathers' ownership, became her master and part owner, only to see her sold to a Mexican concern for her boilers, and himself leave the river for politics.

Under Captain Cooley's personal command the America, now obsolete for the new demands that were being made on her, continued to operate at a profit. She was too large for her business, and frequently had to lay up on account of low water, but in 1924, when a year-round channel to Camden was made by a system of locks and dams, she drove past Monroe to Camden and reinaugurated the trade in that part of the river.

When she sank, an old boat that had outlived her day, Captain Cooley salvaged her bell and her whistle, put them on the trim little steel-hulled George Prince which he had purchased, rechristened her the Ouachita and went straight back to Camden. Sometimes the little Ouachita rides fairly

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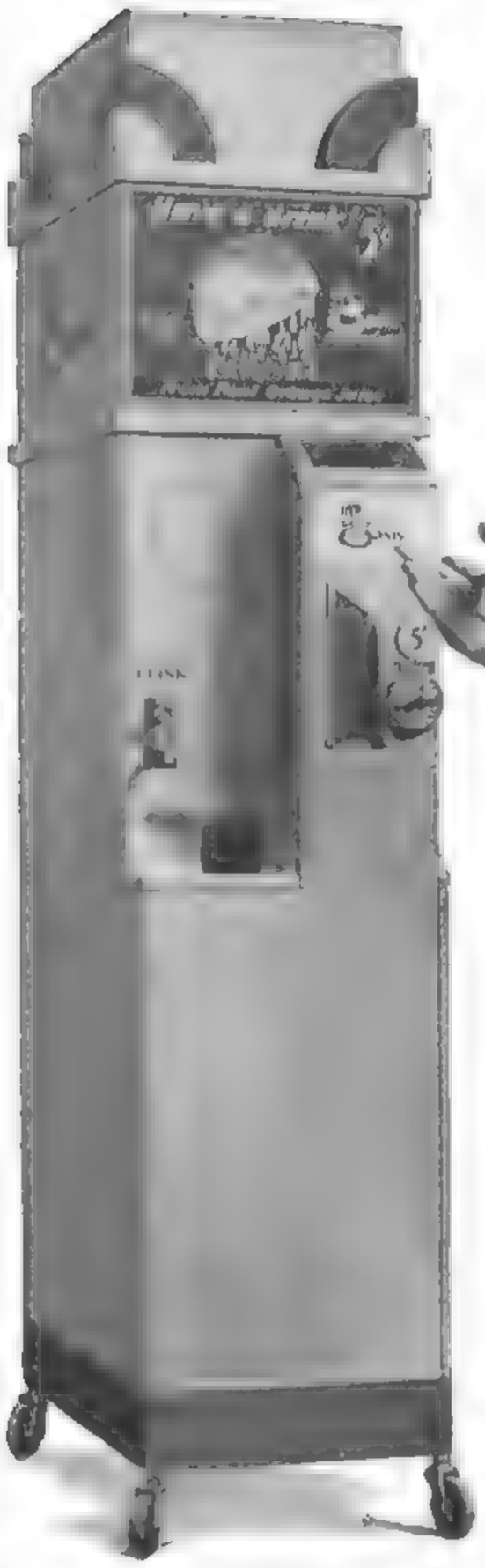

Entirely portable
16" x 22½" x 61 3"

Have a drink!

THE OASIS gives health, pep, good cheer!

At the drop of a nickel, The Oasis makes a crisp, clean cup. Press a button! Instantly, the cup is brimming with the most refreshing orangeade you ever tasted.

The medical profession is unanimous in urging the daily use of orange juice. It cleanses the system. Brings a glow of health to the cheeks. Above all, it's *delicious!*

The Oasis is completely automatic. It makes a new cup, freshly mixes the orangeade from real juice, constantly chills it by electricity, delivers it,—all in 6 seconds. Today thousands of men, women, and children are getting a thrill out of playing The Oasis.

REFRIGERATION
by Frigidaire, a product of General Motors.

ORANGE JUICE
by California Crushed Fruit Corporation, producers of pure Mission orange juice.

COLOR MOVING PICTURE
by Scene-in-action Corporation.

BODY AND ASSEMBLY
by Corry-Jamestown Mfg. Corporation.

The Oasis

HERE'S WHAT THE OASIS DOES:

1. Attracts attention by a moving sign in colors—"*HAVE A DRINK!*"
2. Manufactures a clean, fresh paper cup in 2½ seconds.
3. Makes a record of the sale.
4. Measures and mixes a fresh drink the instant you press the button.
5. Does everything a beverage chain store can do,—with these costs eliminated: rent, clerk, theft, heat, light, power, and telephone bills.
6. Delivers each drink "ice cold",—thanks to Frigidaire.
7. Maintains the same high quality in every drink.
8. Keeps premises tidy, with its built-in space for used cups.
9. Serves over 550 drinks from a single filling.
10. Protects you against loss. When empty, it automatically locks the coin receiver and flashes the notice—SOLD OUT.

THE OASIS HAS MASTERED THE ART OF KEEPING ORANGE JUICE FRESH

If you—or your friends—have in mind a good location for The Oasis, write or wire to: American Cuptor Corporation, 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF TERRITORIES OPEN FOR EXCLUSIVE SALES RIGHTS

The Oasis has already established a brilliant sales record in many large cities. It is today making excellent profits in a wide variety of locations, such as department stores, chain stores, theatres, railway terminals, amusement parks, schools, public buildings . . . wherever people gather.

Every day counts. Best territories available are being assigned as quickly as mail, wire and phone bring us together. Over 9 years of preparation have gone into the perfecting of The Oasis. It is thoroughly protected by patents. In the past 90 days over a million dollars' worth of machines and supplies has been contracted for by distributors.

Have you proven ability and adequate capital to qualify for an exclusive territory? If so, get in touch with us at once.

AMERICAN CUPTOR CORPORATION
200 Hudson Street, New York City

Karl D. Pettit.
President

NORTH COAST LIMITED

An All-Pullman Train

on a New *and* Faster Schedule

The fastest transcontinental train-time in Northwest history brings the West five hours nearer the East.

Leaves Chicago Union Station (Burlington Route) at 9:00 p. m. daily—to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland in 63 hours—saves a business day. Exclusively Pullman but no extra fare! Observation and Dining Car Service of the highest standard.

The Northern Pacific operates two other daily transcontinental trains—the Comet, leaving Chicago Union Station at 10:45 a. m.; the Pacific Express, leaving St. Paul 10:30 a. m. and Minneapolis 11:05 a. m. daily.

For Western Travel Information Mail This Coupon to E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Mgr., 85 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Burlington Escorted Tours *All expenses from Chicago*

- ☐ Yellowstone Park - - $140.04
- ☐ Pacific Northwest - - 234.78
- ☐ Alaska - - - - - - - - 317.92
- ☐ Colorado Yellowstone 205.61
- ☐ Yellowstone-Glacier 210.84

Round-Trip Railroad Fare from Chicago

☐ **$90.30** Pacific Northwest, Seattle-Tacoma, Puget Sound, Portland, Columbia River

☐ **$59.35** Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Montana Rockies

☐ **$59.35** Yellowstone Park, Minnesota Lakes, Montana Rockies

☐ **$108.30** California, Pacific Northwest, Rainier Park, Mt. Baker Forest

☐ **$121.34** Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Grand Canyon, California, Pacific Northwest

☐ **$94.22** Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Pacific Northwest

Name

Address

My telephone No. is *If student, state grade* 295

Northern Pacific Railway

"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

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Manufactured Weather

keeps the theatregoer comfortable

THE ROXY, NEW YORK, LARGEST MOTION PICTURE HOUSE IN THE WORLD
Temperature and Humidity controlled by a Carrier System.

MAGIC portals open wide to weary, heat-tormented men and women and children. Inside, the air is clean, cool, and fragrant. The theatregoer sinks into his seat sure of comfort. At last he is cool and no longer tortured by the worst feature of summer—excess humidity.

Every patron of a Carrier-equipped theatre, no matter where he sits, breathes only clean, pure, conditioned air. All the year round, Manufactured Weather plays its part for his health and comfort. In winter the cold, dry air is warmed and humidity added; in summer the hot, humid air is cooled and the excess humidity removed. Theatres all over the world have found that Carrier Manufactured Weather is often their greatest asset—not only the houses that seat thousands, but also those neighborhood theatres which cater only to hundreds; and the cost to make a patron comfortable amounts to less than *one cent* on each ticket.

Manufactured Weather has turned the theatrical summer slump—when receipts dwindled to the vanishing point—into a peak. The hotter the weather, the more patrons flock to that theatre where clean, cool air, freed of excess humidity, makes an oasis in the burning heat of the city. This is the spell cast by Manufactured Weather, the Carrier name for Scientific Air Conditioning.

Carrier Installations are versatile in application. The year round, a Carrier system maintains maximum comfort conditions in the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington. Other government buildings are prepared to install, or have already installed, similar systems. Department stores, hotels, business buildings and banking rooms are taking advantage of the comfort and health provided by Manufactured Weather. More than two hundred industries, including textiles, confectionery, tobacco, printing and lithography, rayon, ceramics, food products, paper, and pharmaceutics have found it profitable to install Carrier Systems of Manufactured Weather to maintain the various temperature and humidity conditions best suited to different production problems. Many instances are on record where the entire cost of an installation has been more than paid for the first year by increase in production. Proper temperature and humidity conditions—winter and summer—have heightened the efficiency and morale of employees and decreased absences due to illness.

The temperature and humidity requirements of different industries vary widely. There are always new problems. Through the successful solution of these problems, Willis H. Carrier and his associates have advanced the science of Air Conditioning to its present place of importance.

Where Carrier Systems are operating, they are making industry independent of outdoor weather and seasons—they make "Every day a *good* day."

THEATRES AIR CONDITIONED BY CARRIER

Paramount, New York	Mastbaum, Philadelphia
Paramount, Brooklyn	Olympia, Miami
State, Cleveland	Paramount, Paris
Stanley, Jersey City	Carlton, London
E. F. Albee, Cincinnati	El Encanto, Havana

and many others.

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LONDON, PARIS, BOMBAY, JOHANNESBURG

CARRIER LUFTTECHNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT
STUTTGART, GERMANY

Manufactured Weather *makes* "Every day a *good* day"

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury Conn U.S.A. Montreal Canada

Make assurance doubly sure with

Aqua Velva

for After-Shaving!

Assurance that your shave will end pleasantly with a wakening, stimulating thrill—

Aqua Velva is the answer.

¶ Assurance that tiny nicks, cuts, abrasions, often unseen, will be cared for properly—

Aqua Velva, by all means.

¶ Assurance that your skin will be toned up, invigorated, helped toward firmness, away from flabbiness—

Aqua Velva, absolutely.

¶ Assurance that your after-shaving preparation will do all that any other has ever done before—and a lot more—

Aqua Velva!

¶ Aqua Velva is made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream. It is the product of many years of research. It will *keep* your skin all day as the super mild, super moist Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and *Fit!*

¶ Men who value face comfort, who consider Face Fitness a reasonable requirement, *make assurance doubly sure* by using Aqua Velva after shaving.

¶ Start your summer mornings with Aqua Velva. Now and then through the day, if you feel a bit fagged, wash your face and apply Aqua Velva generously. Good treatment for the skin. Brightens up the day!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. P79, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

(Continued from Page 182)

high in the water, and sometimes she is loaded to the guards, but in the three years she has been in the trade, there has been a substantial average increase in her business.

Captain Cooley doubts that the cotton business ever will be what it was in the old days. "But I still hold the record I've held every year since 1890, when I put the big Ouachita into the trade. Every year since then, the boat that I personally command hauls more cotton into New Orleans than any other boat on the river. My record is 52,000 bales in one season. Last year I hauled 10,000 bales. But 10,000 bales at $2 50 a bale or better is business. And my cargo is building up along other lines. Sugar, coffee, farm supplies, up freight: hogs, staves, some manufactured products from Camden and Monroe, and one thing and another, down. And excursions and passengers. I'm getting along, working at my profession. And business is getting better.

"Now here are a few points: I have demonstrated that a packet steamboat, properly operated, can make more than interest on the investment under the most trying circumstances. I have demonstrated that water transportation is quick and dependable transportation for the area within trucking distance of the river bank.

"The people have forgotten everything about steamboats but pilot tales and slick-skinned card sharps and rousters singing on the lower decks, but they're learning again. When one jobber finds his competitor underselling him a few cents on goods and getting his goods at regular intervals, he is going to investigate. And they are investigating. Packets are creeping along the river now, timidly perhaps, but they're coming back each year. And barges are more and more in evidence. They're learning."

It was suggested to Captain Cooley that if the Ouachita trade increased appreciably the little Ouachita wouldn't be able to handle it.

"I'd build a bigger boat and put this one up the Tensas and Bayou Macon," he said immediately. "Shucks alive, man, I'm a steamboat man! And I've wrangled and talked for freight too long to turn tail when I get more freight than one little boat can handle."

Then, settling back in his chair, he continued more calmly: "A steamboat man always has two worries. One is: Will I get all the freight I can handle this trip? The other is: Will I get more freight than I can handle this trip? I've been worried about the first question for so long now that I'd enjoy losing a little sleep over the second one for a change."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

Don't wait for the alarming reminder of "Pink Tooth Brush"

Start with IPANA *now!*

IF your gums are tender . . . sensitive . . . easily inflamed . . . if your tooth brush occasionally shows a tell-tale tinge of "pink" . . . you can justly blame the food you eat every day of your life!

For nearly all modern food is too soft. We have deprived it of its fibre and its roughage. So our gums lack exercise. They get too little work. The blood circulates but slowly through their walls. The tissues become starved and anemic, the gums soft and flaccid.

Soon the delicate membrane starts to give way, and "pink tooth brush" warns that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, perhaps even pyorrhea may be on the way.

But with Ipana Tooth Paste and a light massage you can counteract the damage done to your gums by your diet . . . you can stir the flagging circulation and invigorate the dormant tissues when and while you clean your teeth with Ipana.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, a recognized antiseptic and hemostatic, has a stimulating action upon the gums which augments and improves the mechanical effects of massage.

So don't wait for "pink tooth brush"—start now with Ipana. The coupon offers a 10-day sample which will quickly prove how gleaming white Ipana leaves your teeth—how refreshed and cleansed it leaves your mouth.

But the better way is to start immediately with a full-size tube from the nearest drug store. For that lasts more than a month and makes a much fairer test of Ipana's power to invigorate and to tone your gums.

© B.-M. Co., 1929

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P69,
73 West St., New York City

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

IPANA Tooth Paste

The clothes are MUCH CLEANER

"I'LL NEVER again give up a seventh of my life to the drudgery of chaperoning a home laundress!" ALICE GARTLEY declared emphatically after visiting Launderland. "The modern laundry gets our clothes so much cleaner—with less wear and tear. And, do you know, it costs less money to let the laundry do it." The modern laundry is ready to lift wearying washday out of *your* home, and out of your life—*forever.* There is a laundry service that exactly meets your family needs and budget.

A Service for Every Family Budget

[WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few of many individualized services available at laundries today.]

Go with Alice into Launderland

"Ask any modern laundry in your town for this delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Launderland". A telephone call will bring your copy.

© 1929, L. N. A.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Safe Milk
in Safe Bottles

The Wholesome Qualities . . .
of Pet Milk for babies have now been *demonstrated* beyond the possibility of doubt. Its safety has long been known.

Three Prominent Baby Specialists . . .
in Chicago, Philadelphia, and Saint Louis—have recently reported their experience in feeding babies evaporated milk. Several hundred babies were fed during a two-year period. Extraordinary results were reported in each instance. The babies had rugged health, sturdy growth, normal development, and complete freedom from the discomfort and disturbances which so often accompany the use of ordinary milk.

You can have the same splendid results for Your Baby with Pet Milk in his Bottle . . .
Let us send you our free booklet, giving more information about these important feeding experiences, telling you why Pet Milk is surely safe and wholesome, and giving directions for preparing the feedings.

With Pet Milk, you can prepare the whole day's feedings at one time, and they will keep fresh and sweet. We have arranged to provide, at very low cost, special equipment for sterilizing bottles and nipples, so you'll know that the safe milk is put in safe bottles. Fifteen minutes' time will prepare the feedings for the day.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

THE Sterilator consists of aluminum pail with semi-pressure clamp lid containing whistle valve and cadmium plated, rust-proof bottle rack. It is a most efficient and convenient utensil for sterilizing the empty bottles and nipples.

The price we make is less than half the usual retail price.

PET MILK CO., 1421 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

☐ Enclosed find two dollars (check or money order) for which send the Sterilator illustrated here. (Bottles and nipples are not included.)

☐ I do not want the Sterilator, but please send me your free booklets.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Sent only to addresses in continental U. S.

24,872 doorbells brought this beauty-answer

[And 69 skin specialists agreed. I've seen the records!]

YOU really should *hear* some of the questions that fill my days! Questions about sterling silver and bonds and galoshes and baking powder and—Camay.

For I've the fascinating job of giving advice to business men about women and their ways! Not that I depend on just what I think or feel. I go out and talk to hundreds of women and girls whenever an important new question comes up!

But when the makers of this new kind of soap—Camay—came to me and asked me to contribute what *they* called the "woman's angle," I found they had already talked to literally thousands of you.

Did *your* doorbell ring?

Some of you in Dayton, Ohio, who are reading this, may remember answering your doorbell some months ago to find a caller who said, "Good morning—*will* you be kind enough to tell me which of these perfumes you like best?"

Again, in Buffalo, New York, some of you had two callers—one who gave you a cake of Camay and asked you to try it; another, several weeks later, to ask you about Camay's lather. "Was it instant and free? Did it feel soft and velvety on your face? Did it rinse off quickly, leaving your skin smooth and cool?"

In all, there were calls on 24,872 of you in many different cities before Camay became its present smooth, creamy self!

Now with all that, you may think there was nothing left for *me* to do. But I wanted to have scientific medical approval of the perfect mildness and gentleness *I myself* had found in Camay's fragrant, feathery lather.

I made a beauty-call, too!

So I took Camay to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a perfumed complexion soap of the proper quality—that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

Why 69 leading dermatologists approve Camay

But he really did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 68 leading dermatologists and asked them to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these doctors are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest American universities and hospitals.

And now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists found that Camay was gentle enough for even the most delicate complexions, they have given Camay their unanimous approval.

So you can know that Camay is just the kind of soap these scientists would recommend if you asked them about the right soap for *your* complexion.

Could *any* soap offer more?

Helen Chase

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